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HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

THE SPA HUNT.

A Sporting Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"JORROCKS' JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

THE SPA HUNT.

CHAPTER I.

"A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

"And every fop who owns a trotting hack,
Mounts a red coat, and prates about the pack."

The season was wearing out apace.

Some unusually fine weather about the beginning of March brought the country forward, and set the farmers to their fences and their fields. Ploughs and harrows were going, grain was scattering, and Reynard was telegraphed wherever he went.

"You bain't comin' this way again, I s'pose," observed each hedger, as he drove his stakes into the ground to stop up his gaps.

The hazel-drops began to hang from the bushes, the larch assumed a greenish tint, and the groves echoed to the sound of minstrelsy. The birds

were all busy—primroses opened their yellow leaves, and the wood anemone shot into life and wild luxuriance. The broom was parched and the gorse sun-burnt.

After days of declining sport, the following ominous paragraph at length appeared in the "Paul Pry," under the head of

"HUNTING INTELLIGENCE.

"Mr. Jorrocks' hounds will meet at Furzy Lawn Turnpike, on Wednesday, at nine o'clock precisely." Significant notice! Another "last day" about to be added to the long catalogue of "last days" that had gone before. The old stagers sighed as they read it. It recalled many such notices read in company with those they might never meet again. The young ones said it was a "pity," but consoled themselves with the thoughts of summer in London, or a fishing season. The would-be sportsmen who had been putting off hunting all the season began to think seriously of taking to it, and began to make arrangements for November.

The morning of the last day was any thing but propitious. The sun shone clear and bright, while a cutting east wind starved the sheltered side of the face—horses' coats stared, the hounds looked listless and ill, and men's boots carried dust instead of mud-sparks. Fitful gusts of wind

hurried the dust along the roads, or raised it in eddying volleys on hills and exposed places. It felt like any thing but hunting; the fallows were dry and parched, the buds on the trees looked as if they thought they had better retire, and all nature yearned for rain — rain would be a real blessing.

Still there was a goodish muster of pinks, and the meet being on the road, sundry flys and other sporting equipages contributed their quota of dust. Great was the moaning and lamentation that the season was over. Men didn't know what they should do with themselves all the summer. What wild resolutions they might have pledged themselves to is uncertain, for just as the drawing up of vehicles, the cuttings in and out of horsemen, the raising of hats, the kissing of hands, and the volleys of dust, were at their height, Walter Fleecall's ominous visage appearing on one side of the gate, and Duncan Nevin's on the other, caused such a sensation, that (to avoid the dust) many of the gentlemen got into the fields, and never came near the gate again. Added to this a great black cart stallion, with his tail full of red tape, whinnied and kicked up such a row, that people could hardly hear themselves speak.

At nine o'clock, half blinded, half baked, and quite bothered, Mr. Jorrocks gave the signal for

leaving the meet. It was a wildish sort of try, and every farmer having recently seen a fox at some distance from his own farm, James Pigg just run the hounds through turnip-fields, along dike-backs as he called the hedge-rows, and through any little spinneys that came in his way, till he got them to Bleberry Gorse. What a change had come over the hounds since last they were there! Instead of the eager dash in, they trotted up to it, and not above half the hounds could be persuaded to enter.

"*Eleu in, mar cannie hinnies!*" holloaed James Pigg, standing erect in his stirrups, and waving his cap; but the "cannie hinnies" didn't seem to care about it, and stood looking him in the face, as much as to say so. "Hoic in there, Priestess! Hoic in!" continued he, trotting round the cover, and holding them at the weak places, in hopes of striking a scent. "Ne fox here," said Pigg to himself, watching the waving of the gorse as the hounds worked leisurely through it. "Ne great odds, either," continued he; "could mak nout on him if there was."

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"Where will you go to next, James?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, coming up, horn in hand, preparing to call his hounds out of cover.

"A! ar dinna ken, ar's sure," replied Pigg; "mak's little odds ar think—might as well hunt

o'er a pit-heap, as i' seck a country as this," looking at the baked fallows round about.

"Well, never mind," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "this is our last day, and high time it was; but we mustn't let it be blank, if we can 'elp it—so let's try Sywell plantation—the grass at all ewents will carry a scent, and I *should* like to hear the darlin's again afore we shut up, if it was only for five minutes."

Out went the horns—Mr. Jorrocks determined to have a blow, if he could have nothing else, and the hounds came straggling out of cover, some lying down at the horses' heels, others staring listlessly about.

"Never saw such a slack pack in my life," exclaimed Captain Shortflat, eyeing them as he spoke: "I wonder what Musters would say if he saw them! Never saw such a listless lot of animals—glad I've not wasted my season by hunting with them."

Captain Shortflat's opinion was caught by Master Weekly (at home for the measles), who immediately sported it as his own to his schoolfellow, Master Walker (at home for the hooping-cough); and it at length coming to Mr. Bateman's ears, he immediately attributes their slackness to the fact of their being fed on meal before hunting, which of course he considered was done to save flesh, and thereupon Mr. Jorrocks is voted an

uncommon great screw. Meanwhile our master, unconscious of the verdict, goes on at a very easy pace, feeling that a hot sun and a red coat are not appropriate.

Sywell plantations are blank, Layton spinney ditto; then they take a three-miles' saunter to Simonswood, where they find a hare, and at two o'clock Mr. Jorrocks announces that he will draw Warrington Banks, which is the last cover in his draw, and then give in. Some sportsmen go home, others go on, among the number Captain Shortflat, who meditates an article in "Bell's Life" on "Slackness in general, and Handley Cross slackness in particular."

The sun is very powerful, and Mr. Jorrocks gives his hounds a lap at a stream before putting them into cover. Warrington Banks are irregularly fringed with copsewood, intermixed with broom and blackthorn: lying warm to the sun, the grass grows early, and Old Priestess and Rummager feather across a glade almost immediately on entering. Presently there is a challenge — another — then a third, and the chorus swells. Mr. Jorrocks listens with delight, for though a kill is hopeless, still a find is fine—Captain Shortflat turns pale.

The hounds work on, bristling into the thick of the cover. Now they push through an almost impenetrable thicket and cross a ride beyond.

The chorus increases, but the hounds move not. "*Who-hoop! it's a kill.*"

Now Pigg jumps off his horse, and leaving him to chance, bounds over head among the underwood. His cap-top is just visible as he scrambles about in search of the place. "To the right!" exclaims Mr. Jorrocks, seeing him blindly pushing the wrong way—"make for the big hash a top of the crag and you'll have 'em."

On Pigg goes, swimming, as it were, through the lofty gorse and brushwood, and his well-known who-hoop! sounds from the bottom of the crag.

"Bravo!" exclaims Mr. Jorrocks, chucking his hat in the air. (He could not afford to kick out the crown.)

"Delightful!" lisps Captain Shortflat, wringing Mr. Jorrocks' hand.

"A glorious finish!" rejoined Mr. Jorrocks, pocketing his wig.

"Charming, indeed!" exclaims Captain Shortflat, resolving to call it twenty minutes.

"Catch Pigg's horse!" cries Mr. Jorrocks to a boy, the animal having taken advantage of the commotion to make his way to the well.

After a longish pause, during which there appeared to be a considerable scuffle going on, Pigg's voice is at length heard calling his hounds out of cover; and as his head pops above the

bushes, Mr. Jorrocks exclaims, "Is't a dog, Pigg!"

"Yeas," replies James,—"a banger tee."

"Capital, indeed!" lisps Captain Shortflat; "I'll take a pad, if you please."

"There arn't none!" exclaims James Pigg, appearing with his purple-tailed coat torn in three places, and several of the hounds bleeding about the mouth. "Hounds were sae desperate savish, thought they'd eat me;" adding, with a wink, in an undertone to his master, "*It's nobbut a hedgehog, and ar's gettin' him i' my pocket!*"

Captain Shortflat, however, is so delighted with the kill, and with his own keenness in having stayed, that he forthwith lugs out five shillings for James Pigg, declaring it was perfectly marvellous that hounds should be able to run on such a day—let alone kill; that he never saw a pack behave better in his life—Musters' were fools compared to them! "Uncommon keen, to be sure!" repeated he; "declare the tips of their tails are covered with blood."

The last day closes—Mr. Jorrocks lingers on the ride, eyeing his hounds coming to the horn, till at last all are there, and he has no other excuse for staying; with a pensive air he then turns his horse's head for Handley Cross.

CHAPTER II.

"To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to bed at nine,
Make a man live to ninety-nine."

"THAT was Gabriel Junks!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, throwing down his pen and hastening to the window.

The worthy gentleman was engaged on a complimentary ode to April-fool's day, for our master was an author as well as a fox-hunter, and had contributed many choice articles to the various sporting periodicals. April-fool's day he thought had long been unhandsomely treated, and he was anxious to atone for the deficiency by a birth-day ode. The scream of the peacock now startled the muse. Sure enough it was Gabriel Junks; and after a pause, another scream, more piercing and more shrill, confirmed Mr. Jorrocks' surmise. Seizing his hat he rushed into the garden.

It was a misty sort of morning, and the sun

was barely seen through the flitting clouds that obscured its brightness. The wind, too, had got into the south, and there was a fresh, growing feeling in the air that spoke of spring and returning vegetation. The peacock again screamed, and sought the shelter of a laurel.

"As sure as my name's John Jorrocks, there's goin' to be rain," observed our worthy master, scrutinising the bird. "*Pe-pe-pe-pe-pe-pe!*" exclaimed he, scraping the crumbs from the bottom of his pockets and throwing them to his prophet.

Gabriel Junks rushed from his retreat, and having picked up the crumbs, stood eyeing Mr. Jorrocks with a head-on-one-side sort of leer, which he at length broke off by another loud scream, and then spread his tail. Mr. Jorrocks and the bird were thus standing *vis-à-vis* when James Pigg made his appearance.

"I'll lay a guinea 'at to a gossamer one, there's goin' to be rain," said Mr. Jorrocks to his huntsman, pointing to the bird.

"Deil bon me if ar care," replied Pigg; "ar hasn't getten ne seeds, nor nothin'—may be Deavilboger wad like a sup," his mind harking back to "canny Newcassel."

"Well but, you see, if it rains we can have an 'unt," said Mr. Jorrocks, astonished at his huntsman's stupidity

"*Se we can!*" exclaimed Pigg, all alive; "dash it! ar niver thought o' that now—another bye-day—sick as we had afore—ay?"

"Vy no—not exactly," said Mr. Jorrocks, not relishing an entire repetition; "but suppose we go out early, and drag up to the warmint, find him when he's full—may be a cock, or a hen, or a Gabriel Junks aboard," looking at the bird still strutting about with his tail spread.

"Sink it, aye!" said Pigg; "let's gan i' the morn."

Mr. Jorrocks.—"If it comes wet we will. We can feed th' 'ounds at all ewents, and be ready for a start."

* * * *

The day continued hazy, but still no rain fell. Junks, however, persisted in his admonitions, and Mr. Jorrocks felt so certain it would rain, that he sent Benjamin to the earth-stoppers, and had Pigg into the parlour in the evening to make arrangements for the morning. Mrs. Jorrocks, Belinda, and Stubbs, had gone to drink tea at Miss Messenger's to get Mesmerised, and Mr. Jorrocks was left all alone.

Master and man had an anxious confabulation. Mr. Jorrocks was for drawing Rumbleton Brake first, while Pigg was all for getting into Beechwood Forest.

"There was o'er much wheat about the

Brake," Pigg said; "and Farmer Cox was varry friendly."

Jorrocks would pay Cox for any damage.

About nine Betsy brought the supper-tray, and Jorrocks would treat Pigg to a glass of brandy and water. One glass led to another, and they had a strong talk about hunting. They drank each other's healths, then the healths of the hounds.

"I'll give you old Priestess' good 'ealth!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, holding up his glass. "Fine old bitch, with her tan eye-brows,—thinks I never saw a better 'ound,—wise as a Christian!" Pigg proposed Manager. Mr. Jorrocks gave Rummager. Pigg gave Dexterous; and they drank Mercury, and Affable, and Crowner, and Lousey, and Mountebank, and Milliner—almost all the pack, in short.

The fire began to hiss, and Mr. Jorrocks felt confident his prophecy was about to be fulfilled. "Look out of the winder, James, and see wot sort of a night it is," said he to Pigg, giving the log a stir, to ascertain that the hiss didn't proceed from any dampness in the wood.

James staggered up, and after a momentary grope about the room—for they were sitting without candles—exclaimed, "Hellish dark, and smells of cheese!"

"*Smells o' cheese!*" repeated Mr. Jorrocks,

looking round; "vy, man, you've got your nob in the cupboard—this be the vinder;" going to the other corner, and opening some shutters painted like the cupboard door, and throwing up the sash.

* * * *

The night was dark—black as pitch—not a star was to be seen, and a soft warm rain was just beginning to fall.

"*Didn't I tell you so?*" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, drawing in his hand, and giving his thigh a hearty slap; "I was *certain* it was goin' to rain, that Gabriel Junks was never wrong!—Is better than all your Murphys, and wanes, and weathercocks, and quicksilver glasses wot ever were made. We'll drink his health in a bumper!" So saying, Mr. Jorrocks and Pigg replenished their glasses, and drank "the health of Gabriel Junks."

"Now you and I'll have an 'unt to ourselves," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"Squire Stubbs 'ill gan te, ar's warn'd," observed Pigg.

"Oh, never mind him," replied Jorrocks; "there's no sayin' wot time he may be 'ome—gone fiddlin' out with the women."

"He's aye ticklin' the lasses' hocks," observed Pigg.

"You and I, at all ewents, will have an 'unt,"

observed Mr. Jorrocks; "start at six—or call it 'alf-past five, and see if we can't do the trick afore breakfast. My vig! if we do, wot a blow-out we'll have,—you shall have a gallon of X X, and a werry big-bottled gooseberry-tart for your breakfast."

"Ar'd rayther have a ham-collop," replied Pigg.

"So you shall," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks; "and the cold goose into the bargain."

The other arrangements were soon made—and the brandy being finished, master and man separated for the night.

Pigg curled himself up in his clothes on the kitchen-table, and awoke with the first peep of day. He was at the stable betimes, and dressed and fed the horses himself. Mr. Jorrocks was down at five; and Charley Stubbs (Pigg having sent him word by Betsy) followed shortly after.

It was a lovely morning! Mild and balmy—the rain had ceased, and the sun rose with unclouded brilliancy, drawing forth the lately reluctant leaves, and opening the wild flowers to its earliest rays. The drops hung like diamonds on the bushes, and all nature seemed refreshed.

"This be more like the thing," said Mr. Jorrocks, hoisting himself into his saddle with

a swag that made old Arterxerxes grunt again; "if there arn't a scent this mornin', there arn't no hallegators;" with which wise observation he turned his horse towards the kennel.

The hounds partook of the general hilarity. Out they rushed with joyous cry, and set the horses capering with their frolicking.

The dry and dusty roads were watered—the hedgerows were filled with the green luxuriance of spring, and the golden poplar stood in bright relief among the dark green pines and yews. If a fox-hunter can welcome spring, such a day would earn his adoration. All nature was alive, but hardly yet had man appeared to greet it. Presently the labourers began to appear at their cottages. The undressed children popped about the doors, cocks crew lustily, the lambs gambolled about the ewes, and indignant ganders flew at the hounds' and horses' heels.

"Sink them goslin's!" said Pigg, eyeing a whole string of them; "ar wish fox had ivery one o' you."

The forest next appeared in view;—a long ravine widening about the centre, clothed with venerable oaks, and refreshed with a sparkling stream meandering down the middle. A slight change was just visible on the oak-buds; the young birch had got its plum-coloured tinge, while here and there the spiry larch in verdant

green, or the dark spruce or darker fir, broke the massive heaviness of the forest.

> "Mighty nature bounds as from her birth,
> The sun was in the heavens, and life on earth,
> Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
> Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream."

That piece of poetry combines all we have been attempting to describe.

"You take the far side, and cross by the crag," said Mr. Jorrocks to Pigg; "Charley will keep on this, and ven I hears you twang th' 'orn, I'll throw th' 'ounds into cover;" saying which, Mr. Jorrocks turned short round, and Stubbs assumed the place that Pigg had just occupied in the rear.

* * * *

"Dash it, wot a mornin' it is!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, beaming with exultation; "wot a many delicious moments one loses by smooterin' i' bed,—dash my vig! if I won't get up at five every mornin' as long as I live! *Yooi over,* in there!" to the hounds, with a wave of his hand, as Pigg's horn announced he had taken his station.

In the hounds flew, with a chirp and a whimper; and the crack of Pigg's whip on the far side sounded like a gun in the silence around.

"Yooi, spread and try for him, my beauties!"

holloaed Mr. Jorrocks, riding into cover, and putting his horse among the underwood.

The pack spread, and try in all directions—now here, now there, now whiffing with curious nose round the hollies, and now trying up the ride.

"There's a touch of a fox," said Mr. Jorrocks to himself, as Priestess put her nose to the ground, and ran mute across the road, lashing her side with her stern. A gentle whimper followed, and Mr. Jorrocks cheered her to the echo. "The warmint's astir," said he; "that's the way he's come from Farmer Dobbins's hen-roost." Now Priestess speaks again in fuller and deeper notes, and the rest of the pack rush to the spot. How beautifully they form in line—eager, and yet none will go an inch without the scent.

"Vell done, old 'ooman! speak to him again!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, delighted to hear the old bitch's tongue; "a fox for a pund! *ten* if you like!"

* * * *

The pack have now got together, and are all busy on the scent. The villain has been astir early, and the drag is rather weak.

"Dash my vig, he's been here," says Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing some feathers sticking in a bush; "there's three and sixpence at least for an old fat 'en," wondering whether he would have to pay for it or not.

The hounds strike forward, and, getting upon a grass ride, carry the scent with a good head for some quarter of a mile, to the ecstatic delight of Mr. Jorrocks, who bumps along, listening to their music, and hoping it might never cease.

A check! "*Hie back!*" cries Mr. Jorrocks, turning his horse round; "gone to the low crags I'll be bund—shuldn't wonder if it's that short-tailed scamp wot has led us such a many weary dances, and always saved his bacon; I'll pop up the 'ill, and stare him out o' countenance, if he takes his old line;" saying which, Mr. Jorrocks stuck spurs into Arterxerxes, and, amid the grunts of the horse and the rumbling of the loose stones, succeeded in gaining the rising ground, while the hounds worked along the brook below.

The chorus grows louder! The rocky dell resounds the cry a hundred fold! The tawny owl, scared from his ivied crag, faces the sun in a Bacchanalian sort of flight; wood-pigeons wing their timid way, the magpie is on high, and the jay's grating screech adds wildness to the scene. What a crash! Warm in the woody dell, half-circled by the winding brook, where rising hills ward off the wintery winds, old Reynard had curled himself up to sleep, till evening's dusk invited him back to the hen-roost. That outburst of melody proclaims that he is unkennelled before the pack!

Mr. Jorrocks having gained his point, placed

himself behind a gnarled and knotted ivy-covered mountain ash, whose hollow trunk tells of ages long gone by, through a hole in which he commands a view of the grass ride towards the rising ground, up which the "old customer" generally travelled. There, as Mr. Jorrocks sat, with anxious eyes and ears, devouring the rich melody; he sees what, at first sight, looked like a hare coming up at a stealing, listening sort of pace; but a second glance shews that it is a fox—and not only a fox but his old friend, who has led him so many dances, and whose lightening fur tell of seasons more than one.

Mr. Jorrocks can hardly contain himself, and but for his old expedient of counting twenty, would infallibly have holloaed.

The fox comes close up, but is so busy with his own affairs, that he has not time to look about; and before Mr. Jorrocks has counted nine, he has made a calculation that the hounds are too near for him to break, so he just turns short into the wood before they get a view. Up they come, frantic for blood, and dash into the field, in spite of Mr. Jorrocks' efforts to turn them, who, hat in hand, sweeps towards the line the fox has taken. A momentary check ensues, and the hounds return as if ashamed of their obstinacy. Now they are on him again, and Mr. Jorrocks thrusts his hat upon his brow, runs the fox's tooth

of his hat-string through the button-hole of his coat, gathers up his reins, and bustles away outside the cover, in a state of the utmost excitement —half frantic, in fact! There is a tremendous scent in cover, and Reynard is puzzled whether to fly or stay. He tries the opposite side, but Pigg, who is planted on a hill, heads him, and he is beat off his line.

The hounds gain upon him, and there is nothing left but a bold venture up the middle, so, taking the bed of the brook, he endeavours to baffle his followers by the water. Now they splash after him, the echoing banks and yew-studded cliffs resounding to their cry. The dean narrows towards the west, and Mr. Jorrocks rides forward to view him away. A countryman yoking his plough is before him, and, with hat high in air, "Talliho's" till he's hoarse. Pigg's horn on one side, and Jorrocks' on the other, get the hounds out in a crack; the countryman mounts one of his carters, the other runs away with the plough, and the three sportsmen are as near mad as any thing can possibly be. It's ding, dong, hey away pop with them all!

The fallows carry a little, but there's a rare scent, and for two miles Reynard is scarcely a field before the hounds. Now Pigg views him! He falls back at a wall, and the hounds are in the same field. He tries again—now he's over! The

hounds follow, and dash forward, but the fox has turned short up the side of the wall, and gains a momentary respite.. Now they are on him again! They view him through the gateway beyond: he rolls as he goes! Another moment, and they pull him down in the middle of a large grass field!

"*Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!*" exclaims Mr. Jorrocks, rolling off his horse, and diving into the middle of the pack, and snatching the fox, which old Thunderer resents by seizing him behind, and tearing his breeches half-way down his legs. "*Hurrah!*" repeats he, kicking out behind, and holding the fox over his head, his linen flying out, and his enthusiastic countenance all beaming with joy.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" exclaims he, dancing about with it over his head, "if ever there was a warmint properly dusted it's you," looking the fox in the face; "you've been a hugly customer to me, dash my vig if you havn't;" and thereupon Mr. Jorrocks resumed his capers.

"Ar's left ma Jack-a-legs a hint," says Pigg, wanting to cut off the fox's brush. "Has any on you gotten a knife?"

The cart-horsed countryman has one, and Jorrocks holds the fox, while Pigg performs the last rites of the chase.

With whoops and holloas Jorrocks throws the

carcass high in air, which, falling among the baying pack, is torn to pieces in a minute.

Joy, delightful joy is theirs, clouded by but one reflection—that that *was* the last day of the season.

They re-enter Handley Cross by half-past eight, and at nine sit down to breakfast.

CHAPTER III.

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

The success of his former venture induced Captain Doleful to propose that Mr. Jorrocks should be invited to wind up the season with a sporting lecture, and accordingly the worthy M.C. bestirred himself at the billiard-rooms, libraries, pump-room, and public places, for signatures to a requisition.

Mr. Jorrocks accepted the invitation, but declined letting Doleful have a share in the speculation. This enraged the Captain, who deemed it a breach of faith, and he endeavoured to run down what he had just run up. The public, however, judged for itself, and greeted our master with an overflowing bumper. Tickets were a shilling each, and Mr. Jorrocks generously undertook to present the surplus, after payment of expenses and trifling presents to James Pigg and Benjamin, to the Handley Cross Hospital.

But to the lecture. Precisely at eight o'clock, Mr. Jorrocks entered the lecture-room (the long room of the Dragon) by the president's door, and ascended the raised platform immediately on the left. He was dressed in the full evening costume of the hunt—sky-blue coat, lined with pink silk, canary-coloured shorts, white waistcoat, and white silk stockings, and looked uncommonly spruce—his pumps shone with French polish. Several members of the hunt, some in morning dress, others in evening, followed; and James Pigg and Benjamin, in scarlet coats, black caps, and top-boots, brought up the rear. The room at this time was as full as it could possibly hold, not less than three hundred and fifty persons being assembled; among whom, of course, "we observed" several elegantly dressed females. Mrs. Jorrocks, we are sorry to say, had the tooth-ach, and could not come; neither were Belinda nor Mr. Stubbs there, it being supposed they were availing themselves of Mrs. Jorrocks' indisposition. Immediately as Mr. Jorrocks entered, the whole company rose and greeted our hero with a volley of most enthusiastic cheers, which continued for some minutes, and appeared greatly to affect the worthy gentleman, who stood bowing and grinning like a Chinese monster on a mantel-piece. Silence being at length obtained, and all the attendants having settled themselves into their

places on the platform, and the company having resumed their seats, he advanced to the front, and spoke as follows :—

" Beloved 'earers, behold your old friend John (cheers). John ! old in 'ears, but young in mind and body, and dewoted—oh *dewoted*, to the noble cause of 'unting. Oh, my beloved 'earers ! I repeats, for the hundred and fifty-first time, that 'unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger (cheers). Do not think I say so for the sake of gainin' your most sweet applause, for, believe me werry sincere when I declare I'd raythcr 'ear the cry of 'ounds, or even the lowest whimper wot owns the scent, than have all the cheerin' your woices can bestow (laughter, with slight hissing).

" Great 'eavens !" continued Mr. Jorrocks, with up-turned eyes, " wot a many things are wantin' to 'unt a country plisantly—things that would never enter the 'ead of a sailor !

" First and foremost, there should be the means o' praise—all labour's lost if the world's not well told. The finest runs are lost, the largest leaps overlooked, the 'ardest falls forgot, if an efficient record's not preserved. Every 'unt should have its trumpeter as well as its 'untsman —some nice easy-writin' cove to exhibit its bright pints ; butterin' without bedaubin' — praisin'

without beslaverin'—jest as a barber hoils a customer after a sixpenny clip. Oh, gen'lemen, I've been sufferin' sore from the effects o' clumsy soapin' (cheers and laughter)—hawkward hoilin' —havin' things told that I wanted kept snug, and havin' things kept snug that I wanted told. Gen'lemen, take my adwice, and never employ a reg'lar butterer. Do it yourselves, or get a kind frind wot knows your likin's and weak pints to do it.

"But enough of that—p'raps too much—let's to the business of the evenin'.

"Gentlemen, this is the werry age of balderdash and 'umbug—balderdash the grossest, and 'umbug the greatest, that the most imaginative eye of the liveliest intellect can possibly conceive (applause). There was a poet, I think his name was John Brown, who said,

> 'We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
> Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.'

And well they may, for we do our best to merit the opinion. See 'ow we treat 'unting! Dear, delightful 'unting, the werry mention of whose name kivers me with the creeps, and thrills me all over with joy. We must now 'unt by book, forsooth: fox and 'ounds must be alike under our subjection, and if they don't do jest wot is laid down in print, reynard is all wrong, and

the 'ounds good for nothin' (cheers). Oh, my vig! to think I should ever live to see a fox 'unted on mathematical principles (cheers); to see the problem 'vich vay has he gone?' worked without the aid of 'ounds!

"But gently, old buoy, gently," continued he, in a more subdued tone, "your wehimence has got the bit between its teeth, and with borin' 'ead is runnin' clean away with you—*steady there, steady*. Now, my beloved 'earers, I've brought you here to tell you *all* about the chass—to teach you to enjoy that sport,

> 'For the weak too strong,
> Too costly for the poor,'—

Aye, *too costly for the poor*, and more's the pity that it is too costly, for there is more real genuine fox-'untitiveness, more of the innate genuine hardour and dewoted affection for the chass in the poor man wot sacrifices a day's pay for the sake of a 'unt, than in all your wauntin' cover-canterin' swells wot ride forty miles to the meet, for the sake of the boast. But that's beside the question, or another pair of shoes, as we say in France. The chass!—the chass! or the *noble science*, as the quack doctors of 'unting now call it, is to be the subject of my discourse; but oh, my beloved 'earers! it's werry 'ard to turn one's tongue to talk of wot one's 'eart is fit to brust

without beslaverin'—jest as a barber hoils a customer after a sixpenny clip. Oh, gen'lemen, I've been sufferin' sore from the effects o' clumsy soapin' (cheers and laughter)—hawkward hoilin' —havin' things told that I wanted kept snug, and havin' things kept snug that I wanted told. Gen'lemen, take my adwice, and never employ a reg'lar butterer. Do it yourselves, or get a kind frind wot knows your likin's and weak pints to do it.

"But enough of that—p'raps too much—let's to the business of the evenin'.

"Gentlemen, this is the werry age of balderdash and 'umbug—balderdash the grossest, and 'umbug the greatest, that the most imaginative eye of the liveliest intellect can possibly conceive (applause). There was a poet, I think his name was John Brown, who said,

> 'We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
> Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.'

And well they may, for we do our best to merit the opinion. See 'ow we treat 'unting! Dear, delightful 'unting, the werry mention of whose name kivers me with the creeps, and thrills me all over with joy. We must now 'unt by book, forsooth: fox and 'ounds must be alike under our subjection, and if they don't do jest wot is laid down in print, reynard is all wrong, and

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at the mention of—werry 'ard indeed. There was a man wrote a book, and, among other intelligent things he put in, was an observation that one cannot do an act not in itself morally evil for the last time without feelin's of regret; and if that were true with regard to indifferent things, 'ow much more tellin' must it be when applied to wot may be called the liver and bacon of one's existence! To that noblest, sublimest, grandest, best of all sports, the gallant, cheerin', soul-stirrin' chass"—(cheers.) Mr. Jorrocks paused for some seconds, as if overcome by his feelings.

* * * *

At length he resumed: "Here," said he, "we have closed a most beautiful season. Though I says it who should not, never did a pack give more universal satisfaction than mine,—satisfaction the most boundless, and gratification the most complete. Summer is now drawin' on, or did ought to do, if it is a comin' at all, durin' which time we may rest on our hoars, contemplate the past, and spekilate on the futur'—that uncertain futur' to which we all look forward with such presumptuous certainty. Oh, my beloved 'earers, but summer is a dreadful season. Whoever talked of the vinter of our discontent, talked like an insane man, and no sportsman. Summer is the season of our misery! Long days,

short nights, and nankeen shorts. Contemptible wear!—but oh! now top-boots delight me not, nor drab shags neither. Wot a change is comin' o'er the spirit of my dream! I knows no more melancholic ceremony than that of takin' the 'unting-string out of one's 'at at the end of a season. With wot sorrow one folds up and puts away the old red rag—unlike all other rags, the dearer and more hinterestin' the older and more worthless it becomes. Every rent, every stain, every darn, has its story and 'sociation. The large black stain on the right shoulder was got in Swallerton Bog, which I charged like a regiment of Life Guards, just as the darlin's were viewin' the warmint, and I thought to pick him up on the far side. Crikey, vot a flounder I had! — old Arterxerxes bogged up to the werry tail, plungin', and heavin', and groanin', and snortin', and sweatin', with every appearance of being 'stablished for life. Oh, my beloved 'earers, a bog is a werry rum thing to get into, and is so werry enticin' withal, that I don't wonder at people bein' cotched. Quiet, sly, soft, green, omelet-soufflê-lookin' things, so stuffed with currants as to be perfectly black below, and as holdin' as a stick-jaw puddin' at a charity school. I doesn't mean to detract from the merits of other bogs, but that Swallerton Bog certainly is, in my mind, the biggest bog whatever was seen, and as hos-

pitable as man can desire, for once in, it is in no hurry to part with you again.

"Then the great rent right across the back! 'Ow well I remembers doin' o' that! We were goin' like beans over Harroway Fleets, with sich a crack scent as only comes twice in a season. I viewed a fox or a dog, I couldn't say whether, risin' the hill by Hookem-Snivey Church; and wot with keepin' my eye on him, and gallopin' werry 'ard, I never saw a bullfinch that Arterxerxes was preparin' himself for on the sly until it was too late, and he charged a thing so big and so black, that if a lanthorn had been held on the far side you couldn't have seen it; well, I say, he charged it with such wicked wigour and determination, that he left me stickin' like a sweet little cherub aloft right atween two strong holders, one of which had to be sawn off afore ever I could get out; and when I did, I found I had lost one coat-lap, and the other was 'anging by a mere thread (laughter and applause). Delightful recollection! Shall I ever forget the joy I experienced, as, stickin' tight in the 'edge, I saw the darlin's take up the line on which I viewed the hanimal travellin'? A delicate compliment to the brightness of my wision! Oh, never! My too sensible 'eart sickens at the thought that the joy of life is over for a season. Oh, the long summer months that are about to succeed are

truly appallin' to the 'eart of a sportsman! True, each season brings its hoccupation, but if that hoccupation is no enjoyment, wot matter does it make there being such a thing?" Mr. Jorrocks again made a long pause, and appeared lost in thought.

* * * *

"Great Coram Street is a lovely place," said he; "the trees within the rails, and the wines within the areas, flourish and expand with all the wigour of foliage and wegetable life in the purest and most salubrisome spots. But sweeter, dearer far is the wild bleak heath,

'Where man has ne'er or rarely trod,'

with a good strong 'olding goss-cover, lyin' on a gentle heminence, catchin' the rays of a mid-day sun, out of which one may reasonably calculate upon findin' old reynard at home any hour of the day. But I can't pursue the subject. It is too much for me—painful to a degree. Pigg, get me some brandy-and-water—strong without—for I feels all over trembulation and fear, like a maid a goin' to be married."

Mr. Jorrocks retired to the back of the platform, and Pigg presently brought him a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, which considerably revived our old friend, but still he did not feel equal to the resumption of his lecture. In hopes

that he would come round if a little time were allowed, it was proposed by the party in attendance that James Pigg should favour the company with one of his national melodies; and after a little hesitation and consideration what he should give them, James advanced to the front of the platform, and with a bob of his head and a kick of his heel, said, "Gentlemen, wor 'ard maister's gettin' the gripes, and ar's gannin' to sing ye a sang till he gets better." So saying, James rubbed his sleeve across his nose, and turned his quid in his mouth. "Now," continued he, "what ar'll sing ye 'ill be the 'Keel Row,' one o' the bonniest sangs that iver was sung, barrin' 'Cappy's the Dog;' and when ar stamps wi' my foot, ye mun all join chorus."

Pigg then commenced—

"As ar cam thro' Sangate, thro' Sangate, thro' Sangate,
As ar cam thro' Sangate, ar heard a lassie sing,
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, that mar laddie's in.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin:
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row, that mar laddie's in.

Wha's like mar Johnny,
Sae leish,* sae blythe, sae bonny?
He's foremost 'mang the mony
Keel lads o' coally Tyne;

* Leish, lish; nimble, strong, active, &c.

He'll set or row sae tightly,
Or in the danse sae sprightly
He'll cut and shuffle sightly:
'Tis true—were he not mine."

"Now, then, for the chorus," shouted Pigg with a stamp.

"Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row,
That mar laddie's in:
He wears a blue bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.

He's nae mair o' learnin'
Than tells his weekly earnin',
Yet reet frae wrang discernin',
Tho' brave, no bruiser he:
Tho' he no worth a plack is,
His awn coat on his back is,
And nyen can say that black is
The white o' Johnny's e'e.
Weel may the keel row, &c.

He takes his quairt right dearly,
Each comin' pay-day nearly,
Then talks O, latin O—cheerly
Or mavies jaws away;
How carin' not a feather,
Nelson and he together
The springy French did lether,
And gar'd them shab away.
Weel may the keel row, &c."

Just as James and the company got through the chorus, Mr. Jorrocks having sipped his brandy

and water, and feeling, as he said, "pretty bobbish," advanced to the front of the platform, and was enthusiastically received, before which James gave way.

"Beloved 'earers," said Mr. Jorrocks, when the cheering had subsided, "you must excuse my pursuin' the subject o' the chass—it's too much for my feelin's. I meant to have enlightened you on the management of 'osses and 'ounds at 'ome and in the field, glanced at the 'ard meat and the 'ard work systems, and taken a wide range o'er the realms of sportin' generally, but, somehow or other, I feels unequal to the task, —the excitement is too much for me. I feels as though my stomach was a biler, a throwin' red-'ot words up into my mouth. With your permission, therefore, we'll drop the subject till the arrival of the next 'unting season, when I will finish wot I've left unsung, as the tom-cat said when the brick-bat cut short his serenade.

"Let me turn to matters more seasonable, though less plisant, and consider the summer department of our lives. We are now about to separate. Many of you, I makes no doubt, will think it necessary to go to town, though I cannot but say that you are great fools for your pains. There are more people punish themselves annually once a-year, by goin' to London, than the unthinkin' portion of the community would credit. If a man

has plenty of blunt, it's all werry well. London is an undeniable place for gettin' rid of it in. Frinds abound there for rich men. The kindest, the accommodatingest frinds, wot will do any thing to serve you as long as your money lasts. To London let the rich man go. Whatever is gay, or grand, or expensive, will be his; he will mount his thorough-bred, with a bang tail down to the 'ocks, put his grum on another, in a dark frock-coat, leather-breeches, and a belt round his waist, to strap on his master in case he tumbles off; they will hamble down Bond Street and hup Regent Street, 'prowokin' the caper wot they seem to chide,'—master pretendin' to be short-sighted, with a quizzin'-glass stuck in his eye." Here Mr. Jorrocks put a half-crown piece over his, and, suiting the action to the word, proceeded amidst universal laughter and applause,—"Meets an acquaintance. 'Ow do, my lord?' 'Been long in town?' 'When do you leave?' For, gentlemen," continued Mr. Jorrocks, "I'll lay a guinea 'at to a gooseberry, when two men meet with little to say, that that is the conversation wot passes. Five o'clock comes and he's in the Park. Wot a crowd about the gate! It's to see Wictoria pass. Carriage and four—out-riders—equerring dust-catching—Wictoria smilin'—Prince Halbert ditto, and touchin' his 'at to the cheerers—*whisk*, and they are out o' sight. Carriages break

up and scatter over the Park. The band plays at the gardens — up our rich man canters, without knowin' why he breaks from a walk, throws the rein to his grum, and lounges in to lisp to the ladies. 'Oh! 'pon honour—exquisite—delightful band—Second Life Guards—goin' to Halmacks? — Crown and Sceptre at Greenwich — Charmin' weather — Looks like rain — How's your mother? Sister better! — So, Lady ——'s eloped at last.' Back then he goes by the Serpentine. Kid gloves are kissed to him, feathers nod, eyes ogle, and Johns and Jehus touch their lace-daubed 'ats. Now he reins up at the foot of the Achilles, and, as the accomplished Mr. Truefit, the Harcadian 'air-dresser, or some other talented gen'lman, says —

> 'Pride in his look, defiance in his eye,
> He sees the lords o' 'uman life pass by.'

First D'Orsay hambles up, faultless in figure, faultless in dress, faultless in 'oss, faultless all over, followed by countless imitators, who as Mr. Newman, the elegant postmaster, sublimely sings —

> 'Like the 'indmost chariot wheel, are cust
> Still to be near, but never to be fust.'

There's gorgeous Blessington in a green and straw picked out coloured coach—beauty, talent, and taste combined—taste defyin' the ingenuity of the most captious caviller. The 'osses and footmen

look like twin brothers. Sich an 'ammer-cloth! —sich 'arness—sich steppers! There are two real swells comin'!—Pembroke and Chesterfield. Who but Chesterfield could ride a dun 'oss with a lilac-coloured saddle and bridle? And there's my ladyship in her pony *phe-a-ton*—blue and scarlet rosettes, and two grums in scarlet and blue liveries, with winker bridles. Next comes Lady Haylesbury—brown *phe-a-ton*, brown coated out-riders cuttin' along and threadin' in and out, as though there wern't a soul in the Park but herself, instead of its being chock full. That's Lady Vilton a drivin' of the cream-colours, and Lady Edward Thynne with the blue postillion on the greys, with the blue out-riders. Then comes Sir Henry Peyton, with the canary-coloured coach and four greys, followed by Lady Villowby's spankin' chestnuts, Lady Craven's bangin' blacks, and Lady Jersey's beautiful browns, with the well-appointed wis-a-wis.

"How they all go! One has scarcely time to tell the Rutland peacock on the coach afore the carriage is out o' sight; and old Romeo Coates is nearly capsized by a drunken grum on a runaway tit. Those dashin' richly 'arnessed greys, with the hussar-supported arms on the dazzlin' yellow panel, draw glitterin' Londonderry, a splendid star, wot shoots through the crowd and is seen no more—hats rise as the beauteous queen of fashion

rolls on, and Grosvenor Gate rescues her from the crowd. Then come Vilton, and Beaufort, and Bernal, and Berkeley, and Burdett, followed by Burgess Camac, and I doesn't know 'ow many other B's; and sweet Nelly 'Omes, wot can beat nine-tenths of the men out an 'untin', sits as though she and her 'oss were all one. Normanby and Melbourne ride chattin' side by side, Joe 'Ume plods through the crowd on his carter, and farmers' frind Peel crawls along in a briskey, considerin' whether he shall tax parasols or bustles. Talk o' the great plague o' London!—Wot was the great plague o' London compared to the great plague o' Peel?—overhaulin' one's ledger and lookin' into one's day-book. But let's be off, or he'll tax one's tongue and stop the lectorin'. Come, then, we'll s'pose it 'alf-past sivin, and Lord Cut and Shuffle has the rich man on the box of his drag—four spankin' bays, two tigers be'ind, two frinds on the roof, and four gals inside. Away they bowl to Greenwich—best room, dinner two guineas a-head, iced fizzey—fish of all sorts—Yarrell done up in dishes—should have ten stomachs 'stead of one—back at eleven. Hopera—Time for ballet—Tallihony!—Cherry toes!—squizzin'-glass—gauze petticoats—or dress for Halmacks—half-past twelve, glancin' at self in mirrors of foldin'-doors. 'How do? Duchess here?—Lady Fanny werry pretty—Lord George werry plain—Lemonade werry sour.'

Now for Crocky's palace, all welwet and gold. Have some cureasore to cure the lemonade—iced champagne to cure the cureasore—lobster salad to cure the iced champagne. Lounge in the back apartments—large round table—strong light. Man with a green shade over his eyes and a hoe in his hand! Old rakes all round him. Fathers sittin' hopposite sons—the famine of play ragin'—'undreds goin' into the pockets of a fishmonger in a brown jazey, who keeps a real live cock-cook, and speaks werry bad English—hard work for hours. Clean! Bed by day-light. All this is werry pleasant, and many of us would like it uncommon, but then, misfortunately, few men's means correspond with their wishes.

"London is a grand place, to be sure; but oh, my beloved 'earers, there is no misery like that of solitude in a crowd, or inconwenience like that of livin' with men without being able to afford to partake of their pleasures. London is the rich man's paradise, the poor man's puggatory? yet how many fools, who can ill afford it, think it necessary to make a hannual pilgrimage once a-year to the shrine of her monstrosity. Hup they come, leavin' their quiet country 'omes just as their sparrowgrass is ready for eatin', and their roses begin to blow—neglectin' their farms—maybe their families—leavin' bulls to bail themselves, cattle to get out of the pound, and wagrants into the

stocks, as they can; hup, I say, they come to town, to get stuck in garrets at inns with the use of filthy, cigar-smokin', spitty, sandy-floored, saw-dusty coffee-rooms, a hundred and seventy-five steps below, and never a soul to speak to. Vot misery is theirs! Down they come of a mornin', after a restless, tumblin', heated, noisy night, to the day den of the establishment, with little appetite for breakfast, but feelin' the necessity of havin' some in order to kill time. A greasy-collared, jerkin', lank-'aired waiter, casts a second-'and, badly washed web over a slip of table, in a stewy, red-curtained box, into which the sun beats with unmitigated wengeance. A Britannia-metal teapot, a cup, a plate, a knife, and a japanned tea-caddie, make their appearance. Then comes a sugar-bason, followed by a swarm of flies, that 'unt it as the 'ounds would a fox, and a small jug of 'sky blue,' which the flies use as a bath after their repast. A half-buttered muffin mounts a waterless slop-bason; a dirty egg accompanies some toasted wedges of bread; the waiter points to a lump of carrion wot he calls beef, on a dusty sideboard, and promises to bring the 'Post' as soon as it is out of 'and. Sixteen gentlemen sit at sixteen slips of table, lookin' at each other with curiosity or suspicion, but never a word is exchanged by any of them. Towards noon they begin to wacate their slips of

wood. One paces hup and down the coffee-room, with his thumbs in the harm'oles of his veskit; another takes a coatlap over each arm, and lounges against the fireless fire-place; a third looks at his watch, and lays his legs along the bench for a nap; while a fourth flattens his nose against the winder, or reads the witticisms of former town captives, or the hamorous contributions of jaded waiters to buxom chambermaids, on the panes. Carriages begin to roll; lords, dukes, captains, cockneys, jostle together, and the coffee-room is gradually emptied into the crowded streets.

"Vot a sight! All the world compressed into Bond Street! carriages blocked, cabs locked, 'ossmen driven on to the footway, and the foot-people driven into the shops. But wot boots it to ingenuous Spoony if there were twice as many? He doesn't know one carriage from another, and hasn't got nobody to tell him who they belong to. There he stands gapin' like a stuck pig, now starin' his eye-balls out at a carriage, now bringin' his body to bear upon a print-shop window, now fancyin' a lady in feathers on the footway to be a duchess that has taken a fancy to him, who he follows up to Clarence Gardens, and comes away under the impression that it is their country willa. But wot a relief to have some one to whom he can speak! Talk of dull dogs! Live

in London for a week without an acquaintance, and the stupidest lump of lead that ever was moulded into the shape of a man will be a perfect god-send at the end of the time. Well, hup and down the street poor ingennous Spoony goes, round squares, into crescents, through parks, until his feet are swelled double their size, and the toes of his boots look up into his face, as much as to say, 'Wot *has* come over us now?' Still no one greets him, and Squire Spoony, who is a werry great man, and knows every body, both at Hashem and Flashem, is 'stonished that no one 'ails him in London.

"Now for a chop-house or coffee-room dinner! Oh, the 'orrible smell that greets you at the door! Compound of cabbage, pickled salmon, boiled beef, saw-dust, and anchovy sarce. 'Wot will you take, sir?' inquires the frowsy waiter, smoothin' the filthy cloth, 'soles, macrel, vitin's —werry good, boiled beef—nice cut, cabbage, weal and 'am, cold lamb and sallard.'—*Bah!* The den's 'ot to suffocation—the kitchen's below —a trap-door womits up dinners in return for bellows down the pipe to the cook. Flies settle on your face—swarm on your head; a wasp travels round; every thing tastes flat, stale, and unprofitable. As a climax, he gets the third of a bottle of warm port as a pint, and to prevent jealousy between body and mind, gives the latter

a repast on second-hand news, by goin' through the columns of an evenin' paper. This, too, from a man wot can hardly manage a three-days-a-week one in the country.

"Nine o'clock at length arrives, and he is at the theatre; and were it not for the excessive 'eat and confounded crowd, he might enjoy himself. As it is, the curtain drops, a welcome release, and after half an hour's solitary stroll, he finds himself smokin' fat Mother Mangeon under the Quadrant, who sits to be fumigated by all wot buys cigars at her shop. Thus he goes on day after day, week after week, in a melancholic state of existence, and all that he may have the pleasure of sayin' when he returns to the country, that he has 'jest *arrived from town*'—that town was werry full—werry gay or werry dull—talk of high people in a low-lived style, and pretend to have been where he never was. No captive released from gaol—no bouy let free from school—no starlin' escaped from cage, hails with more 'eartfelt joy the arrival of that hour which restores him to wot the immortal Mr. Fieldin' (I thinks) calls

'Fresh fields and pastures new;'

and not all the pliability of a flexible mind can coax him into believin' that he feels one longin' lingerin' pang of regret, as he turns his back

upon the crowded, 'eartless, busy, bustlin', jadin' city. (Great applause.)

"But wot, you ever will ax, is the meanin' of all this? Wot has life in London to do with the 'noble science?' How can a coffee-room life interfere with 'unting? I answer you it can, werry much and materially. There is an old sayin' and a true one, that you carn't both eat your cake and 'ave it, and by the same rule, or one werry like it, you can't both spend your money and have it. Now, if ingenuous Spoony comes to London on a gallivantin' expedition, with nothin' whatsomever at all to do, the chances are that he gets rooked. 'Idleness' has been werry well described as 'the papa of all mischief;' and assuredly Satan, as Mrs. Barbauld beautifully expresses it in her 'Pleasures of 'Ope,' is always busy in London, findin' work for 'idle 'ands to do.' Walk under the Regent's Quadrant of an evenin', and see how many beautifully illuminated doors stand ajar inwitin' the passer-by to enter; go—and you're done. It is not here,

'All ye what enter abandon 'ope;'

but wot I say is, all ye wot enter, leave your pusses at home, or assuredly you will have werry little call for them when you come out. In short, if you waste your money in the summer, you can't

expect to have it to spend in the winter, and wot then comes of your 'unting?—ay, and what then comes of my 'ounds? That 's the question put in a plain and concise form (cheers). Ah, now I see you twig, and go along with me. Which then will you have? As the noble hauthor of the noble science would say, '*utrum mavis alcipe?*' 'Unting in winter, or street-strollin' in summer? I'll diwide the meetin' on the question, and take the sense of this assembly. All then who are for the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, with only five and twenty per cent of its danger, 'old up their 'ands."

A forest of hands were held up for hunting; on the other question being put, no one was found in favour of it, whereupon Mr. Jorrocks concluded amidst loud and long-continued applause, by complimenting them on their choice, calling upon every man to put his shoulder to the wheel, and do his possible in support of himself and the "HANDLEY CROSS FOX HOUNDS." A large party sat down to supper after the lecture; and we are happy to add that a subscription was opened for the purpose of presenting Mr. Jorrocks with a solid token of esteem in the shape of a silver steak dish, with a model of himself on horseback on the cover. More gratifying still it is to add, that the subscription was immediately filled.

CHAPTER IV.

Who's the buyer?

The following was the strength of Mr. Jorrocks's stud at the close of the season.

There were our old friends Xerxes and Arterxerxes; a great raking, bony, cock-throppled, ragged-hipped, shabby-tailed, white-legged, chestnut horse, fired all round, that had belonged to a smuggler, and was christened "Ginnums;" a little jumped-up, thick-set, mealy-legged, sunken-eyed bay, with a short tail and full coarse mane, whose unhappy look procured him the name of Dismal Geordy; and a neatish brown, that our master bought of young May, the grocer, at Handley Cross, and christened Young Hyson; — five in all. Arterxerxes did most of Mr. Jorrocks' works, and Xerxes would carry half a dozen Benjamins every day in the week, so that Pigg had the three latter almost to himself.

Xerxes and Arterxerxes (capital feeders) were both desperately troubled with the slows, and the latter puffed and blew in a way that made ill-natured people say he was broken-winded.

Having long stood together, they had contracted a friendship, that displayed itself in constant neighings and whinnyings when separated, and rushings together and rubbings on meeting, to the derangement of the dignity and convenience of their riders. Thus, if Mr. Jorrocks was on one side of a cover on Arterxerxes, and Benjamin on the other side with Xerxes, there would be such a neighing and whinnying all the time, as greatly to interfere with our master's attention to his hounds, and when the horses caught sight of each other, Xerxes would take the bit between his teeth, and rush to his friend Arterxerxes, making a rubbing-post of him and his rider in defiance of resistance on the part of Benjamin, and remonstrance on that of Mr. Jorrocks.

Ginnums was quite the reverse of the preceding. He had commenced life as a leather-plater, and done hard service on some country course, and after experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune in the hands of various masters of different callings, had descended into the hands of a smuggler, when he was seized by the Excise, well weighted with contraband goods, and pub-

licly sold to Mr. Jorrocks for fourteen pounds ten shillings. He was a raking goer, but a nasty wriggling beast to ride, continually throwing his head in the air, to the danger of his rider's countenance. His mouth, too, was deadened on one side, and he had a careless rushing sort of way of going at his fences, but he never tired, and could go through heavy ground with wonderful ease to himself.

Dismal Geordy was of the hot and heavy sort, —a better hand at trotting than galloping. He used to jump and squeal with a cow-like action at first going out, and could gallop pretty well for a mile or so, after which he would shut up, and be dull and heavy the rest of the day. He was a very under-bred, sluggish brute, with very little taste for hunting.

Young Hyson was a neat horse, and a good goer, but quite unmade when Mr. Jorrocks bought him.—Pigg and he used to roll about tremendously at first.

"If ar was ye," said James to his master, as the latter took his usual stroll through the stable, "ar'd get shot o' some o' these nags—they'll niver de ye ne good."

"Why so, James?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks in a more amiable mood than usual when his stud was abused.

"Because ar thinks there's ne use i' keepin'

sick a lot through the summer; ye that have ivery thing to buy and nothin' for them to do. Ye arn't like mar cousin Deavilboger, that can work them i' the farm a bit, and gar them pay their keep."

"True," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "'ay's dear—so is corn—but how's one to get rid of these sort of animals, think ye? No demand for them now that the rallys have dished all the coaches."

"Why, but it's just the same thing, if ye sell cheap now, ye'll buy cheap i' the artum, and save all the summerin'. There's Ginnums, now, his near foreleg's varra kittle—ar'd get shot o' him while it stands. Arterxerxes, tee, is gannin' wrang iv his wind,—ye'd better be rid o' him while it lasts. Geordy, tee, is nabbut fit for the pits;—ye canna get worse!"

"I doesn't know that," said Mr. Jorrocks, who had rather an affection for the Dismal, and thought he would do for his Boobey Hutch. "Besides, we shall want a couple, at all ewents, to exercise th' 'ounds during the summer."

The close of a watering-place season generally produces some change among the studs. Gentlemen have got to the end of their tethers, spring captains have to join their regiments abroad, and some make a practice of selling at the end of a season (or at any other time). Handley Cross formed no exception to the rule, and Mr.

Palmer, the auctioneer, having canvassed the town, persuaded the owners of some eighteen or twenty horses to intrust them to his persuasive eloquence in the shape of a sale by auction. Mr. Jorrocks having considered Pigg's suggestions, and being up to all the tricks of horse-auctions, agreed to send his five, on condition of the sale being well advertised, and his stud especially mentioned as being sold in consequence of his wishing to remount his men on horses more suitable to the country.

Accordingly advertisements were inserted in all the papers and lists distributed far and near, headed "GREAT STUD SALE," and describing Mr. Jorrocks' horses as masters of great weight, that had been regularly hunted all the season with the Handley Cross Fox-hounds.

The publicity, thus given, had the effect of causing all the curious-looking, cut-away coats and extraordinary top-boots in the country to drop into the town of Handley Cross on the morning of the sale. Some people cannot stay away from a horse-auction; and men that can hardly keep themselves will appear, and sometimes undergo the spasm of putting in a horse at a low figure, for the momentary *éclat* of being taken for purchasers. Luckless wights if in an evil moment the hammer drops with the fatal fiat, "*Yours, sir!*" But to our sale.

At an early hour the horses were brought from their respective stables, and arranged in numbered stalls in the Dragon Yard, according to their classification in the bills. All the hand rubbing was done at home, so that they had only to receive the finishing touch from the clean waistcoated grooms, who, with plaistered hair, were charged with their respective lies as to their qualifications. James Pigg arrived first, and so well done were his horses, that Mr. Jorrocks almost hoped they might return as he saw them pass along the street to the yard. Benjamin and Pigg had on their top-boots, striped waistcoats and brown frocks, which latter were taken off, carefully folded up, and put into a corn-bin in the stable where their horses stood. It was a nine-stall one, and there were two horses belonging to two fast-going foot-captains, and two mares the property of two water-drinkers, along with Mr. Jorrocks'.

At twelve o'clock the stables were thrown open, and fussy gentlemen in Taglionis, Macintoshes, &c., whips and bills in their hands, began their examination. There was Captain Shortflat admiring Arterxerxes, and abusing Dismal Geordy, that he wanted to buy; young men feeling old horses' legs, and rising from the operation as wise as they stooped; some bringing all their acquaintance to assist in finding faults, and others

pumping grooms to tell what they were paid for keeping to themselves.

James Pigg gave his horses the very best of characters, which Benjamin as quickly counteracted by telling every thing he knew to their disadvantage. This, of course, Ben did in confidence, and in the hopes of a *douceur* for his honesty. Pigg kept protesting as he patted them; "that they were just the best hosses he had ever seen, and he didn't ken what could make his ard maister think o' partin' with them," while Ben, with a leer and a wink, declared it was "all his eye, and they were only fit for the knackers."*

Towards one, most of the inquisitive gentry having satisfied their curiosity, the motley group began to congregate in the stable-yard, and some began to look at their watches and inquire for the auctioneer. The assembly at a sale of this sort exhibits every link in the chain of sporting life, from the coronetted peer to the broken-down leg. There is a good deal of equality, too, in the scene, the generality of the company being strangers to each other; and as many people consider it knowing to dress differently to what they generally do, the great men are not easily distinguishable from the little ones. A stud-sale is a sort of fox-hunters', harriers', prize-fighters', dog-stealers' meeting, for which people pull out

* Horse-slaughterers.

queer-cut and flash-coloured coats, and dress themselves in drab breeches with knee-caps, or moleskins with gaiters. All have whips, even the pedestrians.

Mr. Jorrocks launched an uncommonly smart new Taglioni for the occasion, a brown-striped leopard's skin looking duffle, all decorated in front with tassels and cords, with pockets of various size and position, bound with nut-brown velvet: the standing-up collar and pointed cuffs were of nut-brown velvet also, and it was lined and wadded throughout with rustling silk. In it he swaggered into the yard, his hands stuffed into the lower tier of pockets, and his great tassels knocking against his Hessian boots as he walked. There was an easy indifference in his air which plainly said he didn't care whether he sold his horses or not.

His appearance was the signal for Mr. Palmer, the auctioneer, to quit the Dragon bar, where he was sipping a glass of cold brandy and water, and forthwith he emerged with a roll of catalogues and his hammer in his hand. He was a rosy-gilled, middle-aged, middle-sized man, who had failed twice in the hosiery line, and once in the spirit-way. He was sprucely dressed, as all auctioneers are, he wore a superfine velvet-collared olive-coloured great-coat, open in front, displaying a superfine black coat and waistcoat, with a

clean white neckcloth, and small shirt-frills, secured by a handsome brooch.

Having saluted Mr. Jorrocks with becoming respect, they paired off for a few minutes, to arrange the puff preliminary for the horses.

This being done, Mr. Palmer repaired to the end of the yard, where, under the clock, a temporary rostrum had been erected, formed of short planks placed on four barrels, on which stood a table, and there was a desk below for the clerk to take the deposits upon. At the back was a short step-ladder, upon the top stair of which Mr. Palmer mounted, and Mr. Jorrocks perched himself on the one immediately below. The crowd, with the usual follow-my-leader propensity, were soon ranged round the rostrum, and, a slight shower beginning to fall, umbrellas went up, and Mr. Palmer unfolded a catalogue, and cleared his voice for an oration.

"Gentlemen!" said he, "may I request your attention while I read the conditions of sale?"

"Throw us a catalogue!" cried half-a-dozen voices; and forthwith a shower of half-crumpled catalogues began to fly about, to be scrambled for by the gentry below. The demand being satisfied, Mr. Palmer again cleared his throat, and, requesting attention to the conditions of sale, proceeded to read about "the highest bidder being the purchaser; and if any dispute arose," &c.,

which was listened to with the usual attention bestowed upon such "I know it all" sort of orations.

As he drew towards the end, Arterxerxes' great Roman nose was seen peeping out of the stable-door, and at the word "*Out!*" Benjamin gave him a cut behind, and forth flew the horse, kicking and squeaking from the combined effects of the whip and the ginger. Pigg ran him up to the hammer, which the horse approached with such energy as to threaten demolition not only to the crowd, but to the rickety fabric of a rostrum.

Having got him stopped without a more serious injury than upsetting the clerk's uncorked six-penny bottle of red ink, and scattering the crowd right and left, the spectators formed an avenue on each side of the horse, while Pigg tickled him under the knee with his whip, to get him to stand out and shew himself.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Palmer, with a preparatory hem, looking the horse full in the face, "this is lot ONE! *The celebrated horse, Arterxerxes!* familiar to every one in the habit of hunting with the celebrated hounds over which his distinguished owner has the honour to preside."

"*Presides with such ability*," observed Mr. Jorrocks, in one of his whispers in the auctioneer's ear.

"Over which his distinguished owner presides

with such ability," repeated Mr. Palmer. "He is, as you see, a horse of great power and substance, equal to the——"

"Say *speed!*" whispered Mr. Jorrocks.

"He is, as you see, a horse of great power, speed, and substance, equal to any weight——"

"How can we see his speed?" inquired a drunken-looking groom, in an out-of-place sort of costume, covered buttons, and so forth.

"Hold your tongue, sir, and listen to me!" said Mr. Palmer with an air of authority.

"He is, as you see, gentlemen," resumed the auctioneer, "a horse of great power, speed, and substance, up to any weight, and quiet——"

"Quiet enough," observed a bystander, "if you hadn't figged him."

"And is only sold," continued the auctioneer, "because his owner has no further use for him."

"Highly probable!" exclaimed a voice.

"No one else, I should think!" rejoined another.

"*He's an undeniable leaper!*" whispered Mr. Jorrocks.

"As a leaper, this horse is not to be surpassed!" observed the auctioneer.

"*Temperate at his fences*," prompted Mr. Jorrocks, adding, "Vy don't you go on, man?"

"Because you put me out," replied the auctioneer, turning snappishly round, and saying, "*Do hold your jaw!*"

"*Blast your imperance!*" roared Mr. Jorrocks, an exclamation that produced a burst of laughter, during which Mr. Palmer turned again, and had a conference with Jorrocks behind. After a few seconds' parley, during which Mr. Jorrocks assured the auctioneer that he'd set to and sell the "osses" himself, if he didn't take care, Mr. Palmer resumed, in a more submissive tone,—

"I was going to observe, gentlemen," said he, "that as you are not all in the habits of hunting with the celebrated hounds in this neighbourhood, that this horse is the property of the renowned Mr. Jorrocks, and has been ridden by him during the whole of the past season, and is equal to any weight you can possibly put upon him."

"*Aye is he!*" exclaimed Pigg, rubbing the horse's great Roman nose: "top huss! best we have, by far."

"Now about Surrey," whispered Mr. Jorrocks.

"And, gentlemen," continued Mr. Palmer, looking sadly disconcerted, "before coming here, this horse was one of the most distinguished performers in the Surrey Hunt—a hunt that beats all other hunts, except the Handley Cross Hunt, for intensity of ardour and desperate conflixon."

"Well done!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, patting the orator's back.

"Keep the Tamboureen a rowlin!" growled

Pigg, turning his quid, and patting the horse's head.

"All round my 'at!" squeaked Benjimin in the crowd.

"He is quite in his prime," continued the auctioneer, "fresh, and fit for immediate work. Now what will any gentleman give for this celebrated hunter? Put him in at whatever you like: he *is* to be sold! Shall I say a hundred and fifty for him?"

"Shillin's?" exclaimed one of the auctioneer's tormentors.

"Will any gentleman give a hundred and fifty guineas for the horse?" continued Mr. Palmer, without noticing the interruption; "a hundred and fifty guineas! No one say a hundred and fifty? A hundred and forty, then?—a hundred and thirty?—one hundred guineas, then?—throwing him away!"

"*Deed is't!*" exclaimed Pigg.

Still no one was sensible enough to see the matter in this light, and after a pause, during which a seedy-looking little fellow, in a very big bad hat, a faded green neckcloth, and a long dirty, drab great-coat, that concealed a pair of nearly black top-boots, requested to see Arter-xerxes run down; and, having visited him with a severe punch in the ribs on his return and a nip in the neck, coolly observed that he was a bull.*

* A roarer.

"No more than yourself!" roared Mr. Jorrocks.

"Will you warrant him, then?" inquired Drab-coat.

"*Varrant him!*" repeated Mr. Jorrocks, "I *never varrants*—wouldn't varrant that he's an 'oss, let alone that he's sound."

"You knows better!" replied Drab-coat, examining the horse's eyes as he spoke; adding, "I'm not sure but he's a-goin' blind, too!"

"You be d—d!" replied James Pigg, doubling his fist as he spoke.

"Pray, keep order, gentlemen!" interposed the auctioneer.

"What teeth he has!" exclaimed Drab-coat—"*long as my arm!*"

"You must have length somewhere; and I'm blow'd he harn't got it nowhere else," rejoined a confederate.

"Come, gentlemen, let's have no more of your chaffing, but let's get to business," interrupted the auctioneer. "What will any one give for this valuable——"

"Dray horse!" exclaimed some one.

"*Hunter!*" continued the auctioneer, without noticing the interruption.

"Fifteen pund," said Drab-coat.

"Fifteen pund!" exclaimed the auctioneer, in disgust. "You must bid in guineas, sir."

"Then, fourteen guineas!" replied the man.

"Fourteen guineas," said the auctioneer.—"Come, gentlemen, please to go on—*quick*." Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, eighteen in two places, nineteen, and twenty, were bid, without any further persuasion. "Twenty guineas are only bid for this beautiful animal!" exclaimed Mr. Palmer, flourishing his hammer. "Why his tail's worth all the money."

"For a hat-peg!" exclaimed some one.

"His head would make a fine fiddle-case," observed Drab-coat, with a sneer.

"He's up to any weight with any hounds," observed Mr. Palmer.

"He'll be more at home with miller's sacks," rejoined the confederate.

"'Ard as iron," whispered Mr. Jorrocks.

"Very stout!" exclaimed the auctioneer.

"'Deed is he!" rejoined Drab-coat, punching his fat sides.

"Confound your imperance!" muttered Mr. Jorrocks, over the rostrum: "I'll skin you alive!"

"Ar'll tan your hide anow!" said Pigg, looking indignantly round,

"Now, gentlemen, please keep order, and go on," urged the auctioneer. "Twenty guineas are only bid for this valuable hunter, and I can't dwell. Are you all done at twenty guineas?"

"One," nodded some one.

"Two!"

"Three!"

"Four!"

"Five!" and again the biddings came to a pause. Drab-coat retires, his commission being exhausted.

"Twenty-five guineas!" recapitulated the auctioneer. "Five-and-twenty guineas only bid for this splendid hunter—master of great weight—giving him away—but I can't dwell. Are you all done, at twenty-five guineas, gentlemen?—*Going!* for the last time," lifting his hammer as he spoke.

The hammer falls with a heavy knock as the word "*Gone!*" issues from his lips.

"Who's the buyer?"

"Mr. Smith!"

Out come pencils, and the name and price is forthwith appended to the lists by those who wish to look particularly knowing. Arterxerxes is led back to the stable, followed by divers idlers, some to try if they like him any better now that he is sold; others to see if the horse looks any different; some to congratulate the buyer; others to laugh at him.

"Nice useful horse you've got, Mr. Smith," drawls Captain Shortflat. "I suppose you've bought him for your farm."

"*No!* to go in a bathing-machine during the summer," replies Mr. Smith, with a growl.

Xerxes came next, with his switch tail sticking up like Gabriel Junks'. Again Mr. Palmer's persuasive powers were put forth to induce the audience to look favourably on the horse's pretensions; all the good qualities ascribed to his late comrade were freely transferred to him, though, if any thing, Xerxes was *rather* the better horse of the two. Drab-coat puts him in again at a low figure, and the same scene of complimentary politeness ensues that marked the transfer of Arterxerxes.

The biddings being languid, and the auctioneer seeing little chance of *bonâ fide* ones, took up the running himself at a brisk pace, and knocked the horse down at sixty guineas, announcing Mr. Scroggins as the buyer. This gave the thing a fillip, and Dismal Geordy was knocked down to Captain Shortflat for eight-and-twenty pounds, ten more than Mr. Jorrocks gave far him. Ginnums, Young Hyson, and Xerxes, were unsold: the other lots were then proceeded with; some being sold, and others retained. Thus closed the Handley Cross hunting season.

Mr. Jorrocks having instructed James Pigg what to do, and taken an affectionate leave of Gabriel Junks, set off for London, leaving Mrs. Jorrocks and Co. to follow as soon as

Mrs. Jorrocks had paid her bills and left her P. P. C.'s.

Then, as she drove from house to house, knocking and ringing and leaving of cards, significant looks and knowing sentences passed respecting Belinda.

Disappointed mammas, who had risked the season in vain, "supposed they *ought* to congratulate Mrs. Jorrocks. For their parts, they saw little cause for rejoicing in losing an object both near and dear, and they hoped they might never know the affliction."

Mrs. Jorrocks 'oped they never might.

Ladies who had gentlemen in tow were more amiable, and thought it was an exceedingly nice thing. Others, whose pretensions to beauty were eclipsed by Belinda, were sincerely glad to hear she was going to be married. Hoped she meant to come a good deal amongst them after.

Mrs. Jorrocks heard all they had to say, and kept bobbing, and bowing, and muttering something about "much obleged — werry gratifyin' — not settled — let *them* know *first*," which being construed into an admission, the old women set to and abused both Belinda and Charles, while the young ones sought out their worsteds to work her a bag apiece.

CHAPTER V.

"Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen."—
SHAKSPEARE.

AN unusually good season having crowned Captain Doleful's exertions, and things altogether wearing a favourable aspect, he entered into a deep mental calculation, whether it would not be quite as cheap keeping a horse altogether as hiring the town hacks, which he found were not so safe as was desirable for a great official character like himself. The idea originated in the circumstance of Mr. Jorrocks' horse Xerxes being unsold, which Captain Doleful thought might be got for a trifle, and seemed to have been put to all the purposes a horse is capable of performing. Having weighed the *pros.* and *cons.*, and inquired the horse's character of every body about the town, our cautious M. C. at last ventured to write the following letter about ten days after Mr. Jorrocks' return to London.

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I regret much to learn that your horse Xerxes still remains on hand. I was in hopes some of the indifferent judges would have taken a fancy to him, and relieved you of an animal confessedly unsuited to your purpose; but that not being the case, I trouble you with this, to say that Miss Lucretia Learmouth is in want of an animal to draw her four-wheeled chaise about, and make himself generally useful, and I should be happy to be of any service in recommending him to her. Price, I should observe, will be the first consideration, therefore please put him in at the lowest possible figure. Of course I presume he is what they call 'all right.' On a closer examination of his countenance, I perceive sundry little grey hairs scattered about:—is not this symptomatic of age? With compliments to the ladies, believe me, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

"Yours, very sincerely,
"Miserrimus Doleful, M. C.
"*Handley Cross Spa.*

"To John Jorrocks, Esq.
"Great Coram Street, London."

The following was Mr. Jorrocks' answer:—

"Dear Doleful,—Yours is received, and note the contents.—Xerxes may not be an Eclipse in

speed, but he's uncommon stout in 'arness, and eminently calkilated for much industrious and honerable exertion in many of the minor fields of 'oss enterprise. He can go a good bat, too, when he's roused; and though I says it who should not, Miss Lucretia may go a deal farther and fare worse. What say you to twenty-five guineas? If Lucretia's young and 'andsome, I'll take punds, if not I must stand out for the guineas. Let me hear from you, and believe me,

"Yours to serve,
"JOHN JORROCKS, M. F. H.

"P.S.—Grey 'airs is nothin'. I've seen 'em all grey afore now—foaled so, indeed."

The following was Captain Doleful's rejoinder:—

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—Your polite letter merits my warmest gratitude. Miss Lucretia is young and beautiful! Left an almost unprotected orphan, I feel deeply interested in her welfare, which I am sure will be participated in by you when you have the pleasure of her acquaintance. Twenty-five pounds seems a great sum for a horse confessedly not first-rate,—could you not soften it a little? Fifteen, I should think, considering

the circumstances, ought to buy him. He is not handsome—Lucretia is *beautiful!* Believe me, ever, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

"Yours, very truly,
"Miserrimus Doleful, M. C.
"*Handley Cross Spa.*

"To John Jorrocks, Esq.
"Great Coram Street, London."

The same post brought the following letter from James Pigg:—

"Honnor'd Sir,—The ard dancin'-maister has been in and out o' wor stable varry oft, and seems sweet on ard Xerxes. He says he's for a lady, but Miss Jelly, who he has by the year, tould a woman I had for the season, who tould me, that he wants him for hissel'; so mind your eye, and no more from

"Yours, humbelly,
"J. Pigg.
"*Handley Cross.*

"H'unds be main well—so be sel'."

Mr. Jorrocks took the hint, assumed the indifferent, and wrote as follows, for the delay of a post or two:—

"Dear Doleful,—Handsome is wot handsome does. If Xerxes arn't a beauty, he's uncommon useful. Five per cent seems discount enough between 'beauty and the beast.' If you like to fork out 25*l.* he's yours, if not, say no more about it.

"Yours to serve,

"John Jorrocks, M.F.H.

"To Miserrimus Doleful, Esq. M.C.

"Handley Cross Spa."

The captain did not exactly like this letter, but not being easily choked, he returned to the charge with the following answer:—

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—At the risk of being thought importunate, I again venture to intercede very respectfully on behalf of the young and beautiful orphan who has sought my assistance in the matter of a horse. Under no other circumstances could I venture to intrude myself further upon your valuable time. You, like all high-minded men, disdain two prices. I admire your independence, but in expressing my admiration, may I venture to hope that some little relaxation from so meritorious a rule may be allowed in a case so peculiarly interesting as the young and beautiful Miss Lucretia Learmouth's. Could we not put it thus:—I'll give

you twenty-five pounds for Xerxes, on the understanding that you return me five. That, I think, seems *very fair*. Hoping you will accede to a proposition so reasonable, believe me, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

"Ever yours, very faithfully,
"MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M.C.

"To John Jorrocks, Esq.
"Great Coram Street, London."

The following was Mr. Jorrocks' answer to the proposition:—

"Dear Doleful,—I doesn't see the wit of your offer. If to give a high price is the object of your hambition, I'll give you a receipt for 100*l*., if you'll pay the difference of the stamp, and throw you back 75*l*., but I can't throw back nothin' out of 25*l*. Make up your mind—and let's have no hagglin',

"Yours, to serve,
"JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

"To Miserrimus Doleful, Esq. M.C.
"Handley Cross Spa."

Finding Mr. Jorrocks was not to be worked upon in this way, and that there was nothing to gain by personating Miss Lucretia, Captain Doleful determined to come forth in his own character, and wrote as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I have just received yours, and regret to inform you that Miss Lucretia Learmouth has been suddenly called into Scotland by the alarming illness of a beloved relative, whereby all occasion for a horse is, of course, done away with. The difficulty of making this announcement is, however, relieved by the circumstance of my willingness to place myself in her shoes; I therefore beg to say, I shall be glad to take the horse, provided, of course, he is all right, &c., and will send you the money on hearing from you. Dear Mr. Jorrocks,

"Yours, very truly,
"Miserrimus Doleful, M.C."

Mr. Jorrocks thus closed the bargain:—

"Dear Doleful,—I'm sorry Lucretia's gone. I should have liked to have had a look at her. Xerxes is yours, and you may pay the money to Pigg, who will give you a receipt, and all that sort of thing. Charming weather for bees. Do they make much honey about you?

"Yours to serve,
"John Jorrocks, M.F.H.
"*Great Coram Street, London.*
"To Miserrimus Doleful, Esq. M.C.
"Handley Cross Spa."

Armed with this authority, Doleful repaired to James Pigg's, and, after a desultory conversation, parted with five-and-twenty sovereigns in exchange for the celebrated Xerxes.

Like most young horse-masters, Captain Doleful did not give his new purchase much rest. Morning, noon, and night, he was on its back, or driving it about in a job-fly. The captain felt it his duty to call upon every body in the town, and poor Xerxes was to be seen at all hours, either fastened by the bridle to a lamp-post, or pacing melancholy up and down the street in charge of some little dirty urchin. This, with indifferent grooming and very indifferent keep, soon reduced the once sleek and pampered hunter to a very gaunt, miserable-looking horse.

The captain marked the change with melancholy bodings. He had hoped to sell him to advantage, so as to ride for nothing, and now he seemed more likely to lose by him than any thing else. The horse grew daily worse, and a cough settled upon him that seemed likely to finish him. A more unfortunate-looking couple were never seen, than the cadaverous captain and the poor coughing horse. Still he went on working him as long as the cough would let him walk, but, it soon getting past that, the captain was thrown on his wits for getting out of the purchase. The following correspondence will shew how he attempted it:—

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I am sorry to say your horse is very ill, labouring, we think, under pulmonary consumption. He is dreadfully emaciated, and labouring under a hooping-cough, that is distressing to himself and his hearers. I thought he looked queer when I bought him, as I remarked a nervous quivering of the tail after a slight gallop over Bumpmead. It is unfortunate, but you, as a great horse-master, know these sort of accidents will happen, and it is well the loss falls on one so well able to bear it as the wealthy Mr. Jorrocks. With compliments and best wishes to Mrs. and Miss Jorrocks, who, I hope are both well, believe me to remain, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

"With great sincerity, yours very sincerely,

"Miserrimus Doleful, M. C.

"To John Jorrocks, Esq.
"Great Coram Street, London."

Mr. Jorrocks was rather puzzled how to act on receipt of this. His first impulse was to tell the captain that he was a dirty fellow; and, indeed, he wrote a letter to that effect, but, with praiseworthy prudence, he kept it over night, and his wrath being somewhat appeased by the operation of writing, the old adage of "least said being soonest mended" came to his assistance, and induced him to concoct the following:—

"Dear Doleful,—Yours is received, and note the contents. Mrs. Jorrocks is misfortunately raythor indisposed, but much obleged by your purlite inquiries. She went to Sadlers' Wells the night before last, and the house being full, and consequentially 'ot, she was imprudent enough to sit with the box-door open, which gave her the ear-ache. In other respects, howsomever, she is as lively as usual. This is fine weather for the country. It's a pity but you had Xerxes right, as toolin' a young voman about in a buggy would be unkommon nice sport. I have no news. Town is very full and 'ot. Wenus, I see by my Almanack, is an evenin' star till the 13th, and afterwards a mornin' star. Jupiter is a mornin' star till about the 15th. Adieu.

"Yours to serve,

"John Jorrocks, M.F.H."

This, as may be supposed, was not at all satisfactory, so the captain immediately fired off the following:—

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I fear I was not so intelligible as I ought to have been in my last hurried communication. My object was to inform you that *your* horse, Xerxes, is very bad—dying, we think; and as it appears he had the seeds of consumption at the time you sold him, I think it

right you should have the earliest intelligence, in case there is any particular mode of treatment you would like adopted. I feel assured you only require to be acquainted with the untoward circumstance to make you rescind what appears to be an untenable bargain. Wishing you every happiness, I remain, with compliments to the ladies, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

"Ever yours very faithfully,

"MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

"To John Jorrocks, Esq.

"Great Coram Street, London.

"P. S.—Please to send me a pound of pretty good tea, in ounce packages."

Still Mr. Jorrocks was determined not to take the hint, and, after the delay of a post or two, concocted the following:—

"Dear Doleful,—I am werry sorry to hear so bad an account of my old frind Xerxes. It's a bore to lose the services of an 'oss jest at the time one wants them. I certainlie considered him a consumptive hanimal when I had him, but it was an 'ay-and-corn consumption. I am werry much obleged by your communication. In course I feels an interest in the prosperity of a hanimal wot has carried me, with such unruffled equinimity, through many a glorious chase; but in the hands

of a 'umane and discriminatin' cock like yourself, I feels assured he will receive every attention his pekoolier case can require, and therefore must decline all recommendation. I 'opes you'll be able to patch him up to do much good work yet.

"Yours to serve as before,

"JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

"To Captain Doleful, M. C.

"Handley Cross Spa.

"P. S.—I send the tea, and 'ope you will like it. The market has been heavy to-day, owin' to the reports in circulation of the arrival of the overland mail. Sugar's riz."

Captain Doleful was very angry when he received this. He saw Mr. Jorrocks was laughing at him, and determined to shew fight: —

"Dear Mr. Jorrocks,—I wish to state to you, very plainly and explicitly, that the horse Xerxes is unsound, and was so when you sold him, and that I mean to return him. If there is any stable in particular you wish him sent to, please let me know by return of post, as he now stands at your expense.

"Yours very truly,

"MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

"To John Jorrocks, Esq.

"Great Coram Street, London.

"P. S.—The tea is very good. I wish I could say as much for the horse."

Mr. Jorrocks was equally determined, as appears by his answer:—

"Dear Doleful,—I thought you had been more a man of the world, than to suppose that I'd take back a 25*l.* 'oss wot I never warranted. You took him for better or for worser, jest as I took Mrs. J. P'raps he may not be quite as good a ticket as you could wish, it werry seldom 'appens that they are; but that's no reason why you should be off the bargain. Make the best of him. 'Be to his wirtues ever kind; be to his faults a little blind,' as I told you in my second lector, where Pigg and you went snacks, you know.

"Yours to serve,

"John Jorrocks, M.F.H.

"To Captain Doleful, M.C.

"Handley Cross Spa.

"P.S.—Perhaps he's got worms; if so, hoil him."

The following was the captain's ultimatum:—

"Sir,—When I opened the negotiation with you respecting your good-for-nothing horse, I thought, that in dealing with the Master of the

Handley Cross Foxhounds, I had some guarantee that I was dealing with a gentleman. I grieve to find I was mistaken in my conjecture. I now demand a return of the money I paid for your diseased horse, which an English jury will award me in the event of a refusal. Waiting your answer, I remain, sir,

"Yours obediently,

"MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M.C.,

"Captain, Half-pay.

"Mr. Jorrocks, Grocer,

"Great Coram Street, London."

Mr. Jorrocks's answer was very short:—

"Dear Doleful,—I doesn't know nothin' wot an English jury may do for you, but this I knows, *I'll do nothin'*. Zounds, man! you must be mad —mad as a hatter!

"Yours to serve,

"JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

"*Great Coram Street.*

"To Captain Doleful, M.C.

"Handley Cross Spa.

"P.S.—Let's have no more nonsense."

CHAPTER VI.

"*Lady.*—A guinea, sir!
Gentleman.—Pardon, me, miss, I was only looking—
Lady.—*Looking's* a guinea, sir!"

"MONSTROUS!" exclaimed Hector Hardman, the head-constable, looking the picture of despair, as he sat chairman of a conclave of housekeepers, in public meeting, of Handley Cross, assembled.

Hector held in his hand one of those interesting documents, an architect's bill; and the exclamation was elicited by the wondrous discrepancy between Mr. Chisel's professions and performances.

He had been employed to erect a school-house, with master and mistress's apartments, and having recently completed one at Appledove for, what appeared, a reasonable sum, he had been incautiously employed by the householders of Handley Cross, to build them one like it, and had run them into three times the expense. Too late they learned that their neighbours had made a black and white bargain with him beforehand.

Plans that the others had paid ten pounds for were charged thirty; and, not content with drawing and colouring a picture of the building *en masse*, he had furnished designs of every corner-stone and jamb, and had written a very important-looking pamphlet, covered with cartridge paper, and fastened with green silk, endorsed,—

"Specification and description of the proposed School House, and Master and Mistress's Houses on Belvidere Lawn, in Handley Cross:"

which was signed, without extra charge, in his proper hand-writing, with certain inimitable "Rowland's Kalydor" sort of flourishes,—"Ingenius Chisel, Architect."

The pamphlet itself was a beautiful illustration of "much ado about nothing." In widely ruled lines, with spacious heading and copious margin, set off with double lines of red ink, were all the details set out, like an Act of Parliament. This was the preamble:—

"Specification and description of the several works required in Building a School-House, and Master and Mistress's Houses, on the Belvidere Lawn, at Handley Cross, according to plans, elevations, sections, and details herein referred to, and bearing date March 184—

"The whole of the works hereafter specified

are to be executed in a sound and workmanlike manner, and left perfect and complete in every respect when finished, subject to the inspection and approbation of Ingenius Chisel, the Architect.

"MASONRY.

"*Digging.*—Proper trenches to be dug for the foundations of all the walls, as shewn on the plans, and to suitable depths. The surplus earth to be taken away, and deposited in any adjacent convenient place as will be directed.

"*Stones and Mortar.*—The stones to be won from any quarry in the neighbourhood, possessing stone of a good quality. The mortar to be composed of well-burnt stone-lime, mixed with clean, sharp sand, using not less than three carts of sand to one of lime, and to be well and properly beaten together with water.

"*Foundations.*—The foundation-walls to have stone footings, laid with large bedded stones, and thoroughs at intervals, the full thickness of wall, and projecting five inches beyond on each side. The walls above footings to be carried up to the surface of the ground, with good rubble walling, having thorough stones at every superficial yard measuring on the face."

And thus this superficial document proceeded through a long detail on walls above foundations, chimney-shafts, pillars, heads and sills, jambs and

coignes, fire-places, flagging, lintels, roof, ceiling, joists, &c., windows, skirtings, shelving, plastering, slating, plumbers' work, glaziers' and painters' work,—altogether a splendid illustration of jobbery. No wonder that the employers were left considerably in the lurch—a hundred and fifty pounds, we are sorry to say. The exclamation with which we commenced the chapter was caused by the discovery of that fact. The question was, how to meet the difficulty?

Our fair readers, we dare say, will solve the problem, and suggest—a Bazaar. So it was!

Mrs. Barnington, of course, was first requested to become a patroness, and, thinking to regain her lost ground, she consented to allow a bazaar to be announced under the auspices of her name.

Great was her astonishment and disgust, on receiving a prospectus, to find the vulgar "City woman's" name associated with hers. Thus run the document:—

"GRAND BAZAAR,

Under the especial Patronage of

Mrs. Barnington and Mrs. Jorrocks.

"A Grand Bazaar, in aid of the Funds of the Handley Cross Infant School, is intended to be held in the New School House, on Belvidere

Lawn, Handley Cross, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 1st and 2d of——

"Contributions of all sorts, useful, ornamental, curious, or fantastic, will be thankfully received by Mrs. Muggins, the mistress; and ladies are requested to have the kindness to affix the estimated value of each article they may please to send in.

"N.B.—Nothing will come amiss, and the smallest contribution will be thankfully received."

Our friends the Jorrockses, of course, were then in London, in Great Coram Street: Mr. Jorrocks attending to his business, enlivening the tedium of commercial life by Saturday trips to Margate, boating parties to the Eel-pie House at Twickenham, dinners at Blackwall, walks, and maids-of-honour,* at Richmond, with occasional visits to Sadler's Wells Theatre and Mr. Bowker's shop. The Zoologicals', White Conduit House, Tattersall's, Hyde Park, the Free and Easy, &c., all came in for their share of patronage. Pigg wrote to him three times a-week, detailing his doings with the hounds, and Mrs. Jorrocks had frequent tea-parties, to describe the splendour of their doings at Handley Cross; Stubbs vacillated between Yorkshire and Middlesex; and the

* A sort of cake made at Richmond. Mr. Jorrocks once astonished a country customer by saying he had ate four-and-twenty maids-of-honour for luncheon.

Marchioness of —— was heard to inquire "who that pretty girl was?" as Belinda passed her in Kensington Gardens.

Autumn drew on, town got empty, hackney-coachmen declined asparagras, parks were browned, and trade being troubled with its usual dulness, Mr. Jorrocks determined to remove to Handley Cross, as well for the purpose of being near his hounds, as of defending an action that Captain Doleful had brought against him on account of old Xerxes. The bazaar was inducement sufficient for Mrs. Jorrocks. This involved a real contest — one that would not be so easily got rid of by a side-blow as the grand fancy-ball —Two whole days! Their popularity tested by the amount of their sales. Mrs. Barnington shook off her sloth, and consumed a quire of note-paper in requesting the contributions of her friends — "the smallest donations thankfully received." Janette was set to work to trim pincushions, braid sachets, embroider slippers, and work kettle-holders, while Mrs. Barnington began an elaborate piece of work for a chair, and distributed squares of coarse canvass and worsted for others.

Mrs. Jorrocks was equally assiduous, and employed Belinda's pen and fingers in the same way — Handley Cross and London were equally canvassed. The time drew on — all the cheap

bazaars in London having been ransacked for bargains, Mrs. Jorrocks arrived at Handley Cross heavily laden with all sorts of merchandise: her arrival at Diana Lodge was the signal for an inundation of bazaar offerings.

The Misses Maces requested her acceptance of fifteen bags and a Turkish hassock; Mrs. Morley sent her five purses, and a pair of children's shoes; Miss Martins, six Doilys and two watch-pockets; Miss Smith, two scent-bags, and a woollen night-cap; Miss Romford, two needle-books, and a set of baby-clothes; Miss Spirgin, a scissor-tray and a beetle pen-wiper; Mrs. Parkins, a music-roll, five pair of clergymen's bands and a cigar-case; Mrs. Jones, a child's wheelbarrow; and Mrs. Needham, half-a-dozen birch-rods. The bazaar being for a school, Mrs. Needham thought the latter might be useful.

Then came the valuing, and pricing, and ticketing, and thanking: "Nothing *could* be more kind;" "Nothing *could* be more beautiful;" "Fear they must have been a very great tax on the sender's time," with the usual feminine politeness that distinguishes such productions.

Mrs. Barnington was also all bustle. Her presents were equally numerous, and Mrs. Needham and others sent to her in "duplicate."

Her back drawing-room exhibited a grand display of useless trumpery.

Every person that, by hook or by crook, could get out of London, had run to the sea-side and watering-places. Margate and Ramsgate were full of the City folks; Scarborough was as bad, it was full of the witty folks, as poor Mathews used to sing. Handley Cross was excessively full — it had never been so full before, and Snubbins' ordinary table reached from one end of the long room to the other — the cry was still, "They come! they come!"

On the Saturday preceding the bazaar, just as the dawdling idlers were congregating about the arched gateway of the Dragon, waiting for the admonitory dinner-bell, the Lily-white Sand Railway omnibus set down a traveller who created no little sensation. He was a dashing little foreigner, attired in somewhat of an undress uniform; a gold-laced foraging cap, stuck jauntily on his jet-black locks, which terminated in large whiskers below his chin, with the usual appurtenances of extremely well-turned moustachios and imperial. His well-braided blue frock-coat disclosed a richly laced red waistcoat, and his dark trousers had a narrow stripe of red down the side: long brass spurs clanked at every step he made in his cock-toed French boots.

"Now, Monsieur Conducteur!" exclaimed he, in a good loud voice, as he turned out of the omnibus. "I vod my leetle box—tronk vot you

call," pointing to a black box on the top of the omnibus, "and my ting for my chapeau," pointing to a leather hat-case; these being chucked down with the usual omnibus ease, the vehicle drove on, and the traveller was left among the crowd, no one having come to his assistance.

"*Sacrè-e-e-e-e-e-e nom de Dieu!*" thundered the little man clanking up the gateway in search of the *maître d'hôtel.*—"Dem, I say!" giving the boots' bell a pull that left the rope in his hand, "vot for you no come? you no pay me respec?" twisting up the bell-pull and chucking it down the yard.

* * * *

"Beg pardon, sir!" exclaimed Snubbins, bustling out, half inclined to be angry, "beg pardon—fear *we can't* accommodate you, full to the attics."

"*Full to de devil!*" exclaimed the foreigner: "Monsieur Barnington has me engaged apartement surely!"

At the word Barnington, Mr. Snubbins became enlightened. Bowing most obsequiously, he entreated the stranger to enter, and leading the way, despatched a waiter for his luggage.

Meanwhile the inquiring group, round the gateway, learned from the directions, that they belonged to the Count Fol-de-rol.

Presently the "joyful sound" was heard in the shape of a loud-ringing hand-bell, and the bees, or rather drones, flocked into the hive.

The Count being a sharp little chap, was not long at his toilette, and just as the party were subsiding into their seats, and the burst of the news was at its full, the clanking of spurs was heard along the passage, and Snubbins came ushering his distinguished guest to the vice-president's chair, amid the stare of seventy-two pair of eyes.—Then there was such nudging and looking among the girls, and such disinterested offers of letting each other have the first run at him, each determined not to throw a chance away themselves. In truth, the Count was a good-looking little fellow—fine black curly hair, large dark eyes, white teeth, undeniable moustachios and a fine healthy sallow complexion.—He could not be more than five or six-and-twenty.

He clenched the favourable impression his appearance created by ordering a bottle of champagne. The old people looked at each other, and nodded as much as to say, "he would *do*."

Dinner progressed in the usual style of watering-place elegance. A great abundance of lukewarm viands, and much politeness among gentlemen with vinegar-cruets, inviting each other to take wine at their own expense. Marsala did

duty for Sherry, and Bucellas for Sauterne. The pop of the Count's champagne-cork sounded through the room, and as he passed it freely among his neighbours, he soon wanted another. When the cloth was cleared, he called for a bottle of burgundy.

The President (a retired inn-keeper) having seen the vinegar-cruets scattered down the line again, and the gentlemen who drank negus supplied with hot water, cleared his throat for a let-off.

"Mr. Vice-president," roared he, in a clear substantial tone, thinking to impress the new-comer with a due sense of his importance.

"*Sare!*" replied the Count in the same note.

"As loyal Englishmen, there is a toast that needs no recommendation from the chair. In loyalty and attachment to the throne, all Britons are unanimous! I beg to propose the health of our gracious Queen, and long may she live in the hearts and affections of her people!"

A rumble and clatter followed the toast down the table.

Just as the President was going to give the next toast, the Count's assumption of his legs was announced by a jingling and thumping at the low end of the table.

"Mr. Shair!" exclaimed he, and all eyes were turned on the instant. "As a loyal citizen

of de vorld, I vod moch pleasure propose you a toast, vot vill come home to de bosom and de breast of every man in creation. (Applause.) Dere be none too 'igh to own, none too poor to enjoy him. I have been in all de contres of de glob, Espagne, Italy, France, de Pays bas, and I don't know vot else; but by my vord, I have been in none vere he florish vid arf de vigour vot he does in this lovly and sequestred isle. (Great applause.) In soch a constornation of beauty as I see down dis table, I should be traitor to my contree, if I did not declare dat dere is no beauty in de glob like de beauty of English-voman (immense applause); dere beauty draws me from my castle in Oldenburg to come to bazaar; dat friend of ours in dis place, vere I am nearly poisoned with dem'd bad champagne, but all sall be covered by de beauty of your ladies. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen—Sare, I mean; I vod much pleasure propose de majesty of English beauty!" (Drunk with immense applause.)

Abel Snorem immediately rose to return thanks for the ladies, amid a strong manifestation of coughs and colds from the company, mingled with cock-crowing, and a very accurate imitation of donkey-braying. After many attempts at a lengthened harangue, he at length concluded by proposing the health of the Count.

The Count returned thanks, and proposed his

in return, "de gentleman's vid de long nose;" after which the She-president gave the signal, and the ladies picked up their bags and retired.

The Count had made a most favourable impression. The old ladies looked out cards for their husbands to leave, and housekeepers conned their larders to see how soon they could ask him to dine. Count Fol-de-rol was on every one's tongue. The news of his arrival soon reached Diana Lodge, as also his after-dinner statement, that he had come to bazaar—"dat friend of ours" —and was on a visit to the Barningtons.

"Nay, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks; "*I'm done!*—That nasty 'ooman's too many for me! In league with the devil, I do believe;" and thereupon Mrs. Jorrocks kicked up her heels, and went into hysterics.

* * * *

When she came to, a strong discussion arose as to how they should meet the stolen march—whom they should get as a foil to the great Count. Alas! Mrs. Jorrocks' aristocratic ac uaintance were few, and Mr. Jorrocks could not assist her.

* * * *

"Send for Bill Bowker!" at length exclaimed he; "if Bill arn't a swell, he'll make believe to be one, and that's jest what half the swells do."

"Ah! but the Count's got mustarchoes and

heel-spurs," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, smelling at her salts.

"Bill 'ill get 'em, too," replied Mr. J.; "come down as a field-martial if you like. I'll tip him a line." Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks got his blotting-book, and wrote as follows:—

"Dear Bowker,—Mrs. J. has put her foot in it. I told you she was a goin' to patronise a bazaar along with Mrs. Barnington, who, it seems, is comin' the artful dodge, by gettin' a foreign count to help at her stall, and run away with the custom, for the women, who are the only real buyers, will be sure to run to the nob. You are a sharp chap, and up to most things; put up your first-class clothes, and take a second-class fare by the *rally*, and lend her a hand for a couple of days, or as much longer as you can stay, and enclosed is five pounds for fare, and all that sort of thing.

"Yours, to serve,

"J. J.

"To Mr. Bowker,

"Snuff Merchant,

"Eagle Street, Red Lion Square."

Mrs. Jorrocks also wrote:—

"Mrs. Jorrocks' Comp^{ts} Mr. Bowker, and

sir, I shall esteem it a favor if he will come down and assist at her stall at bazaar, for Mrs. Barnington's very rude, and has got account to entice the custom; and if you could bring an officer's coat and eppalets I shall be much obliged,—also a long sword, and anything else you like.

"JULIA JORROCKS,
"Diana Lodge,
"*Handley Cross Spa.*"

* * * *

"Please, sir," said Bill, pulling a very long face as he presented old Snarle with his biscuit; "please, sir, could you spare me from chambers for a few days, I have a particular engagement at home?"

"You're always having particular engagements at home, sir," snapped old Snarle; "your wife's surely not lying-in again?" (Old Snarle once found, on referring to his note-book, that Mrs. Bowker had been confined twice one year.)

"No, sir," replied Bill, mournfully; "*she's dead.*"

"*Dead!*" repeated the old man, laying down his stump of a pen; "sorry to hear that,—when did she die?"

"Early this morning, sir; about half-past six."

"Well, you can go this afternoon," said old

Snarle, somewhat softened; "and the day of the funeral,—that will be enough, won't it?"

"Should like a day or so to get the house properly purified," observed Bill.

"Purified!" exclaimed old Snarle; "she's not died of an infectious disorder, has she?"

"Small-pox," replied Bill, shaking his head.

"*By all means go!*" rejoined the old man, fearing his "dwindled span" might be shortened; "don't come back till the doctors say there is no fear of infection. Stay—I'll send you word when I want you."

The four o'clock train saw Mr. Bowker upon it, and after a few hours' rapid flight through the air, he found himself at the Datton Station, where he soon transferred himself and goods into a Handley Cross fly, and as evening closed in, he pulled up at Diana Lodge. Great was the joy at his coming. The Count had been making sad havoc among the girls, had been courting without end, and several old papas had gone to their lawyers to ask what they should do.

Mr. Bowker looked uncommonly well. His naturally rosy hue was heightened by the flight through the pure air in the open carriage of the railway, and the salubrious atmosphere of Handley Cross—far different to the fog-like vapours of Lincoln's Inn and Eagle Street.

He awoke a different man. He felt light and gay,

as if his flight had distanced the cares and contentions of the world. Dishonoured bills, common forms, gas-rent, water-rent, house-rent, Snarle's sneers, all banished in the distance. An elaborate toilette commenced on his rising. The sun cast its effulgent rays over the autumnal landscape, mellowed, but not yet saddened, by any indication of decline.

"Quite a day for nankeens," said Mr. Bowker to himself, rolling out a pair of tights preparatory to putting them on. His Hessian boots, light and paper-soled, shone resplendent with French polish, and the braided tops terminated in rich-fringed tassels in front. His stiff yellow satin cravat took an infinity of tying, and the spacious front was secured with a massive brilliant, set in pearls, worth at least ten thousand pounds had they been genuine. A broad blue riband crossed the lower end of the cravat, and issuing through the blue-headed buttons of his well-starched, roll-collared white waistcoat, passed his mother-of-pearl-cased eye-glasses, into his pocket. His coat was light blue, with a velvet collar and cuffs, and a raised button, containing a ducal coronet, with well-twisted, hieroglyphical letters, that would puzzle a printer's devil to decipher, gave the whole a very imposing appearance. His sandy whiskers had had a gentle pointing, and brushing his waving yellow locks becomingly

about his head, Mr. Bowker strutted consequentially down-stairs.

He had outstripped his great original on this occasion, and Mr. Jorrocks' dark-blue coat, with metal buttons, was thrown into the shade by the gay brightness of his *double's*. Still their nankeen tights and Hessian boots were so nicely matched that, as they strutted importantly up High Street, it was difficult to say which were Jorrocks' legs and which were Bowker's. Great was the sensation which the new comer created. Bright eyes peeped through trellis window blinds, and brothers were puzzled to answer who he could be. It was clear he was *somebody*. *Rich*, if not genteel. He walked the street in a way that said, "You are to look at *me*, not I at you." Then Mr. Jorrocks and he would stop and converse, Mr. Jorrocks' hands playing sportively with his coat-laps, while Bill would rest his primrose kid-gloved hand on his massive gold-headed cane. When it was discovered that he had a coronet on his button, the rumour flew that he was a duke, some said of Brunswick, others, of Beaufort.

Mrs. Jorrocks' toilette was hot and costly. A crimson velvet bonnet with black feathers, and a rich veil surmounted a bran new front with a false brilliant in a velvet band in the centre. Round her neck she sported a yellow handkerchief with red ends, fastened by a purple glass butterfly

brooch. Her pelisse was a gorgeous Meg Merrilees tartan, made of the stiffest silk, tight in the sleeves, and set off at the waist with a great horse-hair petticoat, that gave her the appearance of wearing a hoop.

Belinda was quite the reverse — cool and comfortable. Her bright silken hair lay closely to her well-shaped head, without band or ornament of any sort. A light blue scarf — matching the colour of her eyes — was thrown carelessly about her well-turned bust, while the folding drapery of her nice India muslin dress was slightly assisted by a little *tournure*. Her well-put-on open-work cotton stockings did justice to her beautiful ankles, and the neatest feet in Handley Cross were encased in patent-leather sandal shoes.

The following is a sketch of the scene of operations at the bazaar:—The large centre door of the schoolhouse was closed, leaving the long room accessible only by the ends, the master's door being the one appropriated for enterers, the mistress's door for those going out. "IN" and "OUT" were placed on boards before them. Two long stalls ranged down each side of the room, through which the company had to pass. Mrs. Jorrocks' stall was on the right in entering, Mrs. Barnington's on the left: each was fitted up with festoons of pink and white drapery, forming thrones towards the centres for the patronesses,

and evergreens and flowers decorated the walls at either end. The Esplanade band, by permission of Captain Doleful, played on the grass-plat outside.

Mrs. Jorrocks, Belinda, and Stubbs, arrived at half-past eleven, Captain Shortflat came soon after, and, lastly, Jorrocks and Bowker. The latter had just made a sufficient demonstration to excite curiosity, and throw the Count a little into the shade. Presently Mrs. Barnington's barouche came bowling up, the footmen in full dress, and the Count lolling with his feet up inside; a long feather streamed from his cocked hat, and a Spanish cloak slightly concealed the richness of a blue and gold hussar uniform.

* * * *

"He's a d—d swell," said Mr. Bowker to himself, eyeing him intently through the window; "however, never mind," added he, pulling up his pointed gills, and feeling if they were equal; "we'll see if we can't match him. You mustn't let out that I'm married, you know."

"*Of course not*," replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a smile.

The fineness of the day drew every one from the house, and the High Street and Esplanade had been thronged all the morning. Towards twelve o'clock the company drew up towards Belvidere Lawn, to have the first turn for their

money. Twelve o'clock struck, but the doors remained closed. The band, however, struck up a tune, but when it was done the door was not opened. Half-past came, and the people began to thump. At a quarter to one Mrs. Barnington's barouche was again seen dashing up, and before the company were fully apprised the fiery bays had pulled up at the door. Count Fol-de-rol stood uncovered to help Mrs. Barnington out. She was dressed in a white chip bonnet, with a single white feather, and a rich pink satin pelisse, and white gloves. Barnington carried a small pink parasol covered with point lace, and John Trot brought up the rear with a white Cashmere shawl and an arm-full of dolls.

The crowd, no longer to be restrained, rushed in, and before Mrs. Barnington had reconnoitred herself in the looking-glass in the schoolmistress's room, preparatory to her appearance in public, the bazaar was quite full. She advanced majestically by the back of the stall to the throne in the centre. On her right was Miss Rider, on her left the beautiful Miss Lovelace, while the extremes were occupied by the Count and Captain Doleful—or rather ought to have been—for the captain did not come.

Mrs. Jorrocks, who had marshalled her force so as to have her gentlemen next her in the centre, immediately altered her line, and placed Mr.

Bowker opposite the Count, and Stubbs outside Belinda. No recognition passed between the patronesses. The sale then commenced, the band striking up "It is our opening day."

"I'll take this! You'll take that! There's Anne's work! Look at Jane's slippers—priced two guineas! Lauk, who'll give it?—cost half-a-crown! Marm, your parasol is fast in my point collar! Now, boy, what are you pushing at? Which is the Duke of Brunswick? That's Count Folde-rol! Immensely rich! The Duke's a dandy: what a brooch! His star, I suppose." And now the Count's voice is heard recommending his wares: then Mr. Bowker's rose in opposition, and Mrs. Jorrocks' chimed in, producing a volley of discord from the other side—all anxious to sell—no matter what.

How it happened,—whether the Count's novelty had worn off, or the Duke of Brunswick's had eclipsed it, or the secret of the Count's matrimonial speculations had transpired, or Mrs. Barnington's popularity was not very great, or Belinda's beauty was greater than that of her rivals,—how it happened, we know not, but Mrs. Jorrocks outstripped Mrs. Barnington on the day's sale by 12*l.* 18*s.* There was evidently a strong feeling in favour of the Duke. His affability, ease, and condescension, were the themes of every tongue; and many ladies declared

they bought things they did not want, solely for the pleasure of seeing him fold up their purchases and hand them across the stall. He did it so naturally!

When five o'clock came, Mrs. Barnington, having seen her money counted, flaunted into her barouche with her head in the air, leaving the Count Fol-de-rol to trudge home on foot. When he got back, he found his table covered with cards and invitations to dinner and tea without end. There were also two old gentlemen and a lady waiting in the Sceptre to see him. "Oh, shew dem op-stairs," said the Count, as Snubbins announced the fact, and presently he returned ushering in an elderly lady, dressed in a sort of half-mourning. "Your homble sorvent," said the Count, bowing very low, with a loud clank of his spurs. "I am moch pleasure to make your acquaintance.—Pray, take von chaise," added he, handing her an arm-chair. The old lady having given her velvet mantle a chuck up behind, so as not to spoil it by sitting on it, accepted the Count's offer, and presently they were side by side

"I am come, Count," said she, in a half whisper, with a sort of motherly smile, "in consequence of a communication my daughter Rachael has made of what passed between you and her last night."

"Your daughter Rachael!" interrupted the

Count; "let me see, vich sall be hor—dem plain garle—*nez retrousser*, vot you call snob?" continued the Count, pressing his own up with his thumb.

"No!" replied the old lady, haughtily, "she is not plain, nor has she a snub nose—a Grecian one rather."

"Ah, den her name sall be Smit!" exclaimed the Count.

"*Smith*," aspirated the old lady, her features returning to a smile,—"Rachael Smith."

"Rachael Smith! by my word so it is—and you sall be her mamma?"

"Yes," smiled the old lady.

"And *my* mamma—dat is to say, my *grand*-mamma," added the Count.

"Your mamma *in law?*" observed Mrs. Smith, with an emphasis.

"Jost so," replied the Count; "I lov her vare moch. Tell me now vot mona she has?"

"A thousand!" said Mrs. Smith, looking somewhat disconcerted, but attributing the Count's eagerness to his ignorance of our manners.

"A tousand!" exclaimed the Count, eagerly; "by my vord, vot mona! I had not heard of soch a som! Ve sall be marry *tout suite*—directly."

"As soon as we can get the settlements ready," replied the old lady.

"Settlements! vot for settlements? *I vill no settlements!*

> "'Lov' light as air, at sight of human ties
> Spreads his light vings, and in a moment flies.'

"No, my dear Mrs. Smit, my dear grandmamma," continued the Count, dropping on his knee, and smothering the old lady's hand with kisses; "Rachael and I vill be de 'appiest of de 'appy: she vill be Comtesse—Madame la Comtesse Fol-de-rol; I vill be English gentlemens—play billiards, rouge-et-noir, and shoot de fox. Ve vill a château all over de *fenêtre*—vinders vot you call, silver 'andles to de door, and gold pulls to de bell. A tousand ponds a-year! Vot a som! I had not herd of soch mona."

"Not a thousand *a-year*, Count," replied Mrs. Smith.

"Vot! a tousand de *half year?*" exclaimed the Count, throwing his arms round Mrs. Smith's neck, and kissing her profusely.

"No, no, my dear Count," explained Mrs. Smith reluctantly, as soon as it was all done, "but a thousand pounds for her fortune; you must be rich enough to find the remainder."

"O mine Cot! *a tousand ponds only de first year!*" exclaimed the Count, jumping up, and throwing himself on to the sofa; "O my dear, dem Mrs. Smit, vot for you no told me dis at first? I can no go for be marry to von tousand von year:

vot vod become of me de next? If de tousand is only for von year, ve most jost be marry for von year — ay, Moder Smit?"

"Oh, Count, we don't do such horrid things in this country," exclaimed Mrs. Smith; "but, you know, if you love my daughter, and are well off yourself, it——"

"By my vord, I tink I am vell off, to find out about de tousand for von year afore ever I go for be vot you call *splice*."

"But it's hard on Rachael to have her feelings trifled with," observed Mrs. Smith.

"By my vord, Moder Smit, I did no more feel your daughter than I did feel yourself, jost now. I did dance von, two contree dances, and gave her a leetle squeeze behind de clock (cloak) room door, and ask her if she vod like to be Comtesse, and she said yes, and vod ask your consent; but, den, if she has not got de tin I sall expect, it is vot you call all my noz and my elbow—the pargain is off!"

Mrs. Smith sighed, and produced the corner of a cambric handkerchief.

"Bot, my dear Madame Smit," continued the Count, seizing her hand, "do not make yourself onhappy: if Rachael has not de blont, you vill most likely have it yourself, and ve can arrange de leetle matter quite as vell. I lov you, Mrs. Smit!" exclaimed the Count, resuming his place

on his knees, and kissing her hand, "vare moch; tell me, now, vot revenue you have?"

"Oh, Count, you shock my feelings!" cried the old lady, hurrying off.

"Ah, vell," observed the Count, as she went, "*n'importe*—never mind; it sall be all de same de day before to-morrow."

Mr. Brown now followed his card. He was a tall, solemn-looking old gentleman, clad in a snuff-coloured coat and waistcoat, with drab breeches and continuations. He had a well-brushed, low-crowned hat in one hand, and a green silk umbrella, in a glazed cotton cover, in the other. He was a rich clothier, from Huddersfield, under the care of Sebastian Mello. We need scarcely add that he was a strict Methodist.

"Good mornin', Mr. Brown," said the Count, meeting him at the door, as he escorted Mrs. Smith out; "I am vare proud to make your acquaintance sare; I hope Mrs. Brown is vell?"

"Mrs. Brown has been dead these ten years, sir," replied the old gentleman, gravely.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Count, gaily; "dere's a dem nice old pitch just gone out, vot shall make an uncommon good *parti* for you, I tink, friend Brown—dem rich; two hondred tousand ponds a-year. Take a chaise, sir! make me de pleasure to sit down," continued the Count, forcing Mr. Brown into an arm-chair. "Hot day, sare Brown

—just come from bazaar, dat friend of ours; you must com *demain*—to-morrow, and buy a doll, or a silver fiddle, or a leetle Spanish juice. Vot vill you drink, sare? vin de champagne? vin de gin—*Jackey*, vot you call?"

"I have called," observed the old gentleman, slowly, "in consequence of what passed between my daughter Jane and you this morning."

"Ah, *bon!* good," exclaimed the Count; "let me see, your daughter Shane; she sall have vot they call snob nose?" continued the Count, turning his own up again with his thumb; "*avec* a grand circomference of face?" describing a circle with his finger.

"She tells me," continued the old gentleman, without noticing the Count's description, "that you have made her an offer of marriage."

"*Sans doute!*" replied the Count, laying his hand upon his heart; "she is von *sharmin'* gal—I lov her moch."

"Then what do you purpose doing?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"Marryin', splicin' her, by all means," replied the Count. "I vill make her Comtesse! Shane is a sharmin' gal," repeated the Count, clasping his hands in ecstasies.

"Then what do you propose settling upon her? What are your means of living and supporting a wife?" continued Mr. Brown, seeing the Count

did not, or would not understand the first question.

"O, by my vord I am rich man. Larshe empire—great castle—great revenue—twenty, dirty footmens—twenty, dirty, coachmens—twenty, dirty grooms! How moch has Shane?"

"It is usual, in this country," continued the clothier, "for a gentleman offering to a lady, to exhibit a prospectus of his property, stating what he proposes settling on the lady."

"*I vill settle myself!*" exclaimed the Count; "make her Comtesse Fol-de-rol. Dat is settlement enough for a queen! *N'est-ce pas?*"

"Well, Countess Fol-de-rol may be all very well in its way," replied Mr. Brown, smoothing his hat; "but there must be something secured to the Countess in the event of your death—something, you know, to enable her to keep up the rank and dignity of her station."

"*You* most give her dat," observed the Count; "I make her Comtesse, you must keep her op if I go down; a Comtesse vill be of no use to a dead man—stiff 'un, vot you call. Tell me, now, vot revenue vill you give her; ay, Brown?"

"I think we do not exactly understand each other," observed Mr. Brown, looking at his shoes; "it would be better if our solicitors were to have an interview, and arrange these preliminaries."

"*Oh, no solicitor!*" exclaimed the Count, in disgust; "no notary! I love Shane!—I am a

man of honour all my life, and ve vill no dem motton skins. *Honour bright, I say!* Shane sall be Comtesse Fol-de-rol—twenty, dirty voitures—twenty, dirty, domestics."

"Well, but without impeaching your word, or even doubting it," observed Mr. Brown, dryly, "you surely will have something to shew for all your property—some credentials, or some one in this country to refer to?"

"Mister Brown," replied the Count, bridling up, "*I show myself*—I *refor* you to myself—I am a man of honour all my life; your daughter Shane says she lov me—I lov your daughter Shane, therefore, vot more have ve for to do than for to go and get splice? Dem, I vill no settlement! no notary! no pig-skin—no morcenary motton-skin—no nothin'; vot revenue sall Shane have? *Dat is de point!* Vether it shall be de Count and Comtesse Fol-de-rol, or de Count Fol-de-rol and *Shane Brown?*"

* * * *

"I fear, sir, we shall not be able to deal," observed Mr. Brown, lifting his umbrella, preparatory to lifting himself.

"*Deal!* Dem you, sare!" exclaimed the Count; "you surely tink you are talking about von of your dem ros bifs. Deal, sare! *No*, by my vord! unless you deal with me as man of

honour all my life;" and amid the Count's hearty execrations old Brown left the room.

* * * *

"Dem and plast dese old snoff-coloured papas," exclaimed the Count, throwing himself on to the sofa; "I vill no more dese dem gairls wid papas or mamas eider; I vill jost von little angel by herself;" thereupon the Count rung the bell for a pot of porter.

* * * *

"There is another gentleman waiting to see you, Count," observed Mr. Snubbins, answering the bell himself, and presenting a card, with "Mr. John Tomlin" written in a good round hand.

"Ah, den Tomlin's de name!" exclaimed the Count, with an air of sudden enlightenment. "He sall have von leetle garle, vid a dem snob nose?" inquired the Count, turning his own up with his thumb as he spoke.

"He has a good many of that sort," replied Mr. Snubbins, laughing.

"A good many! dem, dey told me he had but von—von *avec* a grand circomference of face," the Count describing a circle round his own. "I vill not see old Tomlin, dem and blast! Indeed, it sall be moch ridicule—moch bodder! Tell him I am onvell—down in de mouth."

* * * *

"He says he wants to see you most *particularly*," said Snubbins, returning; and, before the Count had time to compose another message, Mr. Tomlin himself appeared at the door.

"Com in, Tomlin, my friend!" exclaimed the Count, seeing at a glance who it was; "by my vord I am moch pleasure in seeing your acquaintance: vot vill you have to drink, Tomlin—Ollands, rom, gin—Jackey, vot you call; glass of vater and toothpick—any thing you like, sare?"

Tomlin was a little square-built, pigeon-toed man, with an unmeaning round white face, and two double-chins (if such things are), and a most ludicrous snub nose tipped with red—his hair was long, thin, and greyish, with somewhat of a curl at the ends, and altogether he was a most uncouth-looking little fat man. His white cravat was loosely tied with draggling ends, his crumpled frill was begrimed with snuff, and his black clothes hung in baggy folds about his clumsy person. He wore white cotton stockings and creaking shoes. The Count's offer to his daughter had greatly elated him, and he now came on the usual errand.

"Excuse my freedom, my lord," said he, squatting himself into the thrice-occupied chair, and mopping a profuse perspiration from his brow (for he was as soft as butter), "I have

taken the liberty of waiting upon your Lordship in consequence ——"

"I know vot you vod say, friend Tomlin," interrupted the Count; "you are von dem fortunate man—you have got von most amiable daughter—I love her vare moch."

Tomlin grinned, and poked a bow.

"Tell me now," continued the Count, producing a pocket-glass and comb, and proceeding to arrange his curls as he spoke,—"tell me now, friend Tomlin, in twenty, dirty vords, vot dost you give her?"

"What dost I give her?" repeated Mr. Tomlin, inquiringly.

"Vot *dost?* vot tin? vot revenue, in fact?"

"We'll come to that by and by," replied Mr. Tomlin, mopping himself again. "I just wished to see you to-day, to assure myself that you are a foreign nobleman, for there's an impostor down here, passing himself off for a Duke—the Duke of Brunswick, who is just as much a duke as I am."

"Vot! dat big bolky man, at bazaar, dat friend of ours, vid vot you call red mog?" the Count feeling his face as he spoke, "and von grand circomference of stomach?"

"Exactly," replied Mr. Tomlin; "he's a little snuff-seller in the City."

"A snoff-seller!—marchand de tabac!" replied the Count in astonishment.

"Yes," nodded the father-in-law, with a knowing wink: "I knows all about him."

"You knows all about him?" repeated the Count: "tell me vot sall be his name?"

"Bowker," replied Mr. Tomlin,—"Bill Bowker."

"Beal Booker!" rejoined the Count—"marchand de tabac—Duc de Brunsvick! great ridicule!—By my vord I vill him trounce—Tomlin, you are dem good tromp—I moch love your daughter—I moch love you." Thereupon the Count threw his arms round Tomlin's bull neck, and began kissing his chubby cheeks to the indescribable terror of Tomlin, who jumped off his chair, and waddled away as fast as his dumpy legs could carry him, holloaing for help at the top of his voice.

"O, dem let him go," said the Count; "by my vord he's a dem deal too fat for a fader-in-law.—Snobbins," said he to the landlord, who came to see what was the matter—"fetch me my swipes—beer, vot you call stout, or any thing."

A council of war was held by the rival patronesses that evening, and the tactics of either party settled for the bazaar on the following day. Very different were the feelings with which Mrs.

Barnington and Mrs. Jorrocks met their respective allies. The former was nettled beyond measure at her rival's success; while Mrs. Jorrocks stuffed Bill with all the good things her well-furnished table supplied. Mrs. Barnington was keenly alive to the importance of the occasion, and severely censured Captain Doleful for deserting her at such a time. The truth was, the Captain was busy about his law-suit.

The bazaar opened next day punctually at twelve, the contending parties taking their positions almost simultaneously. In addition to her array of the previous day, Mrs. Barnington had enlisted the services of Miss Mildmay, the second beauty of the place; and Miss Fribble had sat up all night making Miss Lovelace a white satin bonnet, so that she might not appear in the same dress twice.

Mrs. Barnington reversed her colours, wearing a pink silk bonnet with pink feathers tipped with white and a white satin pelisse, and carried a ten-guinea bouquet, all fringed with point lace.

The Count, by Mrs. Barnington's desire, had increased his consequence, and sported the order of the Golden Fleece of Spain, the Tower and Sword of Portugal, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the White one of Poland, the Elephant of Denmark, and the Sun and Lion of Persia — a mass of orders that almost concealed his uniform.

Mr. Bowker wore white leather tights, instead of nankeens, and a richly embroidered blue neck-cloth. The rest of his costume was the same as on the previous day. Belinda wore plain white muslin, nicely ironed out, and a tartan scarf instead of her blue one; a broad tartan sash encircled her beautiful waist, terminating in a peak, and falling in rich knots in front. Mrs. Jorrocks sported a many-coloured turban, with a bird-of-paradise feather, a yellow shawl, and a pea-green satin gown, with a profusion of armlets and Mosaic gold jewellery. Stubbs, as usual, was in attendance on his lady love.

Though some of the best things of the bazaar had disappeared, the stalls still exhibited a plentiful supply of useless articles — things that women buy and then give away, in order that they may have the pleasure of working similar ones for themselves. At the back were several of the more expensive productions still pinned conspicuously to the drapery — table-covers, waistcoat-pieces, chair-covers, cushions and needle-work generally. These, it was arranged according to the usual custom, should be disposed of by raffle, and the gentlemen were sent round the room with paper and pencil to inveigle the ladies, while the ladies went on similar crusades against the gentlemen. The Count and Mr. Bowker came frequently in collision in the course

of their respective canvasses, but no recognition took place. When people were tired of this game, Mr. Bowker established a sort of lucky-bag at his end of the stall, in which were many prizes and very many blanks.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Bowker, in a good loud voice from his place at the stall, "I am going to establish a lucky-bag, and every person who puts in a shilling will have a chance of winning one of the following valuable articles. Pray have the kindness to look at them, as I tell them over, so that you may see the nature and value of the prizes. Here," said he, holding it up, "is a beautiful toilette-table pincushion, with at least two shillings' worth of pins stuck in to resemble a currant-tree; it is of crimson satin fringed with gold, and tassels of the same costly material—it stood yesterday at the sum of two guineas—you now have the chance of gaining it for the small and trifling sum of one shilling. That, ladies and gentlemen, is the first prize. The second prize is a pair of pea-green velvet braces, embroidered with heartsease and forget-me-nots all the way along, which were ticketed thirty shillings yesterday. The third prize is a child's tippet, made of blue satin, trimmed with swansdown. The fourth is a set of baby-clothes. The fifth is an alabaster egg-cup, and the sixth, a birch-rod.

" ' All ye who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
I pray ye flog them well on all occasions.' "

observed Mr. Bowker, flourishing the birch.

Having passed these covetable articles in review before the optics of an admiring audience, Mr. Bowker passed them to Captain Shortflat for safe custody, while he prepared the tickets for the lucky-bag. Just as they were ready, and parties were pressing forward with their shillings, two sinister-looking men, in cut-away brown coats, white breeches, and top-boots, advanced, and one of them tapping Mr. Bowker familiarly on the shoulder, observed with a leer, " I'll trouble you for a ticket."

" *How now!*" exclaimed Mr. Bowker, pretending to boil up with indignation. " How now! you ragamuffins, how dare you?"

" It's all right," interrupted the second gentleman, producing a writ as he spoke.

" Infamous!" exclaimed Mr. Bowker, adding aside to Captain Shortflat, " This is a trick of the opposite party to get me away — *but I'll disappoint them!*"

" Get me a pen and ink," said Mr. Bowker, with great dignity; " I'll write you a cheque for your money."

" You must go with us to the bank to get it cashed, then," observed one of the bailiffs, with a grin.

"*Impossible!*" replied Mr. Bowker. "You don't suppose a gentleman keeps a banker at every post town in the kingdom."

"Must have the *money*, then," replied the spokesman.

"Audacious dogs!" rejoined Mr. Bowker,—"dirtiest trick I ever knew played in my life."

"I'll give them a cheque on my banker here," said Captain Shortflat, entering the trap, "and take yours on London."

"Very kind, indeed, of you," replied Mr. Bowker; "if it was not the bazaar, I'd set off there immediately; but really your offer is so flattering to my feelings, that for once in my life I'll lay myself under an obligation." So saying, Captain Shortflat and Mr. Bowker retired with the bailiffs, and cheques were exchanged. The parties then returned, Captain Shortflat flattering himself he had done a spirited act, at no expense, and Mr. Bowker and the bailiffs chuckling at his simplicity.

The lucky-bag then proceeded. Mr. Bowker nothing disconcerted, rather the contrary:—"Twenty tickets! ladies and gentlemen," said he, "and six prizes! Thank you, sir!—Thank you, marm! Hope you'll get the pincushion.—Have the kindness to hand that young lady's shilling over. Now, young gentleman, won't *you* be tempted? Get a birch-rod, perhaps, for your

mamma to whip you with: dare say you want it.—Thank you, sir—two tickets, you say, and change for half-a-crown—give you a third chance for sixpence—that's all right.—That young lady in the blue bonnet and the very beautiful black eyes wants a ticket.—Thank you, ma'am—hope you'll win the currant-bush pincushion.—The deaf gentleman in the Caxon wig will take one—Hand up your money, sir!—Two shillings a ticket, sir! Deaf men pay double."

Mr. Bowker's lucky-bag was a decided hit, and Mrs. Barnington saw, with envy, all Mrs. Jorrocks' valueless articles turning into money, while her stall remained as full as ever. In vain Miss Mildmay held up children's socks to the gentlemen, or flourished her birch-rods in the air, Mr. Bowker's easy eloquence drew all the money to his end of the room. No sooner was one lucky-bag drawn than another was filled up; and pen-wipers, pincushions, slippers, bags, paper-cases, dolls, cigar-cases, fortune-tellers, shells, mats, watch-pockets, lighters, scent-bags, beetles, butterflies, &c. &c. flew about in all directions.

An intimation having been sent to the Count that he must exert himself in a similar way, just as Mr. Bowker was distributing his sixth lot of prizes, complimenting the winners, and flattering the losers into another trial, the Count presented

himself at the end of the stall, and, taking off his cap, thus addressed the meeting :—

"Ladies and Gentlemens,—Pray com this vay, and let me see if I cannot make you up as good prizes as dat big bolky Booker, and, by my vord, moch more beautiful. See! I will raffle myself for your satisfaction, ladies, twenty, dirty lots, at von pound von! Vot say you, Mademoiselle Shorrock?" holloaing across to Belinda, "vill you take von—two lot? von, two pond? Make you Comtesse Fol-de-rol—far petter than living vid dat dem old cocktail onkle of yours, or de English gentlemans vot you ave had at your side all de morning."

"Never mind that chattering ape!" exclaimed Mr. Bowker, with an indignant curl of his lip at the Count; "look what a store of prizes I have to offer," pointing along the stall.

"Ah, old Beal!" rejoined the Count, "vill you sell me a pond of shag?"

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," continued Mr. Bowker, "pray lend me your ears, while——"

"Lend me your back, old poy, and I vill you flog!" interrupted the Count, flourishing a birch-rod.

"This lottery, ladies and gentlemen, will contain more prizes and fewer blanks than any of its predecessors."

"Vill it contain any shag, old Beal!" exclaimed the Count; "any ragamoffin! any rappee!"

"It will contain a horse-whip, which I shall be happy to lay about your shoulders before I deliver it to the winner," replied Mr. Bowker, brandishing a silver-mounted lady's whip.

> "Soblime tobacco, vich from east to vest,
> Cheers de tar's labor and de Torkman's rest,"

exclaimed the Count, throwing out his arms.

"*B—— the fellow!*" exclaimed Mr. Bowker, reddening up; "I can't stand his impudence any longer.

"What's the matter now?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, who, with Stubbs, had just squeezed in by the exit-door.

"That d——d fellow's insulting me," replied Mr. Bowker; adding, aside, "hitting at the *shop*, you know."

"Vere's Barnington?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks; "he should keep his bull-dog in better order."

"There he is, at the corner of his wife's stall."

* * * *

"Barnington, old bouy," said Mr. Jorrocks, elbowing his way up; "your Count vants callin' over the coals,—he's insultin' of my pal."

"*Count!*" exclaimed Mr. Barnington, with a laugh; "he's no Count."

"Vot is he then?"

Mr. Barnington in a whisper, "Only an *avant-courier*, that we got down to gammon the girls.—*Kick him if he misbehaves.*"

The bazaar shortly after closed. Mrs. Jorrocks 18*l.* a-head of her competitor on the second day's sale, and 30*l.* 18*s.* on the whole.

Stung with remorse, Mrs. Barnington quitted Handley Cross in disgust, leaving Mrs. Jorrocks undisputed mistress of the field.

CHAPTER VII.

"We know you lawyers can with ease
Twist words and meanings as you please."

The great suit of Doleful *v.* Jorrocks was now the engrossing topic of conversation at Handley Cross Spa. To try this, Mr. Jorrocks, by the advice of his solicitor, Mr. Fleeceall, empanelled a special jury.

Mr. Fleeceall was a great admirer of special juries, for, in addition to their being more expensive, he said they were composed of men in a superior rank of life, who were accustomed to take a more liberal and comprehensive view than special pleading and strict adherence to precedents allowed a mere lawyer to indulge in, and that it was no uncommon thing to hear a judge charge a jury in favour of a very unworthy plaintiff, simply because the cramped rules of law were in his favour, while the bystanders, who know the worth of each party, felt that the

defendant ought to gain. Special juries, he said, frequently corrected this fastidiousness. The jurors brought their local knowledge to bear upon the case, and took the judge's summing-up just for what they thought it worth. Common juries were easily swayed by the Bench: unless it were a question involving a tradesman-like transaction, they rarely presumed to differ.

This logic seemed suited to his case, and Mr. Jorrocks accordingly had one.

The beauty of the system is wonderfully developed on striking one.—When the names are known, every nerve is strained by the attorneys to ascertain the views, prejudices, and feelings, with the probable attendance of each. If Mr. Longways is known to be fond of his bed, his name is struck off on that account; if Mr. Shortflat is related to the attorney on the other side, his name goes as a matter of course; and so on through the list, with an apparent indifference, but yet a keenness of calculation and foresight not to be excelled by the betters-round on a race. Should the cause bear at all upon politics, or should either plaintiff or defendant be prominent in a party, then other considerations mingle in the matter, making perplexity doubly perplexing. In the case of Doleful *v.* Jorrocks, the attorney in the country's instructions to his agent in London were to strike off all fox-hunters, while

Mr. Jorrocks' orders were to exclude all "fiddlers, and such like," from the list. The sequel will shew how each party succeeded.

Let us now to the assizes.

* * * *

A brace of brandy-nosed trumpeters, on long-tailed black cart-horses, dressed in silver-laced cocked-hats, yellow coats, striped waistcoats, red plush breeches, and top-boots, with the quarterings of many generations on their bugle-banners, preceded a lofty coach-and-six, in which were seated Mr. Baron Botherem and his marshal; Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs, and his under-sheriff, Mr. Jeremiah Capias, of Walsington. The coach, jobbed from London, and newly done up for the occasion, was dark claret, or Queen's colour, with a flaming red hammer-cloth, and a coat-of-arms, under a sort of red petticoat, on the panel, that nearly filled the whole of the door. Behind, were stationed our two footmen friends in the costume we have seen them in at home, stiff neckcloths and all, with the addition of cocked-hats and silver-headed canes with red and yellow worsted tassels in their hands.

A large body of rural police, with white wands, guarded the coach, and two grooms in cocked-hats, yellow frocks, plush breeches, and top-boots, brought up the rear. In this order the cavalcade proceeded, at a foot's pace, up the High

Street of Walsington; the shaking of Baron Botherem's wig, from the inequalities of the pavement, striking terror into the minds of evil-doers as they eyed him through the coach-window. Just as they passed the end of Cross Street, Mr. Jorrocks, who had driven Mr. Fleececall over from Handley Cross in his non-taxable gig, fell in behind; and what with the coach, the liveries, the brazen trumpets' sound, the crowd, and the gig with John Jorrocks, M. F. H., painted up behind, things wore a very imposing appearance.—Mr. Marmaduke Muley-grubs was the first high sheriff who had sported six horses.

Great was the rush as the coach drew up at the venerable Saxon archway of the county courts, and it was not until the police had formed a double line that the under-sheriff gave the stiff-necked foot-boy the signal to open the door. Out he popped; next came little Marmaduke himself in a full court-dress, with an Elizabethan ruff, or what, in former times, was called "three steps and a half to the gallows," from the size and number of its folds. Marmaduke had borrowed the idea from a portrait of one of his ancestors, wherein that worthy sporting moustachios, he had very appropriately added a pair to his countenance.

Having descended the flight of steps from the

coach with great caution, as well for the purpose of exhibiting his person as to prevent his tripping over his basket-handled sword, the marshal's turn followed, and the judge having declined the polite offer of the high sheriff's arm to walk into court, the marshal took up his lordship's train, and in they went.

Few are ignorant of the miseries of hanging about a court of justice,—either they have appeared in the characters of injured plaintiffs, or the still less enviable one of unwilling defendants, or they have been subpœnaed as witnesses, summoned as jurors, or waited for those who were. Unlike other crowds, the fever of excitement never flags.—Crowds rush in to supply the place of those whom victory sends rushing out, or whose blighted hopes send stalking unconsciously through the throng.

In the box on the judge's right are the grand jurors of the county,—men who have little to do in court, and less at home, and yet think themselves desperately oppressed by being called on at all. Opposite are the common jurors—tradesmen, mechanics, farmers, and so on, drawn from their homes at a great inconvenience, for four-pence, a verdict, and no thanks. The bench is sprinkled with pretty faces, ranged like milliners' bonnets for sale. Below is the bar-table, round which are wigs and gowns, whose owners

could tell fearful tales of hope deferred and disappointed expectations.

There is a leader, with a bag full of briefs; not a cause is called on but he is engaged; the judge lends his ear, and the fawning juniors flutter at his frown. Next him, with whiskers matching the colour of his wig, is one whose day is gone by, —whose well-stored bag has dwindled to a single brief, the winter of whose discontent is sharpened by the recollection of the prosperity he once knew. The rosy-gilled gentleman on his left is a country practitioner, who reaps a small harvest at assizes and sessions, without enduring the pangs of Westminster Hall, the turmoil of the circuit, or the confinement of inn-chambers. Another great leader follows on; sallow, solemn, and care-worn;—and then come a long file of juniors, with health ripening on each brow, until we come to the pink-and-white youth with the wig and gown of yesterday.

Some judges consider special jury cases peculiarly the property of the rich, consequently have no compunctions about letting them remain to the last, and Baron Botherem was of this opinion. Four mornings did Mr. Jorrocks fall into the rear of Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs' coach, each morning shewing the fading finery of the set out: the trumpeters' boots grew less bright, the harness lost its polish, Marmaduke's ruff began to droop, and

on the fourth morning the stiff-necked flunkies appeared in black cravats. Still, despite all the worthy high sheriff's assurances to Mr. Jorrocks, that he would *make* the judge take his cause out of order, Baron Botherem went pertinaciously through the list according to the order in which they had been set down. The fourth day was the last, and there were four special jury cases to be tried, Doleful *v.* Jorrocks being the third, and the briefs in those before it being of such a size as to make the trials appear well calculated to last for ever. The first, however, went off unexpectedly; and at half-past ten the cause immediately before that in which our worthy friend was to figure came on before a full special jury, with a string of witnesses that occupied the court till eight o'clock at night. It was a dull, uninteresting affair respecting the liability of an insurance office, and the verdict was heard with apparent indifference by a crowded court, all anxious for Doleful *v.* Jorrocks to be called on.

The jury-box was at length cleared, the judge supplied with fresh pens and a couple of green-shaded candles, mould-candles in black tin stands were scattered promiscuously about the bar-table, and the crier made proclamation for all special jurors in the action of Doleful *v.* Jorrocks to appear and answer to their names. This was a signal for a general commotion in the court;

jurors fought their ways out, while others fought their ways in; and a messenger having been despatched to the Criminal Court, the high sheriff entered in such a hurry that he tripped over his sword and blobbed headforemost into court at the back of the Baron, who was sadly discomposed by his awkwardness.

Order was at length restored, and five top-booted and five trousered esquires having answered to their names, two gentlemen in drabs and continuations (described in the pannel as merchants), fill up the jury, who, having taken the oath by threes to a book, settle themselves into their box, looking both solemn and wise. Mr. Jorrocks having the *entrée* plants himself behind the judge's chair, and Captain Doleful confronts him below, near the witness box.

Our old friend, the Hon. Mr. Lollington, having muttered something beginning with "My Lud" and ending with "issue," sits down, and Mr. Burley Bolster, a large pasty-faced gentleman, in silver-rimmed spectacles and a patent wig, presents his ample front to the jury. Clearing his voice, he leans with his thumb on the table and scrutinises the jury as he thus addresses them:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff in this case, as my learned friend has told you, in somewhat more technical than intelligible language, is Captain Miserrimus Doleful, a gentleman, not

only holding her Majesty's commission in the army, but also the important and highly honourable office of master of the ceremonies of Handley Cross Spa, a watering-place with which, I make no doubt, you are all more or less acquainted; and my distinguished client comes into court this day to seek at your hands that reparation which one John Jorrocks refuses to afford him. Jorrocks, he understood, was manager of the Handley Cross foxhounds, a situation that enabled him to obtain all manner of information relative to horses; and he regretted to see a man whose appearance was respectable so far losing sight of all honour and gratitude, as to avail himself of his superior knowledge to the injury of a friend, to whom he was under the greatest obligations, and who had fought and bled for his country.

"Captain Doleful, as he said before, was an officer—one whose life had been devoted to the service of his country, and now, in these piping times of peace, he devoted his energies to the promotion of the happiness and hilarity of the public. Jorrocks, in another line, was also a servant of the public, and he could not but regret that services so dissimilar should have been unfortunately brought in collision by the misconduct of either party. He would not trouble the jury, at that late hour of the night, with a detailed account of the obligations Mr. Jorrocks was under to the plaintiff,

not only for obtaining him the mastership of the Handley Cross hounds, but also for introducing him to the *élite* of the aristocratic society frequenting the celebrated Spa; but he would content himself by shewing how Jorrocks now sought to kick down the ladder by which he had risen to fame by injuring the man to whom he was under such onerous obligations." Mr. Burley Bolster shook his head, as though he felt it desperately, and referred to his brief. Doleful grinned with delight.

"Towards the close of last hunting season, gentlemen," continued Mr. Bolster, "the defendant, for reasons best known to himself, offered the whole of his stud for sale by public auction; but, among other horses that were not sold, was one called Xerxes, which was afterwards purchased by my client by private contract of the defendant's servant, who, by the direction and consent of his master, warranted the horse sound, — *warranted the horse sound*, I say. It was a long and troublesome negotiation, carried on sometimes by letter with the principal, at other times by conversation with his servant, whom I shall call before you; but, ultimately, a bargain was concluded, and the sum of twenty-five pounds paid to the defendant as the price and value of the horse.

"*Value*, did I say, gentlemen?" exclaimed Mr. Burley Bolster, suddenly checking himself; "I

made use of an erroneous expression, for he was absolutely *valueless;* but the sum of twenty-five pounds was paid as the price of the animal. Well, gentlemen, the plaintiff immediately removed him to a most comfortable and commodious private stable, where he had every attention and accommodation that a horse can require—corn the soundest, hay the sweetest, water the purest, grooming the most elaborate and scientific, but, somehow or other, he throve not. My client's amiable and unsuspecting mind never allowing him to imagine that he had so long fostered a viper in his bosom (casting a contemptuous look at Mr. Jorrocks), went on, day by day, and for several days, in the hope that the change was merely occasioned by a difference of treatment or of food, and that the horse would speedily resume his wonted appearance; but, alas! 'hope,' as usual, 'told a flattering tale.' He went on, from bad to worse, and when at length the consuming fever had worked deeply into his constitution, my unsuspecting client, awaking from the trance of confidence in which he had been so long enthralled, wrote to the defendant, representing how matters stood; that individual, so far from expressing his regret at the inconvenience he had caused my client, and offering to take back the horse, actually treated the matter with levity, and added insult to injury, by laughing at the man he had so basely

defrauded. My client, then, has no alternative but presenting himself before a jury of his country, and I am happy to see that the defendant has empannelled a special one, at whose intelligent hands, I feel no manner of doubt, my client will receive that reparation which John Jorrocks so unjustly denies him.

"Were it not for the appearance of the defendant in court, and the voluminous brief I see before my learned friend Mr. Chargem, I should have imagined that judgment would be suffered to go by default, as in the case of an undefended action; and even now, gentlemen, I am at a loss to imagine what defence my learned friend's ingenuity will enable him to offer; for I submit, under the guidance of his lordship, that it is clear law, that where an article is asked for to answer a particular purpose, the seller impliedly warrants that it is fit for that purpose, so that, even should I fail in my proof of actual warranty, which, however, I do not anticipate, I shall still be entitled to your verdict on the general construction of the agreement; for, had my client been in want of a coughing, consumptive horse, he would have asked this defendant, Jorrocks, if he had such an animal, instead of which, throughout the transaction, he goes on the principle of obtaining a useful, though not a handsome, horse.

"And now, gentlemen, one word with respect

to a person of the name of Pigg, whom I shall presently call before you, though, perhaps, he will appear rather in the nature of a reluctant witness. This Pigg is huntsman and general stable manager to the defendant Jorrocks, and seems to be a convenient sort of person, on whom Jorrocks foists such jobs as he does not like to take upon himself, and Pigg will be placed in the witness-box to shew that he was the accredited servant of the defendant, from which a legal axiom arises, laid down by the great Lord Ellenborough himself, in the case of Helyear *v.* Hawke (Espinasse, page 72); that if a servant is sent with a horse by his master, and gives directions respecting his sale, that the servant thereby becomes the accredited agent of his master, and what he says respecting the horse is evidence.

"And in another place his Lordship adds, 'I think the master having intrusted the servant to sell, he is intrusted to do all he can to effectuate the sale, and if he does exceed his authority, in so doing he binds his master.' Now, gentlemen, I shall prove by a letter, in the hand-writing of the defendant, that Pigg was authorised by the defendant not only to receive the purchase-money, but also to warrant the horse; and having established that point, I shall proceed to prove, by competent witnesses, that the horse was labouring under a mortal disease at the time of the sale.

That done, I feel assured you will arrive at the only conclusion open to sensible men, and find a verdict for my client."

The letters as already given being admitted, were put in, and read amid much laughter, and Mr. Burley Bolster then desired the crier to call James Pigg.

"James Pigg! James Pigg! James Pigg!" sounded all around the building, and passed outside.

"Ar's here!" exclaimed a voice at the back of the witness-box, where he had been sleeping; and presently James Pigg made his appearance in front.

A solitary mould-candle placed on the crier's desk at the side shed a dim light over James's person, shewing the lustre of his eye and the care-worn character of his countenance. He was dressed in a dark coat, with a striped waistcoat, and white neckcloth, upon the tye of which was a large stain of tobacco-juice, which in the gloom of the court looked like a brooch.

"Now, Pigg!" said Mr. Bolster, in a familiar tone.

"Now, Wig!" responded James, in the same way.

"Mind what you are about, sir!" said Baron Botherem, with a frown.

"You are, I believe, huntsman to Mr. Jor-

rocks, the defendant in this action?" observed the learned counsel.

Pigg.—"Ar is."

"And you remember a horse he had called Xerxes?"

Pigg.—"Ar does."

"Now what became of that horse? Raise your voice and speak out, so that the gentlemen of the jury, many of whom are deaf, may hear you," pointing to the jury-box.

Pigg.—"He dee'd!" roared Pigg.

"He died!" repeated Mr. Bolster. "Ah, but before he died, whose hands did he pass into?"

Pigg.—"Ard Doleful's."

"Now then, Pigg, you seem an honest, intelligent sort of man," continued Mr. Bolster, smoothingly, "try if you can recollect what passed between Captain Doleful and you as to that horse."

"A! ar ken nicely—'twas just twenty-five pund."

Mr. Bolster.—"No, that's not what I mean—I want to know what inducement you held out to Captain Doleful to buy him."

Pigg.—"Ar said nout."

"What *does* the witness say?" exclaimed Baron Botherem, who had been fidgeting about since Pigg appeared.

Mr. Bolster, very obsequiously,—"He says,

my lord, that there was nothing the matter with the horse."

"No, I beg pardon," interposes Mr. Chargem, "I understand him to mean that he said nothing to Captain Doleful."

"Precisely, what I say," rejoined Mr. Bolster; "Captain Doleful asked him what was the matter with the horse, and he said, 'nothing.'"

"The question, as I understand it," said Baron Botherem, "was, what inducement he held out to Captain Doleful to buy the horse? But what answer he gives, I cannot for the life of me make out."

Mr. Chargem.—"Precisely so, my lud. My learned friend asks what inducement the witness held out to plaintiff to buy the horse, and the witness in the language of the colliery country from whence he comes, replies, 'Ar said nout;' meaning, I did not say any thing. Perhaps your ludship would have the kindness to put the question."

"Witness—*Pigg!*—attend to me!" exclaimed his lordship. "Tell the gentlemen of the jury what you said in praise or commendation of the horse to induce Captain —— What's his name, to buy him."

Pigg.—"Ar said *nout*—T'ard man was aye comin' to wor stable, and he axed me one day if hus had had meazles."

"I can't understand a *word* the witness says!" exclaimed the judge in despair.

Mr. Bolster.—"He says, my lord, that the plaintiff inquired if the horse had had the measles — Now what did you say to that?"

Pigg.—"'Measles!' said I — 'aye hoopin'-cough tee!'"

"Measles and hooping-cough too," repeated Mr. Burley Bolster, with great gravity, to the convulsion of the jury.

Cross-examined by Mr. Chargem.

"I suppose, Mr. Pigg, you are a pretty good judge of a horse?"

Pigg.—"Top judge."

"What sort of a judge is that?" exclaimed Baron Botherem in despair.

"My lud, he says he is a *good*, or *supreme*, judge."

Baron Botherem.—"Humph!—really we ought to have an interpreter. Well, now go on."

Mr. Chargem.—"Now, Mr. Pigg, will you have the kindness to tell the gentlemen of the jury, if, in the course of your experience, you ever knew a horse have the measles?"

Pigg.—"Niver!"

Mr. Chargem.—"Or the hooping-cough?"

Pigg.—"Niver!"

Mr. Chargem.—"So that, when you told Cap-

tain Doleful that this horse had had both, you meant to say that he had had neither?"

Pigg.—"The ard gouk was aye axin' me about the hus, whiles if he slept well, whiles if he had the lumbago, whiles if he liked eatin', and ar was tied to tell him summut."

Mr. Chargem.—"But what you said was merely loose, off-hand conversation, and not intended as an inducement to get him to buy?"

Pigg.—"Diel a bit! It was nout to me whether the ard sinner bought him or no, se lang as he held his gob, and didn't keep fashin' a' me about him."

"Oh, dear, this subterranean language puzzles me exceedingly!" exclaimed the judge, weary in mind and body; "I didn't catch *one* word of that sentence."

Mr. Chargem interprets,—"He did not care, my lud, whether Captain Doleful bought the horse or not, so long as he held his gob—which, I presume, means his tongue."

Benjamin Brady was the next witness.

"Now, Mr. Brady," said Mr. Burley Bolster, eyeing him through his spectacles; "you are, I believe, a servant with Mr. Jorrocks?"

"I'm first vip," replied the boy, with great dignity.

Mr. Bolster.—"You remember the plaintiff in

this action, Captain Doleful, coming to your master's stable about a horse called Xerxes?"

Ben.—"Yes; he came werry often."

Mr. Bolster.—"Well, what did he say?"

Ben.—"The first time he came, he inquired most about the other 'osses, and only axed the pedigree of Xerxes."

Mr. Bolster.—"And what answer did Pigg give him?"

Ben.—"He gave him our usual pedigree—said he was by President, out of a Vaxy mare."

Mr. Bolster.—"Your master keeps but one pedigree, then?"

Ben.—"One for 'osses; he has another for 'ounds."

Mr. Bolster.—"Then all your horses are by President, out of Vaxy mares."

Ben.—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bolster.—"Now you say the plaintiff came very often to your stable; can you tell the gentlemen of the jury how many times, on the whole, he might be there?"

Ben.—"Perhaps ten or a dozen times."

Mr. Bolster.—"Did he come alone?"

Ben.—"No; he always brought one or two chaps with him,—Miss Jelly came once."

Mr. Bolster.—"And what used they to say?"

Ben.—"Oh, they would look, first at one horse, then at another, and ax about them."

Mr Bolster.—"And Mr. Pigg, I suppose, was very glad to see them?"

Ben.—"No, 'deed wasn't he! He used to swear very hard."

Mr. Bolster.—"He's a heavy swearer, is he?"

Ben.—"Uncommon!"

"Very improper," remarked the judge, with a shake of the wig.

Mr. Bolster.—"And what questions, in particular, did the plaintiff ask?"

Ben.—"Oh, why, he used to ax if this horse was a good 'un, and that a good 'un; and Pigg used to swear they were all good 'uns, there wern't no choice among 'em."

Mr. Bolster.—"Was that said of any horse in particular, or generally of the stud?"

Ben.—"He said it of whatever horse the captain was axin' about."

Mr. Bolster.—"Can you remember the words he made use of?"

Ben.—"'Best horse goin',' he used to say."

Mr. Bolster.—"Do you remember the captain inquiring if a horse called Xerxes had had the measles?"

Ben.—"I can't say I do,—remember his axin' if he had been innoculating him."

Mr. Bolster.—"What made him ask that?"

Ben.—"The horse had been bled, and there was the mark on his neck."

Mr. Bolster.—"Now do you remember the plaintiff coming to the stable for Xerxes?"

Ben.—"Yes."

Mr. Bolster.—"What did he say?"

Ben.—"That he had come for Xerxes."

Mr. Bolster.—"And what said Mr. Pigg?"

Ben.—"He axed for the brass—he could not let him go without."

"He asked for the what?" inquired the judge.

"My lord, witness says that Pigg asked for the brass, which is a corruption of the word money."

"Oh!" said the judge, who thought it was part of the bridle.

Mr. Bolster.—"Now, when Pigg asked Captain Doleful for the brass, what took place?"

Ben.—"The captain paid him five-and-twenty golden sovereigns, sayin', 'I s'pose he's all right;' and Pigg said, 'Sound wind and limb.'"

Mr. Bolster, repeating after the witness, eyeing the jury all the time, "And Pigg said, '*Sound wind and limb.*' You give your evidence very creditably," observed Mr. Bolster to the boy.

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin.

Cross-examined.—"Is not on the best of terms with Mr. Pigg. Pigg has given him too much of what he calls 'cobblers'-wax oil'—thrashing with a strap. Was not in the stable when the

sale of the horse took place,—was in the loft, playing cards with Tom Turnbin, Mr. George Smith's helper, and Joe Haddock. Saw what took place through a hole in the floor. Is certain Pigg said sound wind and limb—heard him say it twice."

John Scott is a helper and occasional groom. —"Remembers accompanying Captain Doleful to Mr. Jorrocks's stable, when he bought the horse.—James Pigg was there. The captain said, he had come for Xerxes. Pigg asked if he had brought the brass for him, as he could not let him go without. The captain produced twenty-five sovereigns. Pigg was very angry, swore that his master was an ard gouk, and had sold the best horse in the stable. The captain said, Mr. Jorrocks would soon pick up another. Pigg swore very much. The captain paid the money, saying, 'I suppose he's all sound.' Pigg swore he was sound wind and limb, and it would be lucky for the captain if he were half as sound. Witness then led the horse away. In going along he coughed.

Cross-examined.—"Witness has lived in several situations, but has been out of place for three years or so,—maybe for want of a character. Looks after six horses and two flys. Servants in place think two horses and one fly enough at a time.—Makes a great difference whether a

servant is in place or out as to the quantity of work he can do. Had a blow-up with James Pigg about the merits of their masters—that is to say, about Mr. Jorrocks and Captain Doleful. Pigg complained that the captain had not given him a glass of any thing when he bought the horse. Witness told him, perhaps the captain didn't know the custom. Pigg swore it was all his eye, and that he was a nasty, mangy beggar. Witness replied, that the captain was as good a man as his master, and that he, witness, wouldn't stay in a place to be abused as he understood Mr. Jorrocks abused his servants. Pigg said, he'd rather be d—d by his master than dine with mine. Then he said, he wouldn't borrow half-a-crown to get drunk with mine, and a great deal more wulgarity of that sort.

"Will swear positively that the horse coughed on his way from Mr. Jorrocks's stable to Captain Doleful's. When he got him to the latter place, Captain Doleful borrowed a saddle and bridle, and rode the horse to Bumpmead. Had him in harness the same evening to take him to a tea-party. The night might be wet, but witness does not remember. Does not know how long he waited for the captain,—might be half-an-hour, —might be an hour,—does not think it was two hours. The captain rode the horse to Deepdeene Park the next day,—fifteen miles, and back.

Had him in the fly again at night. There was a party at Miss Fribble's, and the captain conveyed all the young ladies from Miss Birch's seminary, there and back, by ten at a time."

Mr. Horsdog, veterinary surgeon.—"Has been in practice three years. Remembers being sent for to attend a horse that Captain Doleful had bought of Mr. Jorrocks. Found him labouring under idiopathic fever in its most malignant form, which soon turned to inflammation of the lungs. Did what he could for him, but without avail. The horse had then been some time in Captain Doleful's possession, but from the appearance he presented on his being first called in, witness has little doubt but he had the seeds of the disease upon him at the time he was sold."

Cross-examined.—"Is not a member of the Royal Veterinary College,—is a self-dubbed doctor. Found the horse in a stable along with a monkey and bear belonging to a travelling showman. The stable was cold, perhaps damp, and witness will not say that the horse might not have caught cold by his removal from a warm to a cold stable. Horses soon catch cold, inflammation quickly follows, and death soon comes after. Is certain the horse is dead,—knows it, because he skinned him." This was the plaintiff's case.

Mr. Burley Bolster having resumed his seat with great self-complacency, Mr. Chargem gave

the front of his wig a pull, and his gown a hitch at the right shoulder, and turned to the "specials."

"May it please your Ludship,—Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I hardly know whether I am justified in trespassing upon your valuable time, particularly at this late period of the night, by rebutting a charge so feebly sustained as the case my learned friend, Mr. Burly Bolster, has laid —has presented to your notice. I hardly know whether I should not be best discharging my duty to my client, by closing my brief, and submitting to your verdict, which I am satisfied will be for the defendant, instead of exposing those fallacies that carry a too palpable conviction along with them. But, gentlemen, lest by any chance it might be inferred that I have not the satisfactory evidence invariably required by a British jury, I will hazard a brief trespass on your time while I glance at the evidence now before you, and call a few witnesses in disproof of the statements of my learned friend.

"The case, gentlemen, I take to be simply this. Captain Doleful, no great conjuror in horse-flesh, treats for a horse in Mr. Jorrocks' stud. There is a good deal of haggling, as you have seen, about the transaction, Captain Doleful offering Mr. Jorrocks less than he asks, and Mr. Jorrocks, on the other hand, insisting on his price.

And here let me draw your attention to the fact, that, throughout the transaction, the plaintiff is the anxious party. Mr. Jorrocks holds out no temptation to get him to buy; on the contrary, he admits the horse is not first-rate; but, speaking of him in the language of friendship, Mr. Jorrocks says he is calculated for much useful exertion in the minor fields of horse enterprise, which, I suppose, is a figurative mode of saying, that if he is not fit for a hunter, he will make what the defendant would call a werry good 'chay-'oss' (laughter). And again, when the plaintiff hesitates about the price, does my client evince any anxiety to get him to give it? Surely not! So far from that, he says, in one of the letters you have heard read, that if the plaintiff does not like to give the twenty-five pounds, he is to 'say no more about it:' and again, when the plaintiff bothers him to take fifteen pounds, and give a receipt for twenty-five, he scouts the idea, and desires 'the plaintiff will make up his mind one way or other, as he hates haggling.' Does all this, I ask you, bespeak the man anxious to foist a bad horse off upon a friend, or a man anxious to get rid of a horse at all? I need not tell you who the defendant in this action is. Despite my learned friend's sneering ignorance, and talking of him in the disrespectful way he did as this Jorrocks and that Jorrocks, he could not conceal

from himself,——still less from you, gentlemen of the jury, that he was keenly alive to the celebrity and importance of my most distinguished client,—a gentleman whose name precludes the idea of his being mistaken for any other, and who, in every relation of life, has worn the broad stamp of probity and honour!"

"Keep the tamborine a rowlin'!" exclaimed James Pigg, causing a roar of laughter throughout the court, and procuring James the promise of a commitment from his lordship.

"And now, gentlemen," resumed Mr. Chargem, as order was restored, "we come to the gist of the action, as regards the plaintiff. Captain Doleful says he will take the horse, 'provided, of course, he is all right, *etcetera*.' That *etcetera*, gentlemen, was once described by Lord Mansfield as the largest word in the English language, and assuredly the plaintiff is of the same opinion, for he intends to make it cover a most comprehensive range over an unlimited period. That *etcetera* is to guarantee the horse from all illness and infirmity, not only at the time he was sold, but for ever after, under whatever treatment he may be subjected, or to whatever vicissitudes exposed. It is to guarantee his safe career over Bumpmead Heath by day, his health in harness at night, and his convalescence in that comfortable abode which he enjoyed in common with the monkey and bear

belonging to a travelling showman (laughter). All this is meant to be covered by this little *et-cetera!*

"My learned friend, well knowing his weak point, anticipated the failure of his evidence of warranty, and bespoke your verdict on the supposed terms of the agreement; but I also submit, under the guidance of his lordship, that, in an action on a breach of warranty, distinct and positive evidence of an undoubted warranty must be given to entitle a plaintiff to recover, and no constructive evidence will supply the place of clear and distinct warranty. I grant, that if the plaintiff had wanted a diseased horse, he would probably have asked for one; but, then, you must also take this along with you, that if he had applied to my client for a horse that would stand all the racketing that this poor beast was exposed to, he would have said that nothing but an iron horse would stand such work, and have recommended him to an engine-builder. So that, even supposing my learned friend had made out a case of distinct warranty, still I would submit that the plaintiff's treatment of the animal was not such as a prudent man would adopt, and that so far from the result being matter of surprise, it would have been much more singular if it had not happened. My learned friend places Mr. Pigg, the huntsman, in the witness-box to prove his warranty, with

what success I need hardly say. I think his evidence went as much against the plaintiff as for him. Next, we have the boy whipper-in, who seems to come in for a share of the whip himself, who speaks to a conversation he overheard while playing cards in the hay-loft; and you are expected to believe that this boy could distinguish which horse Mr. Pigg was praising, when, upon his cross-examination, he admits that Pigg was in the habit of praising them all.—'Best horse going!' he used to say of them all.

"After the boy Brady comes one of those questionable creatures,—a servant out of place, who is the only witness that at all goes to the second point—supposing the warranty to be proved—of the horse being unsound at the time he was sold. And what does he say? Why, that the horse coughed on his way from Mr. Jorrocks' stable to that of the travelling showman. Such evidence, I feel, will have no weight with you, gentlemen. A hundred things might make him cough. Perhaps the occasional groom had been trying his wind by the usual pinching of the windpipe, or a bit of hay might have lodged in his throat; but if the horse had such a violent cold upon him, do you think it could have escaped all the lynx-eyed witnesses the plaintiff had to inspect him? Is there none of all that numerous host to come forward and say that the horse was unsound at the

time he was sold? None but this gentleman, who, it seems, Mr. Pigg would prefer being damned to dining with (laughter).

"Such evidence is not worth rebutting. It would be an insult to your understandings to suppose so. Mr. Horsdog alone requires contradiction. He has been in practice for the long period of three years, and says, from the appearance of the horse, he has little doubt but he had the seeds of the disease upon him when sold. To rebut that, I propose placing another veterinary surgeon in the witness-box; and although by so doing I shall entitle my friend to a reply, yet I feel his case is so hopelessly weak that I shall not injure my client's cause by throwing him the chance, confident as I am of obtaining your verdict."

Mr. Castley, a veterinary surgeon of ten years' standing, deposed that he made a *post-mortem* examination of the horse. The lungs presented one confused and disorganised mass of blackness. The appearance would lead the inexperienced to imagine that long inflammation had gradually broken down the substance of the lungs. Proves no disease of long standing, but inflammation, intense in its nature, which had speedily run its course. The horse died from suffocation, every portion of the lungs being choked up with this black blood, which had broken into and filled all

the air-cells, by means of which it should have been purified.

Two other witnesses spoke to the healthy appearance of the horse at the time he was sold.

John Brown was the next witness. He deposed that he was pad-groom to Mr. Barnington, a Cheshire gentleman of large fortune, who kept a good stud of hunters at Handley Cross. Was well acquainted with James Pigg and with all Mr. Jorrocks' horses. Their stables adjoin. Was at the exercise on the morning of the sale with James Pigg, who rode Xerxes and led Ginnums. Never heard the horse cough all the time. Was out two hours. Would have been sure to have noticed it if he had coughed. Grooms are always on the look-out for coughs.

Joseph Haddock, a lad of fourteen, being sworn, deposed that his mother was a washerwoman, and he turned the mangle and sought the dirty clothes in a donkey-cart. Is well acquainted with Mr. Benjamin Brady the whipper-in. Was playing cards with him in the hay-loft on the morning of the sale. Mr. Brady lost one and ninepence, and was very angry. The game was blind hooky, and Mr. Brady played without intermission till one o'clock. Is quite certain Mr. Brady never stopped playing to see what was going on below or to listen. Brady is a desperate gambler. Will play at any thing, or swear to any thing.

Cross-examined.—Witness remembers the day, because Mr. Brady had not paid him. Believes Mr. Brady had the money, but insinuated that witness had cheated; quarrelled in consequence. Had been very intimate before. Mr. Brady used to let him ride his led horse when Mr. Pigg was not at exercise. Used to gallop and race along the road. Owes Mr. Brady money on the balance of their racing account. The largest stake they ever run for was five shillings, four miles along the Appledove Road. Mr. Brady on Xerxes and witness on Arterxerxes. Mr. Brady won, but witness afterwards heard that he had given Arterxerxes a pail of water before starting, and he refused to pay. Had tossed for choice of horses the night before the race. The case is referred to the editor of "Bell's Life," who has not yet given his decision. Expects it in the notice to correspondents. Been before the editor since the spring. Should say that Mr. Brady is what they call a "sharp hand"—not altogether the gentleman.

Mr. Burly Bolster briefly replied, during which Baron Botherem went through his notes, preparatory to charging the jury. He began, immediately Mr. Bolster sat down, as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "this action, as you have heard, is brought by Captain Doleful against Captain Jorrocks, both of them filling public offices at Handley Cross Spa, one being

master of the ceremonies, the other master of the hounds; and it cannot but be regretted, that gentlemen in such conspicuous positions should be unable to arrange their difficulties without the intervention of a court and jury; but, however, as they come here, we must endeavour to do justice between them. The action is brought to recover the price of a horse, and the points you will have to consider will be, first, whether there was any warranty at all or not, and if you think there was a warranty, then you must consider to what extent it went.

"The evidence is very conflicting, one witness swearing point blank the reverse of what another one says.

"First, you have James Pigg, the huntsman, who informs us, in his subterranean language—if, indeed, it can be called a language—that he said 'nout,' which, I suppose, is meant to imply that he did not warrant the horse; the word 'nout' being, I presume, of comprehensive meaning in the coal country from which he comes.

"Then you have Mr. Benjamin Brady—the whipper-in, I think he is called—who says, 'I was lying in the hay-loft, and heard a conversation between Pigg and the plaintiff, when Pigg distinctly stated, two several times, that the horse was sound wind and limb. Then, on his cross-examination, he admits that the plaintiff was in

the habit of coming into the stable, and asking all sorts of questions, and that Pigg was in the habit of giving the same character to every horse; so that, you see, he might be talking about any of the others, for any thing Brady knows to the contrary. All this is very perplexing, to say nothing of the flat contradiction given by the last witness, Mr. Joseph Haddock, to the material point of Mr. Brady's evidence. I may be wrong, but they appear to me to be what would be called a couple of scamps.

"Indeed, the only undisputed point seems the death of the horse. One veterinary surgeon says that he has no doubt he had the seeds of disease upon him at the time he was sold; and the other, that the symptoms he saw on the *post-mortem* examination prove nothing of the sort. The plaintiff's occasional groom swears the horse coughed on his way from the stable on delivery. Counsel for the defendant cross-examined him as to his present servitude; but I do not think any thing was elicited that should throw discredit on this witness's testimony. To contradict him, then, I should observe, you have John Brown, who says,—'I am *bad* groom to Mr. Jones.' It seems an odd character for a man to give himself, but I suppose we must take his word for it."

A titter ran through the court, which the judge, attributing to his wit, proceeded.

"This witness says he was at exercise on the morning of the day of sale with Captain Pigg, and the horse never coughed: 'I should have been sure to have noticed it if he had,' he adds. So there again, you see, the evidence is at direct variance.

"Altogether, it is a most perplexing case, and one that we, who have passed our lives in courts of law, are but ill calculated to unravel. I would rather try ten insurance cases than one horse cause. All I can do is to put the points that you will have to decide, and leave you to judge of the worth of the evidence. The points are, whether or not there was a warranty, and, assuming you find there was a warranty, then you must consider whether the horse had the seeds of disease upon him when sold, or acquired them after he passed into the plaintiff's possession. On the other hand, if you are of opinion there was no warranty, then the second point will not arise, and your verdict will be for the defendant.

"In the event of your finding for the plaintiff, the measure of damages will be the price paid for the horse; and —— I think, gentlemen, that is all the assistance I can give you." Saying which, Baron Botherem bowed.

The jury immediately seize their hats and coats, and, while the usher is swearing the bailiff to keep them in some safe place, without meat, drink, or

fire—candle-light only excepted—till they agree upon their verdict, they betake themselves from the heated atmosphere of a suffocating court, to the chilly, vault-like dampness of the retiring-room; a rough deal-table, with a bench on each side, is all the accommodation that greets them, while a single candle, shewing the massive gratings of a lofty window, and the dull clank of the lock, as the bailiff turns the key upon them, reminds them of the importance of an early agreement of their verdict. Twelve strangers are thus left to make each others' acquaintance by arriving at the same conclusion.

* * * *

"Well," said Mr. Strong, throwing himself on the table below the window, "I suppose we shall have no difficulty about this case. We must find for the plaintiff, of course."

Mr. Strong was one of the three gentlemen described in the pannel as merchants, and was under obligations to Captain Doleful for getting partners for his plain daughters.

"I don't know that," replied Mr. Heartley, one of the top-booted gentry; "I am neither satisfied that there was a warranty, nor yet that the horse was unwell when he left Mr. Jorrocks' stable."

"That's my view of the case, too!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices, glad to follow a leader.

"Nay, then," exclaimed Mr. Strong, "I think

it seems clear, by the evidence, that Pigg warranted the horse; and, that being the case, the law says, the owner is bound by the representation of his servant."

"I think so too," observed another.

"The evidence on that point is very unsatisfactory," exclaimed two or three.

"I'm afraid we can't make it any better," replied Mr. Strong.

"If there was no warranty, there can be no damages; perhaps we had better divide on that point first. Those gentlemen who are of opinion that Mr. Jorrocks warranted his horse will have the kindness to hold up their hands."

Mr. Strong then took the candle, and waving it round the gloomy room, found he had three in his favour. That was not very encouraging, but he had been in a worse situation and carried his point after all, so he deliberately set down the candle, and pulled a book out of his pocket.

That looked ominous.

The conversation was then taken up promiscuously, the jurymen huddling in groups, with their hats on, talking to keep themselves warm.

"Perhaps we had better have some more candles," observed Mr. Strong, looking off his book; "I suppose we arn't stinted as to them."

"I should hope we won't want them," observed

a shivering youth, who had left his hat in the jury-box.

"Don't know that," responded Mr. Strong, pulling a night-cap out of his pocket.

Again they huddle into groups, or walk hurriedly about, stamping, and clapping their arms.

After some half-hour consumed in this way, a knock at the heavy door arrests their attention, and the bailiff announces that the judge desires to know if they are likely to agree on their verdict.

"Yes!"—"No!"—"Yes!" respond half-a-dozen voices, which, the bailiff understanding, informs his lordship that they are not; so, arranging that the verdict shall be taken by the officer of the court, his lordship awakes the dozing under-sheriff, who rouses the drowsy trumpeters, and as the Town Hall clock chimes twelve, his lordship arrives at his lodgings.

The dying notes of the shrill trumpets fall with clear and melancholy cadence on the ears of the pent-up jurymen, and again the most tractable attempt an accommodation. Mr. Strong only replies by winding up his repeater, and striking the hour.

"It's as cheap sitting as standing," observes one of the jurymen, taking his place at the table, an example followed by the rest, to the ejectment

of Mr. Strong from the end, and the whole party sit down as if to a meal.

They now begin the case anew, going through the evidence with an accuracy considerably promoted by hunger. One o'clock strikes—two—three—and yet they are as far from agreeing as ever. Day begins to dawn, and at length finds its way even through the iron bars of the dingy prison window.

The jury eye each other like coach passengers who have got in during the night, and Mr. Strong puts out the candle.

Mr. Heartley has a pocket-full of horse-beans, which he begins eating, offering them liberally to his friends, with the assurance that he has enough for a week. Mr. Strong produces a cold tongue, which is in more demand, and he gets little himself. Cold and hunger tell upon his supporters, and at four o'clock he stands alone.

At half-past he gives in.

The joyous jury almost break the door in awakening the sleeping sentinel, and they rush into court to deliver their verdict.

How changed the scene! The heated hall is cleared—Mr. Jorrocks sleeps in the judge's chair, his wig is awry—James Pigg and the crier are nodding, back to back, in the witness-box—Benjamin is curled up on the bar-table—and the attorneys and their clerks are huddled together at

opposite corners. A crier is found in the bottom of the reporter's box—and the officer left to take the verdict, being summoned from his coffee in the gaoler's house, hurries in with Captain Doleful, and hears a verdict for the defendant.

The crier dissolves the court, and James Pigg, frantic with delight, proclaims that he'll be *the death of a sovereign!*

CHAPTER VIII.

"Multum in parvo."

The verdict sank deep into the heart of Captain Doleful.

He returned to Handley Cross long before people were stirring; but Miss Jelly's watchful eye "traced the day's disaster in his morning face." Taking to his bed, the captain obstinately remained there for two whole days, impervious to the calls of friends and foes. The verdict was one of the severest blows that had befallen him in a somewhat eventful life. The price of the horse was nothing compared to the long lawyers' bills that were sure to follow,—two or three hundred pounds, perhaps. Dreadful!

Consolation, however, came on the third day, and an important change commenced in the fortunes of our captain. Sitting in moody stupor, with a last week's "Paul Pry" in his hands, Miss

Jelly's little girl presented herself before him with a deep black-edged letter, bearing the Clifton post-mark. The captain started at the sight, for though almost alone in the world, the sign of mourning shook his shattered nerves.

He broke the seal with nervous hand, and read as follows:

"Sir,—We have the honour to acquaint you, that your good friend, and our excellent client, Miss Louisa Crabstick, is no more;—she expired this morning at half-past six, without pain or struggle. As her confidential advisers, we are in a situation to acquaint you, that a few days since she executed a will in your favour, and it is highly important that you should forthwith repair to the spot, and take upon yourself the direction of affairs. Her property is considerable, and we believe there is a large sum of money and valuables in the house, all of which should be looked to without delay. In making this melancholy announcement, we beg to offer our congratulations on your justly merited good fortune, and to add, that any instructions you may honour us with will be carefully attended to. We have the honour to subscribe ourselves, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servants,

"PIKE, LAMB, AND LAMBRO,
"*Shark Street, Bristol.*"

What a state of excitement Captain Doleful was thrown into on reading this! A new world seemed opening before him, and he felt himself hurrying away from the cares, the contentions, and the disappointments of the old one. For once a lawyer's letter conveyed a charm. For some moments he was perfectly childish. He looked at the letter, then he looked at himself; then came the recollection of former days, with a slight twinge of regret that one, to whom he had poured forth his whole soul in mercenary adoration, should now be no more. That was quickly followed by wonderment at getting the money, and a hasty speculation as to the amount. His head was in a complete whirl, and he ordered and ate half-a-dozen calves'-foot jellies with apparent unconsciousness.

That evening saw him off to Clifton *viâ* London, and surprise at the unexampled extravagance of his conduct having tempted Miss Jelly to cast a hasty glance at the letter as it lay on the table during the captain's absence, sorting his clothes, the confectioner's shop spread the news like wildfire, and half-a-dozen candidates for the office of M. C. sprung up before the captain was well out of the town.

Captain Doleful's acquaintance with Miss Crabstick was one of those intimacies that frequently arise where people are thrown together

in watering-place idleness, and though considerably older than himself, he had no hesitation in making the excess of money balance the excess of years. Miss Crabstick, however, conscious of her wealth, and not despairing of her charms, determined upon trying another season or two, elsewhere, before yielding to the captain's solicitations. That season or two had been protracted into eight or ten, and the captain had almost ceased to think of her. Brighton, Cheltenham, Hastings, and Clifton, had all been tried since first they met at Willoughby Baths, and still Miss Crabstick thought a season at the German Spas would supply the *quid pro quo*, or "equivalent," that she deemed essential to connubial happiness. She died.—Her wealth was great,—more than people imagined, and the captain, with the assistance of Pike, Lamb, and Lambro, soon discovered he might swear the property under twelve thousand pounds, without defrauding himself.

He was now a great man. The M. C. cardplate was thrown aside, and a flourishing new one struck, on which Captain Doleful alone appeared, in the midst of a broad and melancholy-looking black border. The captain was well up in the world. His own wealth, added to Miss Crabstick's, made a man of him.

Poor Miss Jelly's lodgings were deserted, and

he returned to Handley Cross to occupy the best suite of apartments at the Dragon Hotel. He entered the town in a post-chaise-and-four at the hour he knew all the world would be astir, and with a nondescript-looking servant in a black dress-coat and waistcoat, with black velveteen breeches, and top-boots, jolting on the splinter-bar, drew up at the Dragon in the most dignified manner. In the carriage he had the dear deceased's baboon, three Angola cats, a parroquet, and a silver squirrel, all especially provided for by will, and charged with his attention, on forfeiture of a certain sum.

Great was the change in the manner of the people. Instead of the captain running about the town leaving cards on new-comers, and refreshing the minds of the old ones with his name, notes, cards, and invitations, poured in apace, and he sat in his rooms considering whom he should honour, and whom he should not. His wealth was magnified into treble its amount, and the old ladies were astonished that so attractive a young man should so long have remained single—"Not that they wished for any thing of the sort now," looking at their daughters, "but before he got all the money, they would have liked it well enough;" just as disinterested old women generally talk, though they know that nobody believes them.

CHAPTER IX.

" O let me not be mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!"
SHAKSPEARE.

THE monotony of Mr. Jorrocks' summer life seemed likely to be more than compensated by the busy incidents of the autumn.

Scarce were the rejoicings for his victory over Doleful finished at Handley Cross and in London, ere our worthy friend found himself involved in a more delicate and difficult dilemma than ever he had yet known. The report of the action about the horse having done good service to the London papers in the dulness of autumnal news, Mr. Jorrocks' conduct and career had been greatly canvassed by cautious citizens, and among others by his next of kin, with whom our worthy friend had long been on indifferent terms, or rather no terms at all.

To the uninitiated, the idea of keeping a pack of hounds is looked upon as the surest proofs of

riches or ruin; an opinion that is periodically confirmed by the papers, in announcements of the great expense certain establishments are kept up at, which is taken as data to estimate all others by.—Lord Suffield gave three thousand guineas for a pack of hounds, and we read of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire being hunted at an expense of four or five thousand a-year.

Mr. Delme Radcliffe, in his work upon hunting, called the "Noble Science," tells the world, that in Hertfordshire, from two hundred and seventy to three hundred pounds a-year is paid for the mere *finding* of foxes, in fees to gamekeepers who would otherwise destroy them as vermin.

The expense of Mr. Jorrocks' hounds was estimated in a like ratio.

Without impeaching the motives of the parties, or indeed alluding to them in more than a general way, we may briefly state, that our worthy friend's jollities or eccentricities at length earned for him a commission of lunacy.

After the necessary preliminaries, the Commission was opened in the long room of the Gray's Inn Coffee-house in Holborn, where the following highly respectable jury were sworn to inquire into the merits of the allegation:

Mark Stimpson, Starch-maufacturer, Pimlico,

John Brown, Greengrocer, High Street, Borough,
Henry Hobbs, Feather and Court Head Dress Maker, Hatton Garden,
Richard Jones, Dustman, Edgeware Road,
John Lotherington, Shoemaker, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square,
Thomas Coxon, Poulterer, Hadlow Street, Burton Crescent,
William Smith, Islington, Toy-shop-keeper,
James Rounding, Minories, Cheesemonger,
Albert Dunn, Sweeting's Rents, Newsman,
John Cook, Pentonville, Milkman and Cow-keeper,
George Price, Long Acre, Gin-shop-keeper and Distiller,
John Shaw, Covent Garden, Fruiterer,
Thomas Boggon, Whitechapel, Nightman.

The Commission having been read, Mr. Mark Stimpson was elected foreman of the jury.

Mr. Martin Moonface, the celebrated Chancery lawyer, and Mr. Percy Snobb, appeared as counsel for the inquiry; Sergeant Horsefield and Mr. Coltman, as counsel for Mr. Jorrocks. Mr. Jorrocks appeared in court, taking his seat beside the learned sergeant, with two papers of Garraway's sandwiches before him, one labelled "beef," the other labelled "ham."

The long room was crowded to excess, the greatest possible interest and sympathy being manifested by the numerous auditors who thronged every part of the house where hearing room could be obtained. An immense number of persons arrived from Handley Cross, and the revenue of the Lily-white Sand Railway was considerably augmented in consequence. The usual preliminaries having been observed, and silence obtained, Mr. Percy Snobb briefly opened the proceedings, during which process Mr. Martin Moonface kept inflating his cheeks, preparatory to his own "let-off." Mr. Snobb having finished and sunk into his seat, and a proper time having elapsed, Mr. Martin Moonface rose with great solemnity, and addressed himself, promiscuously as it were, in a very deep and sonorous voice, thus:—

"I do not know that I can call to my recollection," said he, "ever rising to address twelve honest Englishmen with such mingled feelings of gratification and regret as I experience at the present moment." Here he paused, and ran his eyes along the jurymen to catch a soft one, to whom he could more particularly address himself.

Having selected Mr. Rounding, the cheesemonger, whose ample bald head and staring blue eyes gave sufficient evidence of vacancy, he proceeded: —"Gratification that I should have the advan-

tage of so intelligent — so enlightened — so conscientious a jury, to weigh with poiseless balance the niceties, the delicacies, the subtleties, the intricacies, of this complicated case; and regret — deep and poignant regret — that such a step as the present should be found necessary against so meritorious and amiable an individual as the unfortunate gentleman against whom I now appear." Here Mr. Martin Moonface heaved a heavy sigh, and looked at the back of his brief, on which was marked "50 guineas" — "Believe me when I say, that nothing but that high sustaining power, the moral consciousness of doing right, could induce me to undertake so thankless — so ungracious, a task. No feeling of personal ambition, no consideration of worldly aggrandisement, could tempt *me*—I may say (and the learned gentleman said it with the most dignified emphasis) could tempt any member of the honourable profession to which it is my pride and glory to belong, to enter upon a case where his own honest, conscientious opinions did not convince him of the propriety — I may say, the *necessity* of the step." Mr. Moonface then unfolded his brief, and proceeded to pick out the first passage marked with a score in the margin.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my learned friend, Mr. Snobb, has stated to you the nature of the business that has called us together this day, and

in doing so, he properly confined himself to the simple outline usually confided to young gentlemen entering the profession, leaving to me the duty of substantiating the case and filling up the narrative in detail. The name of the gentleman whose state of mind you are this day called upon to consider, as my learned friend has already told you, is Jorrocks. It is a singular name, and sensible people will think, that the owner of such a one might rest satisfied with the distinction the cognomen would procure, without having recourse to any extravagances or eccentricities to increase it. But I anticipate. Mr. Jorrocks, gentlemen, is a grocer, carrying on business as the head of the firm of 'Jorrocks and Co.,' in St. Botolph's Lane, in the City of London; and, in his commercial relations, I am free to admit, that his character and conduct is not only irreproachable, but exemplary in the highest degree. Still, as is generally found to be the case in these inquiries, the blameless tenor of his grocer's life is mixed up with a strong undercurrent of eccentricity, which has long been observable; and as the murmuring rill, strengthened by tributary streams, rolls on with growing strength until its force attracts the notice of the world, and calls for measures to restrain the torrent of its impetuosity, so Mr. Jorrocks' oddity has gone on increasing until the present inquiry has become

absolutely and indispensably necessary. And let me here observe, gentlemen of the jury, that the more futile and absurd the chimera, that obtains possession of a man's mind, the stronger and more forcible is the argument in favour of the restraining measure; for, assuredly, the farther an unhappy infatuation removes a man from the occupation of trade and the pursuits of a rational being, the stronger and more urgent is the necessity for supplying, through the medium of a next of kin, the deficiency that calamity has occasioned.

"I may at once admit that the delusion under which the unfortunate gentleman labours, is one of great novelty, and one that I have experienced very considerable difficulty in making myself sufficiently acquainted with to enable me to describe it to you. You, gentlemen, if I mistake not, are tradesmen, living in the heart of this great metropolis, and, like myself, have passed your lives in honest, industrious callings, in perfect ignorance of the way that men remote from towns contrive to waste that time which to us is so valuable and productive. You will hardly credit me, I dare say, but I speak under the correction of my learned friends on the other side, who will put me right if I err in the detail—you will hardly credit me, I say, when I tell you, that in some counties of England

large assemblies of dogs are annually made, sometimes as many I am told as fifty or sixty dogs——"

"'*Ounds, you fool!*" roared Mr. Jorrocks, from the opposite side of the table, indignant at the unsportsmanlike appellation.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Mr. Martin Moonface in astonishment, "I call your attention to the unfortunate gentleman. I think his conduct might warrant the closure of the business, even at this early stage of the proceedings, but if you, gentlemen, are not so fully satisfied in your minds of the situation that he is in as to render the further prosecution of the case needless, I must call on the Commissioners, in the exercise of the power with which they are invested, to afford me the protection and freedom from interruption to which I am entitled in the discharge of this most painful and difficult duty." [Mutual shakes of the head and nods having passed between the gentlemen at the end of the table, and Mr. Moonface and Sergeant Horsefield having remonstrated in an undertone with his client, Mr. Moonface smoothed down his feathers and harked back to the point at which he was interrupted.]

"I was observing, gentlemen of the jury," said he, again eyeing the cheesemonger, "that in some parts of the country annual hunts take place, for which large gatherings of dogs are

made, and assemblies of people are to be found. How long this custom has prevailed, is immaterial to the present inquiry, but I believe I am instructed to say, that so far back as the year 1812 Mr. Jorrocks took an active — I may say, a prominent part, in the festivals — for such, I believe, is their character, that have been held in the county of Surrey.

"I should further inform you, in relation to these fêtes, or festivals, that a master or manager of the revels is annually chosen by ballot or otherwise, and the person so elected has the absolute government of the dogs and their doings during the period of his elevation. Accompanying Mr. Jorrocks onward then from his prominent though subordinate situation in the county of Surrey, we at length find him — I think it was in the course of last winter—elected the premier of a festival (here Serjeant Horsefield intimated in a whisper that the technical term was hunt) — I thank my learned friend," continued Mr. Moonface, — "hunt is the term—elected the premier of a hunt, called the Handley Cross Hunt, and it is, gentlemen, his doings in that capacity that you are more particularly called upon to examine, to form an opinion of the soundness or unsoundness of his understanding.

"I do not know that I am in a situation, nor is it perhaps material to the present inquiry, to

explain the nature of the duties connected with the office of a hunt-master; but it must be apparent to you all, that if a person accepts a situation so totally dissimilar to his usual avocations, considerable detriment must arise to his private affairs; and, perhaps, it is not possible to imagine two things more unlike than the calm, reflective genius of a grocer's business, and the noisy, boisterous, clamorous—*riotous*, I may say, accompaniment of a hunt management. Not only are the two occupations totally incompatible, but their natural consequences are utterly dissimilar; for one is the honest course of sober industry, pointing, with cheering hand, to that brightest, noblest summit of all mercantile ambition, the possession of the lord-mayor's gilded coach and six, with glittering trumpeters and men in armour, while the other points downwards upon unhallowed scenes of riot and confusion, days made horrible with yelling, and nights spent amid the wildest, the most unprofitable debauchery.

"Thus, gentlemen of the jury, arises the cause of the present inquiry. The promoters of it say that Mr. Jorrocks is neglecting his business, and dissipating his means in mad and unnatural pursuits; while the law says, and wisely does it say it, that a man is not to be permitted to waste his substance in idle, wild, and unprofitable speculations; and when acts are committed which mili-

tate against good sense, it becomes the duty of those who are interested in the preservation of a family to call twelve honest, enlightened, conscientious men together to consider the acts that have been committed, and to ask of themselves whether they are the acts of a man blessed with sound discretion, or the acts of one who, though shrewd and intelligent in many respects, is yet visited with some unfortunate weakness that tends to nullify and destroy all the other faculties of which he may be in possession.

"Now, gentlemen, it becomes my duty to explain that there are two sorts of idiots; one the natural-born fool, that hath no understanding from his nativity, and therefore is by law presumed never likely to attain any; and the other a lunatic, or one *non compos mentis*, who hath understanding, but who, from disease, grief, brandy-and-water, or other accident, hath lost the use of his reason. That great man and commentator, Judge Blackstone, says, 'A lunatic is one who hath lucid intervals; sometimes enjoying his senses, and sometimes not, and that frequently depending upon the change of the moon.' Sir Edward Coke, another great legal luminary, places under the head of *non compos mentis* not only lunatics, but all persons under *frenzies*. I would particularly direct the attention of the jury to that term, conveying, as it does, a nicer

definition of what may be considered sufficient to deprive a man of the custody of his affairs than any other that I am acquainted with. 'Not only *lunatics*,' says the learned judge, 'but all persons under *frenzies*,'—all persons, in fact, suffering from distraction of mind, alienation of understanding, or any violent passion, for such I take it is the meaning of the word frenzy.

"In all times, under all circumstances, the preservation of a man's property has been considered worthy the attention of a civilised government. By the Roman law, if a man by notorious prodigality was in danger of wasting his estate, he was looked upon as *non compos*, and committed to the care of curators, or tutors, by the prætor: 'Solent prætores, si talem hominem invenerint, qui neque tempus neque finem expensarum habet, sed bona sua dilacerando et dissipando profundit, curatorem ei dare, examplo furiosi: et tamdiu erunt ambo in curatione, quamdiu vel furiosus sanitatem, vel ille bonos mores, receperit.' And by the laws of Solon such prodigals were branded with perpetual infamy.

"Gentlemen, the promoters of this inquiry are actuated by none but the purest, the best of motives; they do not seek, by a long retrospective search, to expose the foibles of the unfortunate object of the inquiry, to brand him with idiotcy

from his birth, or to disturb those commercial transactions with which his name, in connexion with the firm to which he belongs, has blended him; all they ask is to dissolve the ridiculous establishment of which he is the head, and to cancel the obligations that may have arisen out of it.

"I have already stated, that in the autumn of last year Mr. Jorrocks allowed himself to be dubbed the Master of the Handley Cross Hunt; and it is from that period that we seek to annul his transactions, and to declare his incompetency to manage his affairs. A violent, a sudden, an uncontrollable frenzy seems to have seized him at the time; for not only did he neglect his warehouse, but absolutely shut up his house in Great Coram Street—a house that I am instructed to say is superior to any in that street—and took one in the town of Handley Cross, in order, as he said, to be nearer the Hunt. His acts there became of the wildest and most eccentric description: he arrayed himself in a scarlet coat with a blue collar, something like a general postman's, and rode about the country, surrounded by dogs, screaming and holloaing, and blowing a horn; he converted the festivals, which had formerly been few and of periodical occurrence—something, I presume, like the Epping Hunt, of which you all have probably heard—he converted them,

I say, into a regular downright matter of daily business, and whoever did not join him was treated with contempt, and if any one over whose land he trespassed in riotous confusion ventured to remonstrate, he was laughed to scorn, or threatened with violence.

"I can hardly expect you to credit the assertion, that men moving in the higher walks of life,—men to whom the public are wont to look for precept and example, abandoned their lawful callings and the elegances of life, and joined the infatuated train of this unfortunate gentleman. Train bands of men in scarlet moved about the country, striking terror into the minds of elderly ladies, and disturbing the peaceful course of husbandry and trade. Wherever it was known that one of these field-meetings was to be held, it was made in open defiance of the statute against 'riots, routs, or, unlawful assemblies,' trade was suspended, and the plough stood still. If any one were inclined to censure the present proceedings, or stigmatise it as an act of harshness and severity, I would here entreat him to pause and consider the position in which this deluded,—this unhappy individual has been placing himself and his followers. So far from continuing of that opinion, I think, he will hail it as one of the brightest, most beautiful blessings of our jurisprudence, that the law

steps in through the medium of a next-of-kin, and rescues a man from the consequence of his own unhappy rashness. The wasteful, profligate expenditure of his substance is not the only charge against Mr. Jorrocks; he has outraged the law of the land, and sought the vengeance of offended justice.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued Mr. Martin Moonface, very slowly and deliberately, "Jorrocks is, to all intents and purposes, a rioter. So far back as the year 1797, if there is any truth in Chitty's Criminal Law, a person was indicted for the ancient and apparently harmless custom of kicking about foot-balls on Shrove Tuesday at Kingston-upon-Thames; and surely that will bear no comparison with the military spectacles that this gentleman's eccentricity has lately presented to the astonished county in which they took place. The law upon the case I take it to be quite clear. It says, when three persons or more shall assemble themselves together, with an intent mutually to assist one another in the execution of some enterprise of a private nature to the manifest terror of the people, whether the act were of itself lawful or unlawful—mark that, gentlemen, I pray you—whether the act were of itself lawful or unlawful, if they only *meet* to such a purpose or intent, although they shall after depart of their own accord, without doing any

thing, this is an unlawful assembly; and if after their first meeting they shall move forward towards the execution of any such act, whether they put their intended purpose in execution or not, this, according to the general opinion, is a *rout;* and if they execute such a thing indeed, then it is a *riot.* In Clifford *v.* Brandon, 2 Campbell, page 370, Chief Justice Mansfield laid it down, that if any person encourages, or promotes, or takes part in riots, whether by words, signs, or gestures, or by wearing the badge or ensign—mark that, gentlemen—by wearing the badge or ensign—which assuredly all the followers of this unfortunate individual did—to wit, scarlet coats with blue collars—he is himself to be considered a rioter; for in this case all are principals. So that you see Jorrocks has not only placed himself in jeopardy, but all those whose wildness, weakness, or wickedness, induced them to join the phalanx round his standard.

"What was the cause of its supineness I know not, but government certainly permitted these outrages; and during the whole of last winter, up to the very outburst of spring, Mr. Jorrocks continued this extraordinary career, without let, suit, molestation, hindrance, or interruption. During the whole of that time he never once visited the city of London, or his commercial concerns in St. Botolph's Lane, or seemed to

recollect that he had any thing to attend to but these hunt-festivals or meetings.

"The expense of the establishment is wholly incalculable, embracing, as it does, items of most miscellaneous and extraordinary description—hay, straw, corn, beans, bran, curry-combs, dandy-brushes, brooms, balls, pails, pitchforks, whipcord, coals, wood, oil, nitre, sulphur, Epsom salts, oatmeal, horse-flesh, farrier, saddler, wheel-barrows, soap, linen, and a hundred other items.

"Nor were Mr. Jorrocks' eccentricities and extravagances confined to the day-time. I am instructed that public dinners were held, at which he was in the chair, avowedly for the purpose of promoting and organising these illegal meetings; speeches were delivered in praise of them, songs were composed in honour of their doings by day, and night brought no rest to the unquiet spirits that reigned triumphant at Handley Cross.

"Not content with the notoriety such doings would inevitably procure him, Mr. Jorrocks actually engaged a hired writer, a sort of jester, who, under the name of Ego, travels round the country to hunt-festivals, besaundering the rich who feed or fee him, with fulsome adulation; he hired, I say, this person, to render him still more ridiculous, and I think you will find it difficult to say, on a perusal of what he wrote, whether the fool or the jester appears most ridiculous.

"Not only were the doings of the field recorded, but the domestic arrangements of his house described, the dishes they had at dinner, the size of his wife, the complexion of his niece, the style of his servants, every thing, in short, that sensible people are in the habit of keeping to themselves. Not content with this even, he was in the habit of intruding himself upon the public in print, both in prose and verse, of which latter it will be my painful duty to offer you a specimen a little further on in the proceedings. At present we will continue the account of his career.

"Spring, it appears, puts an end to these hunt-festivals or meetings; and one would naturally infer, that with the close of them would end the tom-foolery of the business. Not so with Mr. Jorrocks. He convened a public meeting of all the disorderly inhabitants of Handley Cross, and delivered a speech or lecture in praise of himself and his doings, and in eulogy of the unaccountable amusement that has brought him into this unhappy position. It is true that other matters were mixed up in his speech; but the very jumble of which it was composed bears evidence of a highly disordered imagination, and he stated that his feelings on the point were too acute to admit of his adhering closely to the text he had prescribed for his oration.

"After this, Mr. Jorrocks returned to his house

in Great Coram Street, and resumed his attendance in St. Botolph Lane with his former punctuality, to the great joy of his friends, who began to flatter themselves that he had fairly got over his frenzy; when, unfortunately, it broke out with redoubled violence. The first symptoms of it were visible on the morning of the 2d of October. He had been taking his usual ride round the inner circle of the Regent's Park, when the sight of some black and blighted dahlias, hanging their heads, and drooping in all directions, completely upset his philosophy. It was not the sudden destruction of these bright and many-coloured beauties that struck the feeling chord of a too sensible imagination, and conjured up mournful reflections on the precarious tenure of all earthly endearments, for far different, I grieve to say, were his thoughts on that occasion. 'Hurrah! blister my kidneys!' exclaimed he in delight, 'it *is* a frost! —the dahlias are dead!' Gentlemen of the jury," continued Mr. Martin Moonface, throwing up his arms, and putting himself in the attitude of a spread eagle, "can you imagine a sane man indulging in such an exclamation on such an occasion? 'Hurrah! blister my kidneys! it *is* a frost! —the dahlias are dead!' And so, because Jenkins's dahlias were cut down by the frost, Jorrocks saw cause to rejoice at the circumstance—unfortunate individual!"

"You are another indiwidual!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, in a rage at being considered a subject for Mr. Martin Moonface's pity.

[The commissioners interpose with great gravity, amid the uproarious laughter of the spectators; and Mr. Jorrocks eyes Mr. Martin Moonface as though he would eat him.]

"Well, then, gentlemen of the jury, as I was observing, the sight of these weather-stricken dahlias had such an effect upon his imagination—and awful, indeed, is it to contemplate such a visitation—that instead of pursuing his ride, as he was wont to do, one-and-twenty times round the inner circle, he immediately turned his horse's head towards home, ate a hurried breakfast, and set off by the Lilywhite-sand Railway for Handley Cross, without giving the slightest intimation to his poor distracted wife, or sending any notification whatever to his partners in St. Botolph Lane. Three bills of exchange, to a large amount, were presented for payment that day, one being for oatmeal supplied at Handley Cross, of which his partners knew nothing; and the consequence was that a protest became necessary, to the injury alike of his private character and his mercantile reputation. True it is that the following day he wrote a few hurried lines, ordering his servant, Benjamin Brady, to be sent down; and I will now proceed to relate the purpose for which he wanted

him, and it is hence that the present inquiry more immediately originates. It appears, that by some unaccountable mystery the sight of these withered dahlias had conjured up recollections of the hunt-festivals of the previous winter, and, determining to eclipse all his former doings, he had gone down to Handley Cross to inspect a numerous progeny of puppies that he had had scattered about the country, which he intended to add to the extensive retinue of the previous season, and which a man he has in his pay, called Pigg, had been left in the charge of.

"On his arrival at Handley Cross, it appeared that a disease had broken out among the horses of that place, which ended in the deaths of very many. Among others, Mr. Flasher, the gentleman coachman of the Handley Cross 'True Blue Spankaway,' lost eighteen; Mr. Giles Eden, a post-master, lost ten; Mr. Duncan Nevin, four; and various other people lost smaller numbers, amounting, in the aggregate, to fifty-three. Now it would appear, so far as any deduction can be drawn from the conduct of individuals in the unhappy state of this unfortunate gentleman, that on leaving home it was his intention to return either the same or on the following day; but, hearing of the deaths of these horses had altered his determination, and he resolved to endeavour to turn the misfortunes of others to some advan-

tage to himself; and, certainly, he adopted a system that no one but himself would ever have thought of. He commenced a negotiation with the owners of the dead horses—fifty-three in number, I beg you to remember—and bought up the whole at an average of nine shillings and sixpence a head, hide and all. And, gentlemen of the jury, what do you think he did with them?—buried them under apple-trees?—retailed them to cat's-meat mongers?—dragged them away to distant places to rot without tainting the air? No such thing! He skinned and stacked them for winter use!—actually *stacked* the dead bodies of fifty-three horses that had died of disease in the precincts of the town of Handley Cross! Was there ever such a thing heard of? I ask, was it likely such a thing could be tolerated? Certainly not! The authorities—the churchwardens, overseers, constables, &c., interfered—a fracas took place between them and Mr. Jorrocks and his men while in the act of stacking, which ended in the stackers being captured and taken before the magistrates of Handley Cross. The sequel of the story it is needless to trouble you with. Your intelligent minds cannot require more than evidence of the facts I have imperfectly laid before you to enable you to arrive at the only conclusion that is open on such an occasion. Remember, gentlemen, this is not a case entailing on any party the

infliction of punishment from the law: it is a simple question of domestic policy, performed in public for the safety of the subject. We ask you to save this unfortunate gentleman from himself, and from the consequence of his own acts—in fact to save him from ruin, and keep him in affluence. After the patient attention with which you have honoured me, I cannot for a moment doubt that the circumstances I have related have made the impression on your minds that they must have made on the minds of every one open to conviction; and though you might not consider the exhibition he made of himself as master of the hunt revels, the profligate expenditure of his substance in support of his fictitious dignity, the tenor of his lectures, taken singly, of sufficient weight to warrant you in depriving him of the management of his affairs, yet, collectively, that they are amply sufficient, even without that great, that crowning feat of all—the stacking of dead horses—to the danger of the lives of Her Majesty's liege subjects.

"With your permission, then, I will proceed to call witnesses to substantiate the statements I have made."

The commissioners here intimated they would like to retire for a few minutes; and, during their absence, the court became a scene of great uproar, Mr. Jorrocks protesting at the top of his voice against the whole proceedings, inquiring most

emphatically—"'Ow vas I to know, ven I stacked the 'osses, that it was a goin' to turn 'ot weather again?" The return of the commissioners restored silence, and a copy of the "Sporting Review," containing Ego's account of his visit to Mr. Jorrocks, having been put in and read, the commissioners intimated that it might expedite matters if the whole of the documentary evidence was gone through before any witnesses were examined. Mr. Moonface, after a long consultation with the solicitors, selected the following ode to Mr. Olden as a sample of Mr. Jorrocks' poetical powers.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Moonface, turning towards them with a green-backed book, lettered "New Sporting Magazine,"—"Gentlemen of the jury," repeated he, "the learned commissioners having directed a line of proceeding rather different to what we had marked out for ourselves, I will not trouble you with the whole of the odes, essays, and nonsense, that I intended intruding upon you, as I would rather prefer keeping your great intellectual powers fresh for the consideration and digestion of the *vivâ voce* evidence I have to offer; but having mentioned the unfortunate gentleman's performances in the scribbling line, I will just take up the first volume that comes to hand and read you the first specimen that presents itself, by which you will be able to judge of the general nature of his eccentricities

in the writing line. I find here, gentlemen, an ode to one Mr. Olden, and as you perhaps are as ignorant as I was who the distinguished personage is that inspired Mr. Jorrocks' muse, I will read the letter, addressed to the editor of the Magazine, that accompanied the ode, and which is published with it. It is as follows :—

"'*Great Coram Street.*

"'My Dear Heditor,—I send a few werses o' my *composition*, consarnin' another sort o' *composition* for the growth of 'air on 'osses ; and I wentures to stake my werry existence, that it is one of the most wonderfullest diskiveries ever brought afore our foolish old frind Public. I assures you I'm not personally acquainted with Holden, but he's a character I admires unkimmon, cause why? he dewotes his life to the harts and sciences." (Great laughter interrupted the reading of the foregoing, which the learned gentleman gave with due gravity and emphasis. He then proceeded in the reading.)

" Your readers are, *sans doubte*, as we say in France, werry well aware who Mr. Holden is, and so I shan't say not nothin' no more about him, except that he is the inwentor of the Heukeirogeneion, or hoil for shavin', the which I uses every mornin' of my life, and right good stuff it is, let me tell ye, for softenin' the beard prepara-

tory to mowin' down the stubble, bein' as easy in the use as the word is 'ard in the spellin'. 'Oping you're all well, and that sort of thing,

" ' I am, yours to serve,

" ' JOHN JORROCKS."

" Then, gentlemen of the jury," continued Mr. Moonface, " follows the ode, headed by the editor as follows :—

" ' ODE TO MR. HOLDEN,

" ' BY MR. JORROCKS.

Awake, my muse ! all my nerves embolden,
I sing the praises of one Robert Holden —
Inwentor sole of Heukeirogeneion !
Soother of beards ! though shaggy as a lion.
To thee our praise be due, whose process simple
Bids the blunt razor smoothe the ruddy pimple !
' But to my theme, perchance too long delayed'
(As some great poet hath already said) ;
Mine be the task to bring afore the nation
A great diskivery !—Holden's happlication !
Spirits of hearth and hair, and nymphs of hocean,
Rise to my aid—my theme is Holden's lotion
' For growth of 'air on 'osses !' Wot if your 'ack
Fall on his nose and rolls upon his back ?
Sure as a gun he cuts his knees ; of course
Rubs off the 'air—sad blemish to an 'orse !

On with the lotion—blemish! I deny it—
Gone is the blemish, if ye will but try it.
Swift grows the hair, and longer, stronger far,
Nor leaves be'ind the westige of a scar!
All powerful mexture; sure the devil's in't,
If it won't cure a spavin or a splint:
Nay, more than this (I pray thee, sportsman, hush),
I never knew it fail to cure a thrush.
Now, cease, my muse, for sure you've said enough
To make all England buy this glorious stuff,
If I say more you'll think it is a puff!

"J. J."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Moonface, closing the book, and throwing it down in disgust, "your intelligent, business-like minds cannot but sicken at the sight of a fellow-creature wasting his time in such frivolous, unprofitable productions. Even if the unfortunate individual could rhyme by the mile, like poet Wakeley, he would not be justified in inflicting such trash upon the public. So much for his in-door performances. I will now call witnesses to put you in possession of the nature of his more public exhibitions.

"Call Tony Lumpkin," said Mr. Martin Moonface, with great dignity, and a diminutive apology of a man, having skipped into the witness-box, proceeded to give evidence, of which the following

is the material outline :—Is a tailor at Handley Cross and Cranbourne Alley, London ; has had an establishment in the former place about three years. Remembers Mr. Jorrocks' entry into Handley Cross when he came to take possession of the hounds, and heard his speech from the balcony at the Dragon Inn — understood the general purport of it, but not the detail. Made him a sky-blue coat lined with pink silk, and two pair of canary-coloured shorts; also changed a green collar of a scarlet coat into a blue one — understood the green collar was the costume of some other hunt. Often saw him going out with the hounds, but never accompanied him—has no curiosity that way. Might have forty or fifty dogs with him at a time, of different colours—prevailing colour, he thinks, was drab—there might be some buff ones among them.

Cross-examined.—Had a quarrel with Mr. Jorrocks after he made the clothes; not because Mr. Jorrocks considered them ill-made, but because he insisted on witness going out to hunt. Cannot ride. Was paid for the clothes, less the discount. Did not consider Mr. Jorrocks insane because he paid for them. Never said he was cracked or insane. Made sky-blue coats and canary-coloured shorts for many other gentlemen. Perhaps thirty or thirty-five others. Some paid, some didn't—lived in hope. Some of the hounds might be blue.

Thinks there were no green ones among them, but is not sure.

Re-examined.—Might have said Mr. Jorrocks was flighty. Meant that he rode fast; not that he was mad.

Miss Sniffle, a maiden lady, was next sworn.—Lives at Handley Cross, and has done so for the last twelvemonth, for the benefit of the waters. Keeps a pony-chaise and a boy to drive it. Boy wears a gold band, and a red stripe down his trousers; many buttons like peppermint-drops. Remembers the 13th of December; was coming along the Appledove Road, and met an immense procession; many men in scarlet, some in black, but most in scarlet; was dreadfully alarmed. There might be an hundred horsemen; never saw such a sight in her life. Mr. Jorrocks rode second in the procession. A man in a black velvet cap and a scarlet coat rode a little in advance of him. Mr. Jorrocks wore a broad-brimmed hat. Did not see the hounds; might have been there without her observing them.

Cross-examined.—Was staying at Handley Cross for the benefit of the waters, she said, not for the benefit of a husband; does not want one. Is on her oath, and swears she was dreadfully alarmed. Was alarmed at the whole thing, not at Mr. Jorrocks' winking at her as she passed. Did wink at her certainly. Swears she did not

drive in that direction to meet the hounds. Could have turned back when she saw them coming, but her presence of mind forsook her. Would not say whether she had ever been forsaken before or not. Never said Mr. Jorrocks was mad. Came there to state her alarm. Would be alarmed at a herd of cattle. Open to alarm generally.

Re-examined. — Had heard Mr. Jorrocks was deranged. Thinks her maid told her first. Believes Miss Dumpling's maid told her maid, or Miss Crab's maid told Miss Dumpling's maid, who told her maid. Might have said she thought his attics badly furnished. Meant in the literal sense, if she did say so.

Peter Savoy, market-gardener and green-grocer, sworn and examined. — Lives at Mountjoy, five miles from Handley Cross, where he occupies garden ground and a field or two. Remembers the 24th of December. Mr. Jorrocks' hounds met at the toll-bar on the Cadby road. Witness was working among his winter cabbages, when his attention was attracted to the cry of dogs, which grew louder and louder; presently three or four entered the garden at the east end, near where there is a watering-place for cattle, and almost at the same moment a loud crash among the glass at the other end attracted his notice, and he saw a man in a black cap and scarlet coat, and a brown horse, over head in a melon-frame. Ran to take

the man for the trespass, and seized him by the collar, when the man struck him a violent blow in the face and made his nose bleed. Mr. Jorrocks, who had come up in the meantime, stood erect in his stirrups, looking over the fence just by the melon-frame, encouraging the man and blowing a horn to drown his cries for assistance. Has no doubt whatever he would have been killed but for the timely arrival of help.

Cross-examined.—The man was not on the horse when he saw them in the melon-frame. Would appear to have thrown a somerset, and parted company in flying over the fence. Will swear it was a man and not a boy. The blow was heavy and stunned him. Mr. Jorrocks appeared to be encouraging him, crying, "Have at 'em, my beauty! have at him, my darling!" and blowing his horn. Never told Tom Stump, the ostler at the Dragom, that Mr. Jorrocks kept crying, "*Go it, Binjamin! Go it, Binjamin!*" Was not present at the meet of the hounds in the morning. Never was at one. Had never either hunted or gambled in his life. The melon-frame was much injured. Had not been paid the damage in full. The account was disputed. If it had been discharged, does not know that he might have been there. Will not swear that he was in fear of his life. Had had many conversations with Mr. Jorrocks on the subject of the melon-frame, but never

could obtain any final satisfaction. Does not know what the hounds were after, or that a fox had passed through his garden. One of the objections Mr. Jorrocks made to paying the price he set upon his melon-frame was, that the witness had lost them the fox by stopping his man. Should say Mr. Jorrocks was not "all there," though he would not go so far as to say he was mad.

James Greenwood.—Is one of the keepers of the Regent's Park. Lives at the Park Crescent Lodge, and the inner circle is within the bounds of his jurisdiction. Knows Mr. Jorrocks well, and has been acquainted with him for many years —perhaps ten or a dozen. Mr. Jorrocks has been in the habit of riding in the inner circle all that time, almost every morning throughout the summer. Generally comes in about seven o'clock, getting on a little later as the autumn advances. Canters round and round, perhaps eight or ten times, and then walks his 'oss away. Witness has often conversed with him; generally before he began cantering, or after he was done. The canter might have been a gallop. Does not know the difference. Had never received any complaints against Mr. Jorrocks for furious riding. Once had a complaint against him for winking at a nursery-governess. Believes he winks at the nursery-maids; but witness does not consider it any business of his. Their conversation is gene-

rally about dogs and horses. Understands he has a great pack of dogs somewhere. Once offered witness a mount to go out with the Surrey; but witness cannot ride. Considers Mr. Jorrocks a very agreeable gentleman. Remembers him once riding his 'oss into the ring with a blanket under the saddle. Told witness the 'oss had the tic-douloureux. The blanket was folded when he entered the ring, but Mr. Jorrocks let it down about the 'oss's sides before he began to canter. Remembers the morning of the 2d of October. There had been a sharp frost during the night, and the leaves of many of the shrubs had changed colour in consequence. It was a fine bright morning, and Mr. Jorrocks overtook him on the bridge by the Archery ground, as witness was on his way to the inner circle. They began talking about the frost. Mr. J. thought it had not been so severe as witness represented. Witness shewed him a cherry-tree the leaves of which were quite red, also a purple beech that had turned copper colour. Mr. Jorrocks seemed much pleased, and as they entered the circle he exclaimed, as he looked over the nursery-ground palings, "Hurrah! blister my kidneys, it *is* a frost! the dahlias are dead!" Did not continue his ride, but after a pause of a few seconds gave witness half-a-crown and cantered away. Had not seen him again until he met him on the stairs of this court.

Cross-examined. — Many gentlemen canter their 'osses round and round the Regent's Park, but not many round the inner circle. Never thought there was any thing odd in Mr. Jorrocks doing so. When witness told Mr. Jorrocks the nursery-governess had complained of his winking at her, he said he did it to clear the circle of her, for she was so hugly she frightened his 'oss. The nursery-maids are all fond of Mr. Jorrocks,—he generally carries barley-sugar in his pockets for the children. Does not know whether it is in the shape of kisses or not. Many old gentlemen wink at the maids — some pinch them in passing. Does not know that pinching is altogether right, but should not interfere without a complaint. Witness thinks it was a reddish-coloured 'oss that Mr. Jorrocks said had the tic douloureux. Grooms are not allowed to exercise 'osses in clothing in the Regent's Park. Thinks it probable an 'oss would sweat sooner with a blanket about it than without one. Does not know the object of sweating an 'oss. Mr. Jorrocks never talked to witness about dahlias,—has heard him inquire after the potato-tops,—asked whether they were black or not. Seemed always very anxious for winter—has heard him say, if he had his own way he would strike summer out of the almanack. Once proposed to witness that they should publish an almanack between them, and omit summer alto-

gether,—said, in a general way, summer was merely inserted as a sort of compliment,—three hot days and a thunder-storm he thought was the general amount of an English summer. Never considered Mr. Jorrocks mad—mad gentlemen generally walk in cloaks,—some ride, and have their keepers on 'oss-back in livery after them,—those are of the richer class. Does not suppose every gentleman he sees with a groom insane, but considers it suspicious. Sets every man he sees in the Regent's Park, in a cloak, down for mad, and no mistake. Sees a good many mad gentlemen in the course of the year—they chiefly live in the Alpha Cottages on the west side of the Park. Considers Mr. Jorrocks quite the reverse of insane. If witness was asked whom he considers the first man of the day, he would say Mr. Wakley, the coroner, and member of Parliament for Finsbury. Does not know, but thinks he would place Mr. Jorrocks second. Witness is a rank Radical.

John Strong. — Is constable, and one of the churchwardens of the parish of St. James, Handley Cross. Remembers the 3d of October, ——. Michael Brown, one of the churchwardens, called upon him, and told him that Mr. Jorrocks of London was down, and employing carts to collect all the dead horses, and that they were leading them to Grant's paddock, just at the back of

the Methodist chapel. Went together to inspect the premises—found carts coming in from all quarters with dead horses, and three or four men skinning them. Mr. Jorrocks was not present. Witness returned to his house, and after a consultation with the other churchwardens wrote Mr. J. the following note:—

"The churchwardens of the parish of St. James, Handley Cross, present their respectful compliments to Mr. Jorrocks, and having heard that you have bought all the dead horses in Handley Cross, desire to be informed what purpose you intend putting them to.

"Your humble Servant,

"John Strong.

"To J. Jorrocks, Esq."

Sent the beadle in his gold-laced coat, cocked hat and staff, with it. He found Mr. Jorrocks in the paddock, superintending the stacking of the carcasses, which were placed one upon another like a stack. Mr. Jorrocks, having read the note, took a pencil out of his pocket-book, and wrote at the bottom:—

"Soup! soup!

"Yours, &c.

"J. J."

and re-directed the note to the churchwardens. Witness and the other churchwardens made a second visit of inspection, about three o'clock, and finding the stack was getting very high, wrote a second note, as follows:—

"The churchwardens and overseer of the parish of St. James, Handley Cross, hereby require you to desist and abate the nuisance you are now creating in Grant's paddock, by stacking sundry dead horses, or he will proceed against you according to the form of the statute in that case made and provided, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen.

(Signed) "John Strong,
"M. Brown,
"T. Hoggins,
"Churchwardens.

"To Mr. J. Jorrocks."

Witness sent this note per beadle, in state, as before, who found the stack nearly finished, and a man and a boy dressing off the top with horses' heads. Mr. J. took the note as before, and wrote at the bottom:—

"You be ——

"Yours, &c.
"J. J."

saying, as he handed it back, "Peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, indeed! Wictoria must have a werry good nose if she can wind this at Windsor."

The special constables were then called out, and, after a desperate conflict, succeeded in capturing Mr. Jorrocks, James Pigg, and Benjamin.

Cross-examined. — There had been a sharp frost at Handley Cross for two or three days before Mr. Jorrocks' arrival,—seemed as if we were going to have an early wiuter. The mortality among the horses was very sudden, they all died within a short time of each other. Had an idea that Mr. Jorrocks was buying the horses up to feed his hounds upon. Don't understand the New Poor Law. Does not know how many hounds he keeps, or whether they could eat a horse for breakfast, another for dinner, and another for supper. Will not swear that Mr. Jorrocks bought the whole fifty-three horses that died—knows that there were a great many by the size of the stack. It was in the usual form of a corn-stack, on pillars, and the slope of the top was formed of horses' heads put lengthways, so that the rain might run off down their noses. Was very cleverly made. Had a novel appearance. Many people came to see it. Flesh may keep a month or six weeks, but witness does not know that it will. Supposing the hounds to

consume three horses a-day, and the flesh to keep for a month, does not know that Mr. Jorrocks' act was otherwise than prudent.

Sebastian Mello, whose name had been called, and bellowed, and vociferated up-stairs and down, and along the passages after the examination of each witness, having announced his arrival by sending his card up-stairs by a powdered footman, vacated his Brougham, and, proceeding up-stairs, tendered himself for examination on behalf of the promoters of the inquiry. Sebastian was got up with uncommon care, and the most scrupulous nicety. His yellow silken locks flowed over his coat-collar, exhibiting the boldness of his forehead and the regularity of his features. He was dressed in studied black, with a snow-white cravat, whose tie entwined among the four lace-frills of a curiously wrought shirt-front. He wore lace ruffles at his wrists, and a massive diamond ring on his right-hand little finger, and a beautiful pearl one on his left, while the corner of a richly embroidered cambric handkerchief peeped from the breast-pocket of his coat.

Mutual salutations being exchanged between Mr. Moonface and Mr. Mello, the former began his examination with the following inquiry,—

"You are, I believe, Mr. Sebastian Mello, a physician in very extensive practice at Handley Cross Spa?"

"I am," replied Mr. Mello, with a slight inclination of the head.

"And you have, I believe, resided there for a considerable length of time?" continued Mr. Moonface.

"I have," answered Mr. Mello.

"In short, you are the principal resident, or head of the place, I believe?"

"I am," said Mr. Mello.

"Now then, sir, would you have the kindness to tell the jury what you know respecting the unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Jorrocks, whose case we are met here to inquire into?"

"Excuse me, sir, if before I answer your inquiry I take the liberty of correcting your description of the person referred to. If the individual you allude to is John Jorrocks, whom I see sitting there," looking at Mr. J. with great disdain, "I should say, a person conducting himself as he has done is unworthy the flattering appellation with which you have honoured him."

"True," observed Mr. Moonface; "but, for the sake of brevity, perhaps you would condescend to waive that point, and inform us what you know about him."

"Know about him!" replied Mr. Mello, with a toss of his flowing head and a curl of his lip; "I really know nothing about him, further than that he is a great nuisance. He came to Handley

Cross the beginning of last winter, ever since when the place has been in a state of tumult, and the religious portion of the community sadly scandalised and terribly annoyed. For my own part, I have suffered all sorts of indignities at his hands. Besides his ravenous hounds, he keeps a pugnacious peacock that kills all the poultry in the place.

"He took it into his head to stroll every day with his flock of dogs and servants into the open immediately below the front of my house, where he would stay for hours, surrounded by all the riff-raff and irreligious people of the place. Because I stated that my piety was outraged, he got a wild beast-show established there, and paid the band five shillings for every hour they played after nine o'clock at night. The anonymous letters I received were extraordinarily numerous, and full of the most insulting expressions; and when I refused to take them in, baskets and boxes began pouring in by the railway and coaches, containing dead cats, donkey-haunches, broken dishes, and other rubbish. I never saw John Jorrocks out hunting, but I understand his general conduct is of the most extraordinary and extravagant description, and his proceedings subversive of morality and true religion — only to be palliated on the score of downright insanity. I consider him a mischievous maniac."

"You're a warmint!" growled Mr. Jorrocks, stuffing a ham sandwich into his mouth.

"Go it, Ned!" continued he in the same strain, as Mr. Moonface, having extracted as much as he wanted out of the doctor, sat down, in order to let his "learned friend" endeavour to counteract what he had said, by cross-examination.

"And so you are a physician in a great way of practice, are you?" drawled Mr. Coltman, through his nose, in a careless, colloquial sort of style, as if he meant to have a good deal of conversation with Mello before he was done.

"I am," replied Sebastian Mello, with a slight tinge of red on his countenance.

"You are sure of that?" asked Mr. Coltman, carelessly turning over the pages of his brief, as if he were thinking of something else.

"I am," replied Mr. Mello.

"*You are!*" rejoined Mr. Coltman, looking him full in the face. "Now, sir," said he, very slowly, "do you mean to *assert that?* Do you mean to say you have ever taken a degree?"

"I mean to assert, sir, that I am a physician in full practice."

"Will you, *on your oath, sir*, say that you are a regularly qualified and admitted physician? *On your oath, sir*, will you say it?"

Mr. Sebastian Mello was silent.

"Will you, sir, swear?" continued the inexora-

ble Mr. Coltman, "that you have any diploma, save what your own assurance, and the credulity of your patients, has conferred upon you?"

Mr. Mello was silent.

Mr. Coltman, throwing out his hands, made a pantomimic appeal to the jury with his eyes, and then, with a waive of his head, motioned Mr. Mello to retire.

"Werry good," growled Mr. Jorrocks, thrusting the last ham sandwich into his mouth.

This was the case of the promoters; and a waiter, with a napkin twisted round his thumb, having whispered something in the ear of the chief commissioner, the learned gentleman looked at his watch, and, after consulting with his brethren, immediately adjourned the court.

CHAPTER X.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury?"

The court resumed its sittings next morning at nine o'clock precisely, and as soon as the doors were open such a rush of people forced their way in, that every seat and place was occupied, and some time elapsed ere room was obtained for the counsel and professional gentlemen engaged in the inquiry. Mr. Jorrocks was accommodated with a seat in the reporters' place immediately behind his counsel. The jury having all answered to their names, and silence being at length obtained, Sergeant Horsfield rose to address the jury. He spoke in so low a tone of voice at the commencement, that it was with difficulty the reporters could catch what he said; but, with his usual urbanity, he obligingly supplied the deficiency by revising their reports.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "if my learned friend, Mr. Martin Moonface, with his

splendid talents and vast acquirements, rose under circumstances of difficulty and embarrassment, how much greater must be my perplexity, in introducing myself to your notice, to attempt to grapple with and rebut the grave and voluminous charges with which his speech has loaded the inquiry, standing as I do without the manifold advantages of which my learned friend is so pre-eminently possessed? The learned gentleman well observed, that nothing but that high sustaining power — a moral consciousness of right — could induce any member of our profession to undertake the conduct of a case, and I claim for myself the same degree of credit for a similar assertion that my learned friend bespoke for himself. I ask — I implore you, gentlemen of the jury — I beseech you, as enlightened — as able — as conscientious citizens, to regard my assertions and my protestations of sincerity in the same light — and give them the same weight that you have given to the assertions and asseverations of my learned friend." Here the learned gentleman made a long pause.

At length he resumed. "In opening this great and important case — great, I may call it, for it involves the liberty of many of the aristocracy of this country, and important it most certainly is, as regards the position of my most respectable client; my learned friend, Mr. Martin Moonface,

introduced Mr. Jorrocks with an exordium upon the singularity of his name. I will not imitate the example of my learned friend, or speculate on the difference a change of name might have produced, but I will endeavour closely and sedulously to apply myself, and the best energies of which I am possessed, to the real merits and peculiarities of the case. As mercantile men, you are doubtless, many of you, acquainted with the exalted position occupied by my client in the commercial world; and if I can shew — as shew I believe I undoubtedly can — that the amusement which he now follows is not incompatible with the honest, industrious habits and occupations of a British merchant, I feel confident I shall receive a verdict at your hands. My client, as you may see," pointing out Mr. Jorrocks in the reporters' place, " is one, whose hey-day of youth has been succeeded by the autumn of maturer years; and shall I surmise for one moment in the presence of a jury, drawn from the very heart of this, the first city of the world — that a man entering trade binds himself irrevocably to the counter — with no bright prospect of affluence and ease to gild the evening of his days, flitting in the vision of his mental horizon? Is a 'youth of labour' no longer to be rewarded 'with an age of ease?' Are the toils, the cares, the speculations, the enterprises of a British

merchant, to end but with his death? Is trade, in short, to be regarded as but another name for perpetual slavery? That, gentlemen, is the real question in its pure, unadulterated form, divested of the technicalities — freed from the mystifications and jargon — with which my learned friend's logic and eloquence have attempted to envelope it. How stands the matter?

"Five-and-thirty years ago, my client, John Jorrocks, entered the firm of Grubbins, Muggins, Potts, Crow, and Tims, wholesale grocers in St. Botolph's Lane. Mr. Jorrocks was then, gentlemen, just out of his apprenticeship, which he had served with such credit to himself and satisfaction to the firm, that they took him into partnership the moment they were able, and the firm then became Grubbins, Muggins, Potts, Crow, Tims, and Jorrocks. Gentlemen, Grubbins and Muggins shortly after paid the debt of nature; but so great was the attention and ability of my client, that, instead of adding the number these deplorable events deprived the firm of, by fresh partners, Crow and Jorrocks divided the duties of one partner between them, and took in Mr. Simpkins, who had long filled the office of western traveller, and the partnership deed was then drawn out in the names of Potts, Crow, Tims, Jorrocks, and Simpkins. I need not follow my respectable client through the long laby-

rinth of years that followed, or through the weary mazes of commercial transactions and speculations which throve under his auspices;—suffice it to say, that revolving years found Mr. Jorrocks constant and sedulous at his warehouse, until the man who entered as the junior partner of the house stood at the head of a firm so long and so extensive, that it became necessary to condense its name under the title of Jorrocks and Co. I will give my learned friend the benefit of the admission, that for many years my client was in the habit of devoting his Saturdays to what Mr. Moonface calls hunt-festivals, and I will also give him the benefit of the admission that the county of Surrey was the arena of his operations. So far back as during the management of Mr. Maberly, my client's name appears as a subscriber to the Surrey hunt, and the same punctuality of payment characterises this matter that characterises all his other transactions. My learned friend commenced with a broad general rule, that any man following a pursuit at variance with trade must necessarily follow it to the detriment of the former, forgetting all the while, that though in trade, Mr. Jorrocks is so far independent of it as to be able to recreate himself, how and when he pleases, just as though he never had any thing to do with it. But, gentlemen of the jury, though you, and I, and Mr.

Martin Moonface, may not be aware of it, I am instructed to state that hunting is not only compatible with trade, but may even be followed with advantageous results."

"So it may!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; "so it may! werry good! say it's the sport of kings; the image of war, without——" "*Order, order, order!*" cried all three commissioners at once. "Really, Mr. Jorrocks," observed the chief, "we shall have to order you out of court if you persist in interrupting counsel." "Now do, Mr. Jorrocks," interposed the learned Sergeant, very mildly, "let me argue your case for you, or else take it in hand entirely yourself; for between us we shall make nothing of it."

"True," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "true; too many cooks always spoil the broth; but just say now that 'unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger."

"But though I make this statement broadly and unequivocally," continued the learned Sergeant, without noticing Mr. Jorrocks' suggestion, "I take a still higher ground, and say that my client's means entitle him to follow what pursuit he pleases, regardless of all pecuniary considerations. He is a wealthy man; and unless the promoters of this inquiry can shew that he is spending such a sum upon the maintenance of

his dogs as involves a probability of injury — injury of such an extent, mind you, as to amount almost to utter ruin — unless they can do this, I say, the success of their case is absolutely hopeless. This, gentlemen, I defy the promoters of this inquiry to do. I hold in my hand a number of an able work, by Mr. Blaine, who says, 'That the practice of field-sporting is both convenient and useful we presume may be made evident, and it is only when these rural amusements are followed so unceasingly as to rob us of that time, wealth, and energy which were given us for other purposes, that the pursuit of them can be censured.' *Censured*, gentlemen, you observe is the term; so that even if Mr. Jorrocks had devoted both day and night, and the whole of his income and energy, to the amusement of hunting, *censure*, and not a commission of lunacy to deprive him of the management of his affairs, would be all that he merited.

"But let me proceed a little farther with this author. 'The severest moralist must allow,' says Mr. Blaine, 'that worldly wealth is a desirable possession; but when the miser brings upon himself premature decay, by the extent of his daily toils and nightly speculations to amass riches which he neither uses himself nor permits others to enjoy, the impartial observer sees in

his conduct a flagrant abuse of wealth: — warped by his cupidity, he is poor in the midst of his plenty, and remains fast locked in the embraces of Want, that very fiend he supposes himself to be ever flying from.' So that you see, gentlemen, so far from Mr. Jorrocks' pastime being fitting subject of censure, it even becomes matter of encomium and recommendation. My pursuits, like those of my learned friend's on the other side, have been of such a nature as to afford me but little insight into the detail of these hunting proceedings. I believe, however, my learned friend was right in describing a hunt-establishment to consist of a multitude of dogs, over which the head or chief reigns supreme. It is, I believe, the business of the establishment to muster at a certain hour of a morning, and then find a fox or other wild animal, who leads the mounted field a gallop across a country; and those who know the pleasure there is in being proudly borne on the back of a noble generous horse can appreciate the sensation of delight that must be experienced in riding at the head of a vast assembly, composed of all the choice and gallant spirits of the land. The very thought is exhilarating! The clear sky above, the wide expanse of country around, the refreshing air, the jovial spirits, the neighing steeds and chiding

hounds, all in one rush of indescribable joy! Who does not exclaim with Shakspeare,

> 'I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
> When in the wood of Crete they bayed the bear
> With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near,
> Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder!'"

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "werry good indeed — werry good indeed; say it's the sport of kings, the image of——" The commissioners again interpose, and vow they will turn Mr. Jorrocks out, or commit him for contempt of Court. The sergeant again acts as mediator, Mr. Jorrocks growling something about "werry 'ard that a man mightn't kick up a row in his own court!"

"But shall it be," continued the learned sergeant, "because a man enters into and enjoys the enlivening scene,—because for a time he casts off the cares of the counter, and 'this every-day working world,' and roves unfettered in Nature's wildest, most sequestered scenes, that he is to be declared insane and incompetent to the management of his affairs? Forbid it, reason! Forbid it, ye nobler and more generous feelings of our nature! Rather let us suppose, that, with mind refreshed and body strengthened, he returns to the peaceful occupations of his trade, grateful for the

exercise he has enjoyed, and thankful for the means of partaking of it."

" Better to rove in fields for 'ealth unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nasty draught;"

observed Mr. Jorrocks to himself, in one of his whispers, which produced a roar of laughter, during a long pause the learned sergeant made.

" But, says my learned friend, Mr. Jorrocks employed a jester to proclaim his weakness to the world. *A jester*, gentlemen! To think that my learned friend, with all his shrewdness and mental resources, should be so put to it as to have to descend to the petty smallness of calling one who is at once the life, the joy, the pride, the ornament of the sporting world, by the paltry term jester! Tradesmen though you be, I will not pay one of you so poor a compliment as to suppose that you have never heard of Ego — Pomponius Ego — that great luminary — that splendid union of sporting slang and classic lore, who in all meekness of soul and humbleness of mind, inquired,

' Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?'

Who has modestly declared that on sporting subjects his pen shall yield to none — who has chosen this line as the motto on his tombstone,

' Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria,'

to designate his useful — his valuable — his meritorious career. Call this man a jester, gentlemen! Call Socrates a snob — Plato a pedlar — Tully a tinker! I see your honest hearts burn within your bosoms at the recollection of so atrocious — so malignant — so sacrilegious an outrage! Fame, 'that all hunt after in their lives,' calls for the exertions of various minds; one paints the glories of heroic arms, another draws the dangers of naval life, a third, in milder strains, points to the eminence of forensic fame; but Ego, gentlemen,— Ego reigns in solitary magnificence, Lord Paramount of the sporting world! Ask a man his opinion of So-and-so. He tells you what Ego says of him — says in goodly print; and where,— oh, where, is the man fool-hardy enough to doubt what once he has read in goodly, graceful type? None! I should hope,— none! But let me restrain the honest indignation that, glowing in my bosom, has worked itself into a perfect volcano of passion, — into such a fury, that if I die not this night of spontaneous combustion, it will be an everlasting mercy — let me, I say, restrain my anger, and address myself as calmly as the agonised, outraged state of my feelings will permit, to the real merits of this portion of the inquiry.

"I will dismiss that part of the case as altogether immaterial and irrelevant to the present

inquiry. It can never effect my client's sanity whether an eulogium on his hospitality was cleverly or clumsily done. The principle of publicity, or puffing, is too popular and too firmly established to suffer at the hands of an indifferent performer. It is a principle that has been gradually, but steadily, advancing for the last twenty years, until what was considered the perquisite of the 'Post,' and the privilege of *haut-ton* has become diffused into all the veins and arteries of society. Formerly if a duke gave a banquet of note, it used to be mentioned in the papers; now, if Tom Jones gives a cheese and a barrel of beer to the men at his factory, it is duly trumpeted forth, together with the urbanity of his lady, and the condescension of his beautiful and highly accomplished daughters. It is the fashion of the day, gentlemen, and who shall argue upon a matter of taste, or why should Mr. Jorrocks be debarred from following the fashion if he likes? So much for Ego.

"As to the ode to Olden, that my learned friend read with such emphasis and laid so much stress upon, I think you will agree with me, it is also altogether unimportant to the present inquiry. Poetry is of all sorts, and being a middling poet surely can never subject a man to the imputation of insanity. My learned friend professed to take any piece in any volume at random, but it would

not escape the vigilant eyes of the gentlemen of the jury what a length of time they were in consultation before it was decided what volume and what piece should be selected. There is no doubt that my respected client amuses himself with this species of literature, and though he may not choose a lofty subject for his theme, there is no denying that he sometimes makes very happy hits. It was a good useful ode, and I dare say Mr. Olden was very much obliged to Mr. Jorrocks for the notoriety it procured his composition——"

"*Sans doute!*" said Mr. Jorrocks, with a nod of his head, "I'll write a hode to Mello when I gets 'ome."

"My learned friend's feelings were shocked at Mr. Jorrocks' exultation at the sight of the drooping dahlias, and would fain draw a conclusion that a person who rejoices at the return of winter must necessarily be insane; but consider, gentlemen, before you adopt such an idea what might be your situation if the sight of the snow-drop or crocus, drawing from you an exclamation of delight at the sight of returning spring, was to deprive you of the management of your affairs, and, perhaps, of your liberty!

"All you have heard, the evidence of Lumpkin, the evidence of Sniffle,—Miss Sniffle I should say, the evidence of Savoy, and the evidence of

Greenwood, prove nothing but the devotion of Mr. Jorrocks to a highly popular pleasurable sport; and even the constable Strong, when detailing the act which principally caused the issuing of this commission, admitted that, for aught he knew to the contrary, the purchase and stacking of the horses was a prudent and commendable act. Fortunately, however, I am in a situation to prove that whatever Mr. Jorrocks has done in the way of management has been prudent and cautious, that his character is humane and moderate, and his uniform conduct all that can be desired of an honest grocer and a good man. My fervent hope is, that my excellent client may not suffer through the deficiency of his advocate. I am aware that I have not acquitted myself to the unfortunate gentleman—unfortunate in being placed in such a situation—in the manner I could have wished, but I feel confident, when you have heard the evidence I shall now proceed to offer, that you will come to the only conclusion open from the premises; namely, that Mr. Jorrocks is not only a rational, but a highly talented man."

"Call Mr. Bowker!" exclaimed Sergeant Horsefield, after a short pause.

Bill, "ever anxious" to oblige, with his usual versatility having agreed to undertake the character of fox-hunter, at short notice was "got up,"

as he thought, becomingly for the part. He had borrowed Mr. Jorrocks' leathers and a pair of his top-boots, and had substituted a gilt button with a hare upon it for the coronetted one he sported at the bazaar. His capacious chest was covered with foxes' heads on a double-breasted, worsted-worked, brown waistcoat, and his green cashmere neckcloth was secured in front with a gilt coach-and-four brooch. He had a cane-whip stick in one hand, and a hat with a red cord to it in the other.

"Here!" exclaimed Bill, from the back of the room, where he had been preserving a strict incognito in a huge blue boat-cloak, as soon as he heard his name announced; folding up his cloak and hiding it in a corner, he squeezed through the crowd and presented himself in the witness-box.

"You are, I believe, Mr. Bowker,—a great merchant?" said Sergeant Horsefield, eyeing him intently, as one does a person we think we have seen before.

"Head of the house of Bowker and Co." replied Bill with a slight bend of his body, as he dived his forefinger and thumb into a massive gilt snuff-box set round with brilliants, and a huge mock diamond in the centre of the lid.

"And a great sportsman, I believe?" continued the sergeant.

"And a great sportsman," repeated Bill, drawing the immense pinch off his thumb up his nose with a long and noisy sniff.

"You have hunted in many countries, I believe?" continued the sergeant, "and are well acquainted with the minutiæ of the management of a pack of fox-hounds?"

"Perfectly so," replied Bill, twirling his hat-string round his fore-finger.

"You are well acquainted with Mr. Jorrocks, the gentleman respecting whom we are met together this day?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Have known Mr. Jorrocks long and intimately."

"Then would you have the kindness to state to the Court your opinion generally of that gentleman?"

"My opinion generally," said Bill running his many-ringed fingers through his sandy locks; "my general opinion is—is—is—that he is *quite the gentleman.*"

"Ah! but the Court would like to know what you consider of him in relation to general life?"

"In relation to general life," repeated Bill; "I should say he is a very *good relation*,—good as a grandmother to me, I'm sure,—liberal—hospitable—dines at five and never waits for any one."

"I think you do not exactly understand the

point I wish to arrive at. I wish you, as an old and intimate friend of Mr. Jorrocks, to state the impression that gentleman's general conduc' creates in your mind."

Mr. Bowker.—Mr. Jorrocks' general conduct, I should say, is very much the conduct of opulent merchants generally,—he takes care of the pence and lets the pounds take care of themselves,—he's very rich."

"Then you consider him a good man of business?"

"Capital man of business—double entry—cash at Christmas, and so forth."

"And in his amusements you consider him sober and rational?"

"Oh, quite! He's president of our free-and-easy, chairman of the incorporated society of Good Fellows, and recorder of the Wide-awake Club."

Sergeant Horsefield.—"Are those high offices?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"And conferred on men of talent and standing?"

"Undoubtedly so. A fool would never do for recorder of a wide-awake club."

Sergeant Horsefield.—"And in these clubs is he considered a wit?"

"*Premier wag!*"

Sergeant Horsefield.—"Does he ever favour them with any of his literary performances?"

"Frequently. Ode to April-fool's day; elegy on a giblet-pie that was smashed in coming from the baker's; ode to the Lumber Troop, in most heroic measure; odes to—I don't know how many other things."

"You are, I believe, acquainted with his establishment at Handley Cross, and having, as you say, had considerable experience in hunting matters, will you favour the Court with your opinion of his set out?"

"Certainly," replied Bill, tapping his boot, or rather Mr. Jorrocks' boot, with his Malacca cane-whip stick. "His set out is very good—*quite the go*, I should say."

"Is it larger or smaller than you have been accustomed to?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Oh, smaller, decidedly. It's what we fox-hunters call a two-days-a-week establishment. Melton men hunt five or six days a-week."

"And a five or six-days-a-week establishment is larger than a two-days-a-week one."

Mr. Bowker.—"Undoubtedly so; more boots, more breeches—more breeches, more boots."

"And requires more horses and hounds?"

"Undoubtedly so; more hounds, more horses—more horses, more hounds."

"And the larger the establishment, the greater the consumption of food?"

"Of course; more hounds, more food—more food, more hounds."

"You have heard, I suppose, of Mr. Jorrocks' purchase of horses,—will you tell the Court your opinion of it?"

Mr. Bowker.—"My opinion as to the merits of the bargain or the prospects of remuneration?"

"No, your opinion of the policy of the step."

"Upon my word, it is a difficult question to answer. Speculation is the soul of commercial life, and it is only by ventures of this sort that men get rich. If Mr. J. bought the horses to sell as tariff beef, there is no doubt he would have cleared a considerable sum by the spec."

Sergeant Horsefield.—"No; but confining it to the simple question of buying them for the purpose of feeding his hounds upon, what would you say of the prudence of such a step?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Oh, I should say it was a very prudent step; the tariff was sure to raise the price of horse-flesh, and Mr. J. was making himself independent of fluctuations and foreign markets."

"And you think there would not be more flesh than his hounds would require?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Certainly not; suppose they had half a horse for breakfast, a whole horse for dinner, and half a horse for supper a-week. Let me see—one horse a-day is seven horses a-week,

two horses a-day—two horses a-day is fourteen horses a-week, fourteen horses a-week is fifty-six horses per calendar month, and fifty-six horses per calendar month is——"

Sergeant Horsefield.—"Never mind any further calculation. Am I to understand, then, that you consider buying and stacking the horses was a prudent step on the part of Mr. Jorrocks?"

Mr. Bowker—"Undoubtedly so;—tariff and all things considered, he must either have stacked or potted them."

"Pray, Mr. Bowker," inquired Mr. Smith, the Islington toy-shop-keeper, looking uncommonly wise, "may I inquire if Mr. Jorrocks is a Poor-law guardian?"

"No, he's not," replied Mr. Bowker, with a sneer.

Mr. Martin Moonface now proceeded to take Bill in hand.

"I think I understood you to tell my learned friend that you are a great sportsman?" observed he.

"Right!" replied Bill, taking a huge pinch of snuff.

"Pray do you keep hounds yourself?"

Mr. Bowker (flattered by the supposition).—"No, sir, not at present at least."

Mr. Moonface.—"Then you *have* kept them?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Why, no, not exactly—thinking of it."

Mr. Moonface.—"It will depend, perhaps, upon the verdict of this case?"

Mr. Bowker (nodding).—"Perhaps, so."

Mr. Moonface.—"Then you merely hunt with other people's hounds?"

"*Mr. Bowker.*—"Merely hunt with other people's hounds."

Mr. Moonface.—"Pray whose hounds do you hunt with?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Oh, just any that come in the way,—the Queen's, Prince Albert's—Prince Albert's, the Queen's!"

Mr. Moonface.—"Then you are not speaking from your own knowledge when you say Mr. Jorrocks' hounds would eat a brace of horses a-day?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Not of my own knowledge exactly."

Mr. Moonface.—"Then what made you say so?"

Mr. Bowker (looking rather disconcerted).—"Why, I suppose they must eat—couldn't hunt if they didn't eat."

Mr. Moonface.—"But might not they eat more than a brace of horses a-day?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Undoubtedly they might."

Mr. Moonface.—"Now might they not

eat three just as well as two, for any thing you knew to the contrary?"

Mr. Bowker.—"For any thing I know to the contrary."

Mr. Moonface.—"Ah, but say yes or no."

Mr. Bowker.—"Yes or no!"

Mr. Moonface.—"Come, sir, don't fence with the question. I want you to give a direct negative or a direct affirmative to that question,—whether, for any thing you know to the contrary, Mr. Jorrocks' hounds might not eat three horses a-day, as well as two."

"What! *five* a-day?" replied Bill.

Mr. Moonface.—"No, sir;—might not Mr. Jorrocks' hounds eat three horses a-day for any thing you know to the contrary?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Perhaps they might."

Mr. Moonface.—"Well now, sir, having got that question answered, let me ask you another."

"Certainly," interrupted Bill.

"What would be the value of each horse?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Value of each horse!—how can I tell without seeing them? I give a couple of hundred for some of mine."

"I'm talking of dead horses."

"I know nothing about dead horses—I'm not a Whitechapel knacker!"

Mr. Moonface.—"Well, sir, but you talked just

now of horse-flesh rising in price in consequence of the tariff."

"That was *beef*ologically considered," replied Bill, with a smile.

Mr. Moonface.—"You say Mr. Jorrocks is a good man of business—takes care of the pence and leaves the pounds to take care of themselves,—I suppose from that, you mean to say that he is penny wise and pound foolish."

Mr. Bowker.—"Pardon me; no such thing—pounds are supposed to be better able to take care of themselves than pence—Mr. Jorrocks has a very proper respect for a sovereign—*very loyal!*"

"You mentioned some clubs, I think, Mr. Bowker, that Mr. Jorrocks belongs to, pray what is the nature of them?"

"Nature of them, sir—nature of them, sir,—convivial, intellectual, musical—musical, intellectual, convivial!"

Mr. Moonface.—"The free-and-easy, for instance, what is that?"

"Convivial, musical—musical, convivial!"

Mr. Moonface.—"Where does it hold its sittings?"

"Sky-parlour of the 'Pig in Trouble,' Oxford Street; sign, 'Pig in the Pound'; motto,

'Self-praise, we know, is all a bubble,
Do let me out, I am in trouble!'

"Never mind the motto—tell the Court now what are the rules of that society."

"Certainly,—sir, certainly. Fundamental rules of the 'Sublime Society' are, that members eat nothing but chops and Welsh rabbits; drink nothing but port wine, porter, or punch, and never take offence at what each other say or do."

Mr. Moonface.—"The members may take all sorts of liberties with each other?"

"Undoubtedly! cut all sorts of jokes!"

Mr. Moonface.—"Call each other names, play tricks, and practical jokes?"

"Undoubtedly so—undoubtedly so; jokes, tricks, names—names, tricks, jokes!"

"And Mr. Jorrocks is the president of this society?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Mr. Jorrocks is the president of this society."

"And what are the distinguishing characteristics of a president?"

Mr. Bowker.—"All the distinguishing characteristics in the world—sits on a throne—wears the crown and robes—collar, grand order of Jerusalem—passes sentence on offenders—month in a muffin-shop—bucket of barley-water—kiss the cook—no appeal."

Mr. Moonface.—"And what offences do you try?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Any thing—not particular—any thing to make fun—try a man for saying a good thing—try a man for saying a bad thing,—whatever comes uppermost."

"And this you consider intellectual?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Pardon me, *convivial.*"

"Do you admit strangers to the 'Sublime Society?'"

Mr. Bowker.—"On certain days—grand days, in fact, when the regalia is used—bishop's mitre, caps and bells, and so on."

"And do you proceed on the free-and-easy principle with strangers?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Undoubtedly so."

"Then you must astonish them a little."

Mr. Bowker (with a wink).—"*Galvanise them!*"

Mr. Moonface.—"And pray what is the collar with the grand order of Jerusalem like?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Gold and enamel—enamel gold, like my lord mayor's."

Mr. Moonface.—"And the order of Jerusalem, what is it like?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Simply a Jerusalem, suspended to a collar."

Mr. Moonface.—"But what is a Jerusalem?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Jerusalem—jackass!—jackass—Jerusalem!" (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. Moonface.—"And the club has a button, I believe?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Jerusalem button—motto, 'Ge-o, Neddy!'" (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Moonface.—"And where does the Wide-awake Club hold its sittings?"

Mr. Bowker.—"At the 'Cauliflower,' in Cat-eaton Street."

"And what are the distinguishing features of that club?—What style of men, in fact, is it composed of?"

"All stylish men—velvet collars, Hessian boots, kid-gloves!"

"No, I mean what class of men is it composed of?"

Mr. Bowker.—"First-class men—merchants, bankers, private gentlemen."

"And Mr. Jorrocks is recorder of that society?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Mr. Jorrocks is recorder of that society."

"Does he sit in state there also, in a crown and robes, with a Jerusalem round his neck?" (Great laughter.)

Mr. Bowker.—"No; the president is chosen every evening. After a constitution is obtained, the first member that says a good thing takes the chair, and it is the duty of the recorder to enter the saying, and the circumstances that led to it, in the book."

"And then what do you do?"

Mr. Bowker (after a pause).—"Drink brandy and water!"

"And that is intellectual?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Pardon me—*convivial*—convivial decidedly."

"Then what is the intellectual portion of your entertainments?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Oh! why when somebody sings or spouts, that is both musical and intellectual."

"And then you all get very drunk, I suppose?"

Mr. Bowker.—"Pardon me—drunkenness is forbidden."

"Then how far may you go with impunity?"

Mr. Bowker.—"By the twenty-first canon of the Sublime Society of the free-and-easy club, it is enacted, that no member shall be considered drunk, or liable to the pains and penalties contingent upon intoxication, if he can lie without holding."

Mr. Moonface.—"Then, after he is incapacitated from walking, if he can lie still on the floor he is considered sober?"

Mr. Bowker.—"He is not considered drunk."

Mr. Moonface (eyeing the jury).—"He is not considered drunk." To Mr. Bowker, "You may stand down."

"With all my heart;" adding as he went, "I never had such a wigging in *my* life."

Our old friend Roger Swizzle was the next witness. Time, we are sorry to say—and perhaps port wine—had done little towards improving Roger's figure and complexion. His once roseate face had assumed a very ripe mulberry hue, while his snub nose bore some disfiguring marks, called by the florists grog-blossoms. His bristly, brushed back, hair was still strong, but sadly bleached, and his bright twinkling eyes were about the only features remaining as they were. Neither was his costume more becoming. His puddingy neckcloth was more clumsy, his brown coat more uncouth, his black waistcoat more stained, his drab trousers shorter, and his high lows thicker and more developed.

Sergeant Horsefield received him with a bow. "You are, I believe," said he, "a medical gentleman in extensive practice at Handley Cross, and well acquainted with Mr. Jorrocks?"

"I am," replied Mr. Swizzle.

"Then will you have the kindness to favour the Court with your opinion of that gentleman?"

Roger Swizzle.—"Certainly, sir. He's what I should call a very good fellow."

"No, I mean with respect to his intellect. Do you consider him of sound mind?"

"Sound as a bell."

"And capable of managing his affairs?"

"No doubt about it.—Why shouldn't he?"

"*That's a trump!*" observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, adding, "*No doubt about it.*"

Mr. Moonface then proceeded to cross-examine Roger Swizzle:—

"You say, Mr. Swizzle," said he, "that you are in a great way of practice, pray is it among gentlemen afflicted with Mr. Jorrocks' infirmity?" (Mr. Moonface, putting his finger to his forehead.)

"Why, no," replied Mr. Swizzle, "principally among gentlemen afflicted with this infirmity," poking his finger against his stomach.

Mr. Moonface.—"Just so—you are what they call a diet doctor."

Roger Swizzle.—"I don't know I'm sure what they may call me."

Mr. Moonface.—"Suppose they were to call you a 'lushy cove,' would there be any truth in that?"

Roger Swizzle.—"None whatever!"

"And yet you like your wine?"

Roger Swizzle.—"*Good* wine."

"And what do you consider good wine?"

Roger Swizzle.—"Two bottles of port is the best of all wine."

James Pigg was the last witness.

"Now; Pigg," said Sergeant Horsefield, "you are, I believe, huntsman to Mr. Jorrocks, and as

such have the management of his hounds and horses?"

"Ar has," replied Pigg, with a sniff of his hand across his nose, and a hitch of his braceless breeches.

"And as such you have frequent opportunities of seeing and judging of your master's conduct at home and abroad?"

"Yeas," drawled out Pigg. "out a-huntin that's to say."

"Will you now favour the Court with your opinion of it generally?"

Pigg.—"Why, noo, ar should say he's a varra good ard man, baith at hyeam and abroad—he gives me monny a shillin, and monny a glass o' brandy i' cold weather, and such like times."

Sergeant Horsefield.—"Ah, but I want to know more about his head-piece, you know—more how you think he manages his establishment in-doors and out."

Pigg.—"Why, now, ar should say he manishes 'em all gaily well, barrin that bit bowdekite, Benjimin; but sink him! if ar had him, ard soon manish him."

Sergeant Horsefield.—"And his hounds, how do you think he manages them?"

Pigg.—"Why, noo, ar think the hunds will be just about the warst thing he does. He's all for stuffin' of their bellies till they're not

fit to gan, and his back casts are parfect*lie* ridicklus."

Sergeant Horsefield.—"Well, but that is mere matter of opinion, isn't it?"

"*Ar, but ar say it isn't matter of opinion!*" roared Pigg. "Ye gan and ax ard Winter, or Hunnum, or any on 'em, if iver they make back casts first!"

Sergeant Horsefield.—"But you don't mean to say that, because a man makes back casts first, he is necessarily mad?"

Pigg.—"Mad, aye! ne doot! what else could he be?"

The sergeant looking sadly disconcerted, sat down.

"Well, Mr. Pigg," commenced Mr. Moonface, in a familiar tone, "and so you fill the distinguished post of huntsman in this celebrated hunt, of which Mr. Jorrocks is the head?"

"Ar does," replied Pigg, wondering what they were going over the same ground again for.

Mr. Moonface.—"And if I am rightly informed, you were selected on account of your great knowledge and experience in these matters?"

"Ar's warn'd ye," replied Pigg; "it wasn't like they'd chose me because ar was a feul!"

Mr. Moonface.—"Well, now, you told my learned friend something about back casts. Will you allow me to ask you if you think any man in his senses would make back casts?"

"Niver such a thing! Not at first hand like; always make the head good first. Sink it! ar's talked, and ar's battled, and ar's cussed wor ard maister, till ar's been fairly aside mysel'; but the varry next time — may be, afore iver the hunds have cast theirsels — up he's com'd, blawin' his horn, and taken them back o'er the varry same grund, while the fox all the time was gannin' straight away."

Mr. Moonface.—"And that you consider very ridiculous?"

"Parfect*lie* ridicklus!"

Mr. Moonface.—"And what no man that knew what he was about would do?"

Pigg (vehemently).—"Niver sec a thing! Niver sec a thing! Ax ard Winter, or ony on 'em. Whativer ye de, always cast forrord for a fox;" saying which, Pigg hitched up his breeches again, and rolled out of the witness-box.

The Chief Commissioner proceeded to address the jury:—

"This was a case of great peculiarity," he observed, "but he thought of little difficulty, inasmuch as the main question — the existence of a most extraordinary establishment — was admitted, and the only question for them to decide was whether such an establishment was compatible with their ideas of rational life and the steady course of mercantile pursuits. If he mistook not, they were all merchants; and it was for them to

say what effect one of their body, arraying himself in a scarlet coat with a blue collar; or a sky-blue coat with pink silk lining and canary-coloured shorts; or, again, in the crown and robes of a member of the Sublime Society, with the grand order of Jerusalem round his neck, would have upon their minds. The evidence, though slightly conflicting in some parts, was, he thought, very clear; nor did he think either Mr. Bowker or Pigg had done any thing towards lessening the force of it. Indeed, the latter seemed to consider the very way in which the unfortunate gentleman managed his extraordinary establishment of hounds was strongly symptomatic of incompetence.

"There was no doubt that a man might be mad upon hunting as well as upon any other point. It was for them to consider whether Mr. Jorrocks had carried the thing so far as to amount to insanity. It was immaterial that other men were equally enthusiastic. It was no reason for permitting one madman to remain at large, that there were many others equally mad. The Court would consider their cases, and deal with them if their next of kin thought proper to bring them before it. It certainly did appear a most extraordinary pursuit for a rational being to devote himself to, in the manner Mr. Jorrocks appears to have done; and with that observation

he should leave the case in the hands of the jury."

The jury consulted together for a few minutes without leaving the Court, and, we regret to state, found a verdict of "Insanity," adding that "Mr. Jorrocks had been incapable of managing his affairs since he took the *Handley Cross Hounds*."

CHAPTER XI.

"*Customer.*—What's to pay?
Hairdresser.—Two-and-six, sir.
Customer.—What! two-and-sixpence for cutting and curling?
Hairdresser.—Beg pardon, sir, curled, was it? Five shillings."
Diamond Cut Simple.

Great was the astonishment, both at Handley Cross and in London, at the intelligence of this verdict.

It was viewed and commented upon, according as the tastes and inclinations of the parties inclined towards mirth or took a serious turn. Some thought it quite right; others, that the commissioners were mad themselves. The Swizzleites and the Melloites divided, as usual. The annoyance of such a thing as a commission of lunacy is enough to drive a sane man mad; and Mr. Jorrocks' indignant outburst and threatening conduct were construed into violence, and a removal for quiet insisted upon by the promoters of the commission. To Hoxton then he went, to the large brick house, with the pond behind, and the tall poplars before it, which stands so gloomily

secluded as almost to mark itself out for such an asylum.

Among the earliest visitors that called upon Mrs. Jorrocks from Handley Cross was Captain Doleful. Hearing of the verdict, he bethought him that something might be done in the matter of the horse, either by way of total or partial refunding; and, accordingly, he took a second-class fare by the early train of the Lily-white sand railway, and sought the retirement of Great Coram Street.

Mrs. Jorrocks received him with fervour, for she remembered his attention at the fancy-ball, and, moreover, had an idea that "Jun" had been *ray*ther too many for him in the matter of the 'oss.

Both sat silent for some time, Mrs. Jorrocks heaving heavy sighs, and the captain playing with the broad crape that enveloped his newly lined old hat.

"Sad business this, captin," at length observed Mrs. Jorrocks, with a groan.

"Melancholy in the extreme," replied the captain.

"Poor Jun! it's a pity but he'd stuck to the Surrey—might have gone on with them for long."

"I don't know that," rejoined the captain, recollecting that he was the man who got Mr. Jorrocks to take the Handley Cross hounds; "it

would have broke out some other way—set fire to his house, perhaps, or some such thing."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, who dreaded fire; "it seems like a hinterposition of Providence, that he did take them then."

"Been better for me if he'd set fire to his house," observed Captain Doleful, with a ghastly smile.

"'Ow so?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

"I shouldn't have been done with the horse," replied he.

"Ah, true!" recollected Mrs. Jorrocks; "that 'oss business was a bad 'un; Jun understands 'osses raythur too well; but, howsomever, you are rich, and well able to bear it."

"Mr. Jorrocks is rich, too," observed Captain Doleful.

"He was afore he took the 'ounds," replied Mrs. Jorrocks.

"Oh, but the hounds couldn't hurt him—small establishment—large subscription."

"I doesn't know; it's the 'ounds that have done the mischief, howsomever," replied Mrs. Jorrocks.

"They might turn his head, but they couldn't hurt his pocket—at least, if he has what people say."

"Well, I doesn't know nothin' about that," replied Mrs. Jorrocks, heaving a sigh.

* * * *

"I suppose there'll be no difficulty in the way of an equitable arrangement about the horse," observed Captain Doleful, after a pause; "it's hard for me to bear the whole of the brunt."

"I'm sure I should be werry 'appy to do wot's genteel," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "but I s'pose the chancellor's the person that must be applied to—he's to keep the cash-book, I hear. Doesn't know how he's to understand about mexin' the teas, I'm sure."

"Then you'll give me your good word?" inquired the captain, still harping on the horse.

"Indeed I will," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "I'm sure you were always most purlite to me; that fancy-ball I never shall forget."

Doleful grinned, and thought how good sometimes came of evil.

* * * *

"And how's your lovely niece?" at length inquired Captain Doleful, with a feature-wrinkling grin. "This business will not defer her nuptials, I hope?"

"Oh, I knows nothin' about nuptials!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, an idea suddenly striking her that will develope itself as we proceed. "I s'pose you allude to Charles Stubbs?"

"Exactly so," replied the captain.

"*He von't do*," replied Mrs. Jorrocks, with an ominous shake of the head.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Captain Doleful; "I'm surprised to hear that—thought he was rich."

"*Rich*, certainly," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "at least he will be; but we must look to somethin' besides riches in these matters. *Stubbs won't do.*"

Captain Doleful wondered how that was.

"It's a hawful responsibility wot dewelopes upon me now that poor Jun is 'non compus,'" sighed Mrs. Jorrocks.

"It must be," replied Captain Doleful.

"I'm sure I've no wish but for Belinda's welfare, and have neither mercenary nor hambitious views; but that 'are-brained Yorkshireman can never do. Indeed, her uncle's malady seems like a hinterposition o' Providence on her be'alf. Fancy what a sitivation hers would a' been had she married this Stubbs, and he'd gone 'non compus' down in Yorkshire!—wild, out-o'-the-way country, scarcely inhabited, and nobody to lock him up."

"Dreadful!" ejaculated the M.C., half laughing at her ideas of the country.

"No," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, thoughtfully; "if she marries at all, it must be a different sort o' man—some nice, steady person, wot will keep her right, and be kind to her when her poor huncle and I are gone."

Mrs. Jorrocks burst into tears at the idea of her dissolution. "Had Jun been dead, she'd have

looked out for another investment before she thought of that."

* * * *

"I wonders *you* don't think o' marryin', captin?" observed Mrs. Jorrocks, after a pause.

"Time enough for that!" replied he, with a grin, running his fingers through his straggling hair.

"True," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, "but youth, you know, don't last for ever. Howsomever, I'm sure," added she, "you are lookin' uncommon well; I always said black was quite your become."

The captain grinned, and thought a flirtation with Belinda might not be amiss.

"Then Mr. Stubbs is gone?" inquired he casually, thinking, perhaps, Charles might cast up and kick him.

"Gone, *decidedly*," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "at least, he don't shew here no more."

"Belinda seems a sweet girl," observed Captain Doleful, thoughtfully.

"She's a hangel!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks; "so affectionate, so tractable, and so engagin'! Whoever gets Belinda, gets a treasure." "She'll have a nice fortin'," added Mrs. Jorrocks, casually.

"Will she?" observed Captain Doleful, brightening up.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Jorrocks; "her father left summut 'andsome."

(It was "an 'andsome" amount of debt, for, poor man! he died insolvent.)

"Two or three hundred a-year, perhaps?" observed Captain Doleful, carelessly.

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Jorrocks, "besides wot *we* leaves her."

"It's worth thinking of," thought Captain Doleful.

"You, who are so rich, fortin' makes little matter to," observed Mrs. Jorrocks; "but Belinda's a beautiful figure—all nattural, and not a heap of feathers, like a Jinney Howlet, as some gals are. If Peel had put the bustle-tax on, that folks talked about, he'd a' got nothin' out o' Belinda."

"How nice!" grinned Captain Doleful, thinking what a contrast she was to Miss Crabstick.

"Oh, she's a sweet gal," rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks; "you couldn't 'elp likin' of her if you know'd her."

"I'm half in love with her already," quoth the captain; "she wouldn't be difficult to come over, I suppose?" inquired he, pulling up his gills, and fingering his straggling whiskers.

"Not by *you*, I dare say," said Mrs. Jorrocks. "The gals can't stand captins."

"Is her fortune in the funds?" inquired Captain Doleful, after a pause.

"Partly," replied Mrs. Jorrocks, "partly in somethin' else; but I really doesn't understand

these matters, Jun used to do them all; but Belinda's a treasure in herself. S'pose you come and dine with us some day, and see her to adwantage."

"Most happy, I'm sure," grinned the captain.

"Then come to-morrow at four," rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks; "just we three—*you understand!*"

"*Perfectly!*" replied the captain, dropping on his knee, and imprinting a kiss on Mrs. Jorrocks' mutton-fist.

That was carrying a sudden thought out quickly, and the captain having taken his departure, Mrs. Jorrocks began considering how she should manage matters with Belinda.

* * * *

"I have had your old friend, Captain Doleful, here, Belinda," observed she, as they sat at their early tea.

"Indeed!" replied Belinda.

"Lookin' so well and so 'andsome; I really think you'd have been smitten with him."

"*Me, aunt!*" exclaimed Belinda, with unfeigned astonishment.

"And vy not, miss?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

"Why, in the first place, he's quite an old man, and ——"

"*Old!*" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, "men are never old!"

"Well, but he's any thing but good-looking, and is such a horribly mean wretch; I——"

"Fiddle his meanness! no meaner than other folks. He's werry rich—a thousand a-year, paid quarterly."

"So much the better for him," observed Belinda.

"Now don't be perwerse—you know wot I means jest as well as I do myself," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, looking irate.

"Indeed I don't, aunt!" replied Belinda, turning frightened,

"Well then, stoopid! I thinks he's worth you settin' your cap at."

"*Me, aunt!*" exclaimed Belinda, blushing deeply; "you know I can't—*I'm engaged!*"

"Fiddle, engaged! soon get off that,—nothin's finished till it's done."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Belinda, burying her face in her hands, "don't—*pray don't* talk to me in this way—*I cannot bear it!*"

"Foolish gal!" rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks; "don't know what's good for you.—The captin's worth fifty of your fly-away, break-neck fox-'unters,—nice, agreeable, quiet gentleman, wot'll take his tea with you of an evenin', instead of snorin' and sleepin' as your huncle does, or startin' up, thinkin' he's gettin' run away with or kicked over a wall."

"You are not in earnest, aunt?" replied Belinda, turning her beautiful blue eyes, with their silken lashes suffused with tears, upon her aunt as she spoke.

"Vy not?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

"O, aunt, you *cannot* be in earnest—*you*, who have always encouraged Charles, and encouraged me to like him; and ——"

"It was your huncle wot encouraged him!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, "*not me!*"

"And you, *too*, aunt," replied Belinda, calmly, but firmly; "don't you remember the night uncle and he were benighted, and I sat anxiously waiting their coming, trembling for their safety, how you consoled me by praising Charles, and talking of what a nice husband he would make me, and how pleasant it would be visiting us in Yorkshire, and ——"

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "no doubt—and now that a better chance turns hup, I encourages you to think of it,—a gal should never be without an admirer; but it's a reg'lar rule always to take the best,—nothin' 's done till it's finished, as I said before."

"I want no better!" exclaimed Belinda; "Charles is my first—my only love, and I'll *never* marry another!"

"*Fool!*" ejaculated Mrs. Jorrocks; "that's

the way all gals talk!—got your 'ead stuffed full of boardin'-school, novelish nonsense."

Belinda was silent—the eloquent tears chased each other rapidly down her beautiful cheeks.

"Now, don't be foolish!" said Mrs. Jorrocks, in a milder tone; "consider wot hobligations you are under to me and your huncle—brought you hup, and edikated you, and introduced you to people of the first extinction, and all the return I ax is, that you'll oblege me by makin' a helligible match. There isn't a gal in 'Andley Cross but would jump at such a chance. Charles may be a werry respectable young man, but he's wild and thoughtless: besides, we doesn't know wot he has, and it's werry imprudent, to say the least of it, for a gal to fall in love with a man till she knows wot he has,—*I* didn't do so, I knows."

"He will have enough for me," replied Belinda; "money alone will not constitute happiness."

"Prowokin' gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks; "you are just one of those silly, romancin', love-in-a-cottage sort o' gals that one sees in the plays;" and Mrs. Jorrocks vented an inward malediction on Mr. Bowker, and all patrons and frequenters of the drama.

* * * *

"Oblege me now, Belinda," continued she, after a pause, "by thinkin' of the captin."

"Aunt, I *couldn't for the world!* I know the gratitude I owe—and Heaven knows the gratitude I feel, for all you have done for me, but this can never be;—I should detest myself could I think myself capable of entertaining the idea."

"There, again!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, reddening up; "stage-players again! Wish you would be a little rational. Tell me, now, in plain English, why can't you entertain the idea?"

"Because you know, aunt," replied Belinda, slowly and calmly, "that I accepted Charles with the full approbation of you and my uncle."

"And wot of that?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

"Simply that my word is pledged, and I am precluded from thinking of another."

"No such thing!" rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks; "'appens every day,—sayin' you love each other is nothin' towards a match. I tells you, no prudent gal accepts a man till she knows wot he has. Look at Mrs. Wrigglesworth! She was engaged to Walter Leigh, and her acquaintance congratilated her, and made her bags, and said nothin' could be nicer, when Wrigglesworth turned hup with just double Leigh's fortin', and she chopped over to him, and her friends congratilated her again, and said nothin' could be

nicer, and made her duplicate bags, slippers, scent-'olders, and I don't know wot."

"Sincere their congratulations must have been," observed Belinda; "I'm sure I should not like to be talked of as people talk of her,—pointed out as the lady who cheated the government by not paying the auction duty on herself, and I don't know what else."

"Let them laugh as wins," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "she has a futman—and would only have had a Betsy with Leigh. But there's no puttin' old 'eads on young shoulders," sighed Mrs. Jorrocks. "Take my word for it, howsomever," continued she, "if you live, you'll see these things in a werry different light;—if you kicks the ball away, you may never have it at your foot again."

"I don't wish for such a ball as Captain Doleful, I'm sure," replied Belinda, smiling.

"And tell me, Miss Pert, wot's the matter with the captin?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks, tartly.

"I'm sure I don't know what is the matter with him, exactly," replied Belinda; "but I should not think he was a man that any woman would ever take a fancy to."

"Fiddle *fancy!*" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks; "it's your fanciful marriages wot breed misery—foolish, moon-struck, stage-play sort of bothera-

tions, that breed bastiles, and I doesn't know what;" for Mrs. Jorrocks had only got the smattering of that idea. "I tells you," continued she, "*that you're a fool!*"

Belinda was silent.

* * * *

"I do wonders," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, "that any gal can be so ungratefully hobstinate as persewere, in spite of the adwice and hadmonition of her friends—wot good can you get by it? If you doesn't like partin' with the books and things Stubbs gave you, I'll tell him you prefers keepin' of them, so you'll lose nothin' by the transaction."

"O, aunt!" exclaimed Belinda, "*don't* torture me thus—*don't* make yourself appear little by insinuating that such an idea could enter *your* head."

"And vy not?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks. "It's nattural that you should like keepin' the things."

"Indeed no, aunt, it isn't. If I could bring myself to think that the connexion on which I have set my heart was not to be, the greatest favour you could do me would be to remove from my sight every trace, every recollection, that could remind me of my loss."

"*Loss, indeed!*" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, sneeringly. "Pretty loss, forsooth! It's wot I should call gainin' a loss — gettin' a nice, steady

captin, with a large fortin', to a harum scarum scamp, that nobody knows nothin' about—nasty, 'oss-copin', ditch-jumpin' beggar!"

Belinda was silent.

"Vell, you may be perwerse and hobstinate, too; but, take my word for it, you'll get nothin' by it. I'm mistress here, and I'll be obeyed; and my horders are that you receive the capt'in at dinner to-morrow, and behave like a lady. Put on your Hindia muslin, or I'll let the Chancellor know;" so saying Mrs. Jorrocks flounced out of the room.

Having returned to his lodgings at the George and Blue Boar, High Holborn, Captain Doleful reconnoitred his wardrobe, for the purpose of seeing how killing he could make himself on the following day. He had on the suit of black he had turned for Miss Crabstick's funeral. Cranbourne Alley supplied a stiff white stock and a finely flowered front with two rows of little frills. These with a pair of cheap, open-work black silk socks, and French polish on his old pumps, would make him a very respectable candle-light swell.

Passing down Holborn, he was struck with the display in Mr. Frizwig the advertising hairdresser's window—such wax-busts, such wigs and ringlets! "Hair cut for Sixpence." The captain thought he would have a clip.

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The obsequious "perruquier" ushered him into the cutting-room through the shop, and Captain Doleful, divesting himself of his coat and gaping mohair stock, got his person enveloped in a buff cotton covering.

Taking a hard brush out of his apron-pocket, Mr. Frizwig proceeded to brush the captain's lank locks over his flat head. He then produced a comb and scissors.

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"'Air getting raythor thin on the crown, I'm sorry to *per*ceive," observed Mr. Frizwig.

"That's no news," growled the captain, eyeing his unbecoming appearance in the unbecoming mirror against the wall.

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"Your 'air requires a good deal of moisture," observed Mr. Frizwig, nothing daunted by his customer's gruffness.

"Does it?" growled the captain.

"Thin in parts—strong in parts," continued the perruquier, snipping, and clipping, and combing. "The grand Scandinavian extract of Patagonian cream would restore it all;" adding, half to himself and half to his foreman, "Must have had a fine head formerly."

The captain grinned. "What is it a bottle?" inquired he.

"All prices," replied the hairdresser, wondering the extent of his customer's gullibility—"all prices, from two-and-six up to ten shillings. The largest pots cheapest in the end."

"How long is it in acting?" inquired the captain.

"Depends upon how you use it: well rubbed in twice a-day, it would begin immediately. Renovates what's gone, and imparts a beautiful healthy gloss to what's left."

"A *leetle* off the whiskers?" inquired he.

"A *little*," replied the captain, with an emphasis, thinking there was not much to spare.

"Just the p'ints off," observed the hairdresser, pretending to be very exact.

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"If I might take the liberty, sir, I would recommend one of my patent, self-ventilating, porous zephyr scalps with invisible spring d'Orsay whiskers—the most surprising deception ever witnessed!—Impossible to detect!"

Captain Doleful was silent, for he thought they would be dear.

"Sell an immense number of them," continued Mr. Frizwig, still trimming the whiskers. "Perhaps you know Captain Orlando Smith, the gentleman who stood for Taunton at the last election?"

The captain said "No."

"Indeed! s'cuse the liberty, but you are so

like, I thought you might be brothers. Well, his 'air was just like yours—thin at the top, strong behind, and I rigged him out with a scalp and whiskers, so neat and so natural that he won all the girls' hearts in the borough. If they'd had votes he'd have been returned. Girls like whiskers. You never see a new-married man but his whiskers have always increased."

"And what is the price of them?" inquired the captain, recollecting how Miss Jelly had admired him in his fancy-dress whiskers.

"All prices, sir! all prices!—Twenty shillings upwards. Allow me to shew you some. Enoch!" calling to his foreman, "bring half-a-dozen patent zephyr scalps, dark, with invisible spring d'Orsay whiskers."

While the apprentice was looking them out, Mr. Frizwig took a pair of large scissors and cut a great patch off the captain's thin-haired crown.

"What are you after now, man?" exclaimed he, jumping off the chair.

"Only preparing a place for the spring to act upon," replied Mr. Frizwig, coolly. "You are exactly like Captain Orlando Smith, the gentleman who stood for Taunton at the last election. He would have that I had spoiled him when I did that, but, my word! when he saw himself in his new ornaments, I heard no more of that.—*Allow me* now, sir," continued he, bowing most obse-

quiously, and pointing to the chair, "to have the honour of rigging you out the same way."

Captain Doleful, somewhat testy, but hoping for the best, then resumed his seat, and Mr. Frizwig, with the aid of Enoch, proceeded to exhibit sundry scalps and whiskers. "Too light," said Mr. Frizwig, rejecting three or four in succession. "Too dark," continued he, holding one to Captain Doleful's head. "Haven't you one with a shade of grey in it?"

"There is a *slight* tinge of grey in your 'air," whispered Mr. Frizwig confidentially, as Enoch returned to the shop, "which, I have little doubt, the grand Scandinavian extract of Patagonian cream will entirely remove; but, as you only intend wearing the scalp until your own 'air gets strong, it will be better to match it now, than to get a scalp of the colour your 'air will be 'ereafter."

"But I haven't made up my mind to have one at all yet," observed the captain, snappishly.

"Ah, you're exactly like Captain Orlando Smith, the gentleman who stood for Taunton at the last election," repeated the audacious perruquier. "Nothing could persuade him that I was not cheating him, and, indeed, he threatened to call the police; but, when he saw himself, he was so delighted that, in his 'urry to shew himself, he left his new gingham umbrella and cotton gloves

on the counter. Ah, now this'll be the ticket!" added he, taking an iron-grey scalp out of Enoch's hand—"Allow me, sir," to the captain, putting the scalp on his head and dropping the d'Orsay whiskers under his chin.

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"Delightful!" exclaimed he, getting in front and looking the captain full in the face.—"A *lee*tle farther back, Enoch. That'll do. Now fasten the clasp. Charming match! Don't think I ever saw a better."

"But I don't look a bit like myself," exclaimed the captain, eyeing his hirsute appearance in the glass.

"Paradoxical as it may appear, sir, my motto is 'art before nature,'" replied Mr. Frizwig. "This scalp and whiskers possess an elegance and gracefulness of contour almost unattainable. Stop till you're used to them a little," added he, giving the horse-hair-looking beard an inward twitch. "There may be a *lee*tle fulness round the chin, but that is easily remedied," added Mr. Frizwig, taking the large scissors and cutting about half-an-inch off. "Now," said he, "how do you like it?"

"Why, it's more like the thing," replied Captain Doleful, grinning through the great collar of horse-hair; "but I should say it is still much too full."

"You *must* have it full, you know, or where would be the use of having a porous zephyr scalp and d'Orsay whiskers at all? I should say you look now as you ought to do, and as you did before your 'air got so thin. Wouldn't you, Enoch?" Enoch thought it a charming match and fit, too.

"The hair matches well enough, perhaps," observed the captain; "but it is the whiskers I object to. They are too large—too bushy, and look altogether too much like what one sees on a barber's block."

"That's the perfection of the thing! They look like art naturalised. Nobody would even suspect that they were not your own whiskers. They're too large to be false. As you walk up street now, you'll hear the ladies exclaim, 'What beautiful whiskers!' Just as they did to Captain Orlando Smith, when he stood for Taunton."

The captain twitched and pulled the whiskers and beard, and scanned himself minutely.

"If you would allow me to cut off the remnants of your own whiskers," observed Mr. Frizwig, "these new ones would sit much closer and have a more natural air;" saying which he gently lifted a whisker, and with his large scissors laid one cheek bare before the captain had time to say nay.

"*Con*found it, I wish you wouldn't be *quite* so

handy with your scissors," observed the captain with a frown.

"Beg pardon," bowed the obsequious barber, "but I think you'll agree with me, that that's a *de*cided improvement—Isn't it, Enoch?"

"Looks uncommon well now," replied Enoch, grinning, "Does'nt the gen'leman think so himself?"

Doleful did not deign a reply. He sat twisting and turning and examining himself first in the mirror, then in the hand-glass, then in the hand-glass and mirror conjointly, trying if he could make himself believe he looked as he did when he came in. The whiskers certainly were tremendous—strong, coarse, black hair, with a uniform inward curl. Still we do not mean to say that we have not seen as big a pair, though certainly not on so unhealthy a soil as the captain's cheeks.

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"What's to pay?" at length inquired he, adjusting his embroidered collars over his mohair stock, and putting on his coat: "you'll not charge for *cutting*, of course?"

"Let me see," replied Mr. Frizwig, rubbing his hands—"any 'air-brushes, tooth-brushes, sponges, soap, wanted?

"*No*," said Captain Doleful, dryly.

"Just a ten-shilling pot of Scandinavian extract.—No curling-fluid, tooth-powder, lavender-water? Got some uncommonly genuine Eau de Cologne."

"*No! No!*" interrupted the captain; "I only want a half-crown pot of extract, that, and a shilling discount off the sovereign, will be a guinea and sixpence — say a guinea."

"Beg pardon, scalp, six-and-twenty."

"How's that? you said a sovereign."

"*From* a sovereign."

"I understand you to say that *a* sovereign was the price, or I wouldn't have had one."

"Beg pardon, sir, you quite misunderstood me. No doubt you could have one for a sovereign, but it would be a thing like a door-mat, without the invisible spring d'Orsay whiskers."

"Invisible spring d'Orsay fiddle-sticks!" growled the captain, "I wanted nothing of the sort."

"Beg ten thousand pardons, sir,—shall be happy to take it back, I'm sure."

"And what am I to do without my own whisker that you cut off?" inquired the captain angrily.

"The Scandinavian extract 'ill soon restore it!"

"Scandinavian devil!——Well, come, six-and-twenty," repeated the captain, producing his old leather purse.

"Scalp, six-and-twenty; invisible spring-whiskers, ten.—one pound sixteen."

"*Hold!*" cried the captain, "I won't be imposed upon!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Frizwig, in a tone of dignified astonishment, drawing himself up.

"I tell you, sir," said the captain, "that you gave me to understand the scalp and whiskers were a pound."

"I don't know what your comprehension may be equal to," replied Mr. Frizwig, rubbing his hands, "but I assure you, one pound sixteen shillings is my price, and one pound sixteen shillings I mean to have, or you may doff your head-dress as soon as you like. Enoch, mind the door!" giving his foreman a wink.

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"*Take it then!*" screamed the captain, dashing the money on the counter; "and if ever I set foot in your —— shop again, I hope I may be ——."

"Shut up shop, Enoch!—shut up shop!" exclaimed Mr. Frizwig to his apprentice. "It's all over with us: this ourang-outang says he won't come back;" saying which master and man burst into a loud guffaw, in the midst of which Captain Doleful hurried away.

Mrs. Jorrocks received the captain as a lady

would her intended nephew. She was somewhat struck with the change in his appearance, but said nothing; and Belinda, not having seen him for some time, and not understanding the management of whiskers, thought nothing of it.

Dinner being announced, Mrs. Jorrocks motioned the captain to take Belinda, while she followed complacently in the rear, admiring Belinda's beautifully rounded form, set off by the simple drapery of Indian muslin, and the captain's gaunt figure — the handsomest couple she had ever seen — seemed made for each other — the usual "common form," in fact, as Bill Bowker would say.

They had mutton-broth and mackerel for dinner, roast-beef, boiled chickens and tongue; and the captain, having only had a second-class coffee-room breakfast (bread with one egg), played an uncommonly good knife and fork — rather better, perhaps, than might have been expected, considering the delicacy of his situation. Belinda trifled with her dinner, for the sake of drowning the comparisons that every moment arose between her death's-head-looking neighbour and he who so long had sat at her side.

Immediately after dinner, at least immediately after her second bumper of port, Mrs. Jorrocks had arranged to be called out by Betsy; and

answering the summons, she desired Belinda to entertain the captain until her return.

Our hero now began to take fright, and wrinkling his face like a man with a very tight shoe, he attempted to force a conversation about indifferent things: "Did she like Handley Cross or London best? Great Coram Street was certainly a very charming situation, airy and clean. But nothing could be nicer than Diana Lodge. Supposed she knew the Barningtons were not going to return—had gone to live at Boulogne, where they were quite the head people of the place. Hoped the hounds would not be given up at Handley Cross, and had she heard of Mr. Stubbs lately?"

This last was too much for poor Belinda. Her utterance became choked. She rose from her seat and hurried out of the room.

* * * *

"Is that you, Belinda?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks, in a suppressed tone of anger, hearing a light footstep pass the drawing-room door and proceed up-stairs.

Without waiting for an answer, our hostess hurried out to see, and caught a plimpse of Belinda's petticoats whisking round the landing-place.

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"Didn't I tell you to sit with the capt'in till I came down?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks, in a voice stifled with rage, "and here, you minx, you have the unmannerly imperance to leave him all alone —*Vot do you mean?*" screamed she, closing the door.

"Aunt," replied Belinda, firmly, "you can't frighten me. Where no hope is left, is left no fear, and I tell you most decidedly, that sooner than marry — oh! sooner than *think* of, that horrid man, I'll throw myself out of the window!"

"Fool!" ejaculated Mrs. Jorrocks, hurrying down-stairs to the captain.

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"And 'ow do you get on?" inquired she, entering the parlour with a smile on her countenance.

"Oh, pretty well, I think," replied the captain, who had taken advantage of Belinda's absence, to fall foul upon a preserved orange, with which he had his mouth plentifully crammed.—"She's shy, you know, but I make no doubt she'll soon come to."

"All gals are shy at first," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "indeed they wouldn't be fit for wives if they wern't. Bless us! I remember how frightened I was the first hoffer I got. — You must be gentle with her, poor thing! — she's never

been used to no 'arshness," continued Mrs. Jorrocks, as the captain scraped up the syrup with a spoon.

"That I will," said he, licking his lips; "she shall have every thing she wants — sable tippets, chinchilla muff — phaeton — foot-man ——"

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Tea followed, and Mrs. Jorrocks having apologised for the absence of Belinda on the usual plea of headach, and the captain and she having played at cross purposes about the relative fortunes until each were tired, he, at length, took his departure, promising a speedy return.

Mrs. Jorrocks then applied herself seriously to the consideration of Belinda's case. She was sadly bothered how to manage her.

The captain evidently was to be had, but how to get rid of that "'orrid Yorkshireman" was more than Mrs. Jorrocks could devise.

She had certainly encouraged Belinda to like him, and there, perhaps, she was to blame, (without knowing what he had), but then Mr. Jorrocks was the great promoter of the thing, and she had only now acquired the power of putting a *veto* upon it. That power she was determined to use.

Mrs. Jorrocks was a woman without personal friends; all her acquaintance being the acquaintance of her husband, and partaking more or less

of his honest integrity. Long and anxiously did she ruminate who she could call to her counsels, and who would be most likely to aid her. Mrs. Barker would blab, Mrs. Brown would rather hurt her than aid her; if she let Mrs. Flower into the secret, she would try to get Charles for one of her own "ugly gals," and altogether Mrs. Jorrocks was very much puzzled.

The only person to whom she thought she could with safety apply was Mr. Bowker, and to him she addressed the following note:—

"Mrs. Jorrocks' compts. Mr. Bowker, and I will thank you to come and see me as soon as you can.

"*Great Coram Street.*"

* * * *

"Curse your impudence! What do you mean by knocking that way, you little brazen bastard!" exclaimed Mr. Bowker, opening the door of old Snarle's chambers to a long and loud *rat-tat-tat-tat-tan* from our friend, Mr. Benjamin Brady.

Mr. Bowker was deeply engaged, looking out "common forms" for a settlement for parties "in a hurry," and Mr. Brady's summons startled both him and old Snarle.

"What an audacious little rascal you are!"

continued Bill; "you knock, I declare, just as if you were a Queen's counsel."

"And so I am a *Queen's* counsel," replied Benjamin,—"counsel to the old gal in Great Coram Street; and here, I've brought you a brief," presenting Bill with the note.

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"Curse the old fool! what can she want with me?" muttered Bill as he read it. "*Mischief*, I'll be bound,—ungrammatical old jade! 'Compliments Mr. Bowker'—Mr. Bowker wants none of her compliments!"

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"Make my compliments to your mistress," said Bill, with great dignity, "and say I'll be with her at dinner-time—that's to say, one o'clock, or a little after; and see, the next time you come, that you knock a little quieter, or I'll knock your head off your shoulders!"

"Vill you?" rejoined Benjamin; "you'll find yourself in the wrong box, if you do," said he, spitting upon Bowker, and running down-stairs as hard as ever he could go.

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"Nasty little beast!" exclaimed Bowker, returning from the chase, and wiping his tights as he ascended the stairs; "that boy 'll be hung as sure as a gun!" with which comfortable assurance

Bill returned to his office, and busied himself with his common forms, and in thinking what Mrs. Jorrocks *could* want.

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When one o'clock came, instead of repairing to "The Feathers," or to any of his familiar dining-houses, Mr. Bowker wended his way to Great Coram Street. Many were his conjectures as to the cause of his summons, his ideas partaking of the character of the streets through which he passed—gloomy when in narrow ones, and brightening as he entered upon the wider expanse, and purer atmosphere of the Foundling Hospital and Brunswick Square. At length he stood at Mrs. Jorrocks' door — that door at which he had so often stood in sadness and in joy, but which he had never re-passed uncomforted.

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Mrs. Jorrocks was alone in the front drawing-room. The chintz covers were on the chairs and screens, and a blue cloth covered the round table at which she sat, with a pile of bills, letters, papers, and memorandum-books before her.

"Good mornin', Mr. Bowker," said she, in a melancholy tone, motioning our friend to a vacant chair on the opposite side of the table.

Bowker pulled a long face, and, unbuttoning his leopard-like Taglioni, sidled a respectful portion of his person on to the chair, and, bending

forward, rested his right hand on his gold-headed cane.

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"Sad business, this, Mr. Bowker," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, with a sigh.

"*Very sad, indeed,*" replied Bill.

"You never suspected nothin' of the sort, did you, Mr. Bowker?"

"Oh, never, indeed!"

"Werry shockin'," continued Mrs. Jorrocks; "don't know what's to become on us."

"I should hope there's no fear of your being well provided for," observed Bill.

"Oh, it arn't myself that I cares about, Mr. Bowker," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "but what's to become of that poor dear child—she who has lived with us so long, that I looks upon her in the light of a darter?"

"Oh, I should hope there will be no difficulty about her," replied Mr. Bowker.

"They won't allow nothin' for her keep," continued Mrs. Jorrocks, wiping her eye.

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Bowker.

"They say the Chancellor's to manage matters, both here and in the Lane, and I shall only have as much as will keep myself genteel."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Bowker; adding, "But what is Mr. Stubbs about? Why doesn't he marry her?"

"*Don't mention his 'orrid name!*" screamed Mrs. Jorrocks. "I werrily believes he's been the cause of all the mischief."

"Indeed!" repeated Mr. Bowker, wondering what had happened.

"Idle feller!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks.

"He certainly was not a worker when he wa with us," observed Mr. Bowker; "but he'll have a nice fortune, won't he?"

"Oh, I knows nothin' about fortin'," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "money alone won't make 'appiness."

"True," observed Mr. Bowker, thinking it went a long way.

"I should like to see her marry some nice, quiet, respectable person, wot would be kind to her when her poor huncle and I are gone," sobbed Mrs. Jorrocks, covering her face with a dirty linen handkerchief.

Mr. Bowker was beat for an answer; he couldn't see his way.

"Such a man, now, as Capt'in Doleful," resumed Mrs. Jorrocks, finding Mr. Bowker remained silent; "any religious, quiet, charitable person, rather than that hare-brained Yorkshireman. Fox-'unters are all queer," added she, putting her finger to her forehead; "get shook out 'unting."

"Captain Doleful's a very nice man, I suppose,"

observed Mr. Bowker, looking at his Hessian boots.

"Oh, he's a *charmin'* man," responded Mrs. Jorrocks; "you don't know what a comfort he was to me at the Spa."

"Indeed!" observed Mr. Bowker, "very genteel, too, isn't he?"

"He's quite the go at 'Andley Cross," replied Mrs. Jorrocks.

"Then he'd be the go any where, I should think," observed Mr. Bowker, tucking the ends of his blue satin neckcloth into his red tartan waistcoat, and contemplating his drab stocking-net pantaloons and Hessian boots.

* * * *

"Mr. Bowker," said Mrs. Jorrocks, after a long pause, during which she shuffled among some papers, and applied a large blue smelling-bottle to her nose,—"Mr. Bowker," repeated she, "in lookin' through Jun's drawers, I find some mems. about some money you owes him."

"Indeed!" said Bill, colouring up to the edness of his waistcoat.

"A hundred pounds and interest," continued Mrs. Jorrocks, eyeing him intently.

"One year's interest on fifty, and half a year's on the same sum; I have it all down in my cash-book, in Eagle Street. I'll give you a cheque for it now," continued Bill, diving into his back

pocket in search of his cheque-book—a search that he might have continued some time, had not Mrs. Jorrocks relieved him by observing that she didn't want the money, she only wished to know that all was right.

"*Quite right!*" repeated Bill, in his usual off-hand way; "interest on fifty, for a year, two pund ten; on fifty, for half a year, one pund five—three pund fifteen, and principal, a hundred—a hundred and three pund fifteen—you can have it any day for sending for. We always have as much in the till as will answer that.

"Mr. J. 'ill be a great loss to society," observed Bowker, in a melancholy tone, anxious to turn the conversation.

"*Poor man!*" responded Mrs. Jorrocks, with a sigh.

"Don't know who we shall get for chairman of our Free-and-easy, or president of the incorporated society of Good Fellows; the recordership of the Wide-awake Club will be vacant, too. Do you think Captain Doleful would take office?" inquired Mr. Bowker.

"Not of them sort of things, I should think," replied Mrs. Jorrocks, with a toss of the head; "the capt'in's more a tea-and-Terpsichore sort of man—*werry genteel.*"

"True," observed Mr. Bowker; "but just for the sake of popularity, I thought, perhaps, he

might lend us a hand. The recordership's a high office."

"He cares nothin' for poppilarity now," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "wot should a man with a thousand pounds a-year care for poppilarity?"

"True," assented Mr. Bowker, wishing he had half of it. "Why shouldn't *he* make a good match for Miss Belinda?" inquired Bowker, willing to help Mrs. Jorrocks to her point.

"That's just what I've been a plannin' of," replied Mrs. Jorrocks, with a knowing leer,—"that's just what I've been a plannin' of. Now," continued she, after a pause, during which she scrutinised Mr. Bowker and bagged her dirty pocket-hankerchief, "it's no use you and I 'umbuggin' each other."

Bill bowed assent.

"Well, then, I may as well tell you at startin' that I knows all about the money and the shop—*you can no more pay me than you can fly!*"

Bill coloured brightly.

"But if you can't pay me in cash, you can pay me in kind," continued Mrs. Jorrocks, anxious to relieve her visitor's uneasiness. "You think Capt'in Doleful will do for Belinda?"

"Undoubtedly, if he has what you say, and will keep her a gig." (The possession of a gig was the summit of Bill's worldly ambition.)

"A *fe-a-ton!*" replied Mrs. Jorrocks, with a look of exultation.

"*He must be had!*" observed Bill, with a wink and a nod.

"So say I," replied Mrs. Jorrocks; "the thing is how to get him."

"There can't be any difficulty, I should think," observed Bill. "Beautiful, blue-eyed girl — nice foot and ankle — swelling figure — just leave them together a bit, he'll soon come to, I warrant."

"Oh, *he's* all right," said Mrs. Jorrocks. "It's Belinda that bothers me."

"She'll surely take your advice," observed Bill, in a tone of confidence—"at least, if she wont, you can make her."

"But there's that confounded Yorkshire scamp in the way!" said Mrs. Jorrocks; "and she vows nothing shall make her marry another so long as he remains faithful."

"Silly girl!" exclaimed Bowker; "that's the way with them all — just as if there weren't as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. She should be whipped for throwing away such a chance. Far better to ride about town in a fe-a-ton than pad the hoof in the country," observed Bill, looking at the slanting heels of his Hessians.

"Far!" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks.

* * * *

"Girls are queer cattle," observed Bowker, after a pause. "Lucky when they have older heads than their own to keep them right."

"'Deed is it!" said Mrs. Jorrocks; adding, with a shake of her head, "Belinda's werry obstinate."

"Pity!" said Mr. Bowker, who was a great admirer of beauty. "I always thought she was very amiable."

"*Fiddle hamiable!*" exclaimed Mrs. Jorrocks, angrily. "Hugly girls are hamiable."

"Well, but I thought she'd have done what you liked," said Mr. Bowker. "I'm sure she ought, after all your kindness."

"Well; but it's not never of no use speckilatin' on wot she ought to do," rejoined Mrs. Jorrocks, anxious to make her point, "I tells you she *won't*, and that's poz!"

"Then we must see if we can't make her," said Bill, somewhat reluctantly; for, rogue as he was, he had still a tinge of kindness left in his composition.

"And you'll 'elp me?" said Mrs. Jorrocks, inquiringly.

Bill bowed.

"Well, now, I'll tell you wot," said Mrs. Jorrocks, turning Bill's I. O. U's. over in a careless sort of way, "if you can manage to choak Stubbs off, and get the capt'in on, I'll put these writin's in the fire."

"I'll do my best, I'm sure," said Bill, delighted at the prospect of a clearance.

"It must be managed gingerly," observed Mrs. Jorrocks.

"'Love may die by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away,'"

replied Mr. Bowker, flourishing his right hand as he spoke.

"*You'll* manage it, I think," said Mrs. Jorrocks, cheerfully.

"If she's of womankind," replied Rill.

"Get Stubbs off, and there will be little difficulty in getting the capt'in on," said Mrs. Jorrocks.

"None, I should think — at least if he's of flesh and blood," continued Mr. Bowker, looking at the rotundity of his own legs. "But my hour is almost come!" added he, starting up, as he drew a richly chased pinchbeck watch from his waistcoat-pocket, and saw it wanted but ten minutes to two, at which time he had "to render up himself" to old Snarle and present him with a ship-biscuit for luncheon. He bid Mrs. Jorrocks a hasty adieu, and half happy, half wretched, retraced his steps to Lincoln's Inn.

"Needs must when the devil drives!" said Bill, as he hurried along; "but I'd rather do any

thing than injure that poor blue-eyed beauty. Nice little thing, with her pretty taper fingers, that used to shake hands with me so kindly;" and the more Bill thought of his task, the less he liked it. Still he saw no way of helping himself, for well he knew that Mrs. Jorrocks was merciless, and having got him in her power, she would grind him to the ground.

He wanted no dinner, for his appetite had fled; added to which, old Snarle was in the sulks, and did nothing but abuse him for bringing the wrong common forms.

Difficult was Mr. Bowker's task. He paced round his little cage of an office like a wild beast on the fret. No settled plan of proceeding occurred to his inventive genius. We question if he could have succeeded single-handed; but wisely judging, that where women are concerned women would be the best advisers, he enlisted Mrs. Bowker's cunning in the cause, by the lure of a long-wished-for swans'-down muff and tippet.

A third person was afterwards added in Miss Slummers, or rather Miss Howard, of Sadlers' Well's Theatre.

The following letter will explain the contrivance of the trio:—

"Dear Mr. Stubbs,—It is, I assure you, with feelings of the greatest reluctance that I am com-

pelled to address you on a delicate topic, deeply involving the happiness, and, I fear, the honour, of one both near and dear to me.

"My sister-in-law complains, for that whereas, previous to the month of January 18—, and ever since you have been on terms of familiar intimacy, procured by the voluntary and often-repeated promise of making her your lawful wife, and that (to follow up the quaint language in which the declaration is couched), though often thereunto requested, as well by herself as by her lawful attorney, John Brown, you wilfully. maliciously, and with malice aforethought, obstinately and perversely refuse to ratify and complete your solemn and voluntary compact and obligation, to the damage of the said Susan, and against the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen, &c. Wherefore, &c. Action, &c. Damages—One thousand pounds.

"I trust, my dear sir, I need not say with what reluctance it is I make this communication. I, as you know, am no tight-laced Methodist, and so long as I thought the matter was confined to a little innocent flirtation and pulling about in my back-shop, I never should have thought of interfering; but, now that the truth of the matter has transpired, and bids fair to become public, through the medium of the cursed legal document before me, the outraged feelings of a

relative banish the delicacy that attends a London gentleman, and compels me to address you — for whom, God knows, my regard is both disinterested and sincere—in language that our relative positions may not at first glance appear to justify.

"Susan's health is grievously impaired. Her legs, the admiration of pit, gallery, and our mutual friend in the boxes, have shrunk to nothing, Her professional prospects are blighted, unless you at once redeem your promise of making her Mrs. Stubbs. She requests me to return you the accompanying wheat ear-drops, the gift of a better and a happier hour.

"Entreating you to save the scandal of publicity, and preserve a friendship that has been the bright star of my chequered life, I beg to subscribe myself, dear Mr. Stubbs,

"Yours most faithfully,

"Wm. Bowker."

"To Charles Stubbs, Esq.
"Barlow Biggen, Boroughbridge,
"Yorkshire."

Charles was almost frantic when he received the foregoing. Whatever might have been his earlier frolics with the symmetrical-limbed actress, connecting her corporeal grossness with his present bright "emanation of another world," was perfectly disgusting.

Two days elapsed ere he summoned composure to write the following :—

"Dear Sir,—Yours has astonished me more than I can express. That I (in common with other of old Snarle's pupils) may have been tempted into liberties with Susan, the returned earrings may be some proof, but that I ever promised, or ever thought of marrying her, is utterly and unequivocally false. I don't know the time when I was alone with her in Eagle Street, but I have frequently seen men in the back shop as I have been passing along, or looked in for a cigar, I trust she will not be foolish enough to risk an action, which can only end in her own exposure. Still the accusation annoys me excessively—particularly at the present time, for reasons superfluous to mention; and I do hope and trust you will exert your influence in getting her kept quiet. I enclose 50*l.*—it is all I have in the world—indeed, more, for I have had to borrow 5*l.* of it from my sister; give it her, or do what you think best with it, but I pray and beseech you not to let me hear any thing more on the subject, "Yours, &c.

"C. Stubbs.

"To Mr. Bowker,
"Snuff and Cigar Merchant,
"Eagle Street, Red Lion Square, London."

* * * *

"By jingo, there's a haul!" exclaimed Bill, slapping his thigh, as the clean crisp 50*l.*-note, with the raspberry-tart mark in the corner fell on his counter. "Distant, perhaps, but civil," continued he, conning the letter. "Might have put Esquire, I think. However, he directs 'Red Lion Square,' instead of Lamb's Conduit Street, which is always something, — *square* sounds well in the country."

Bill then returned to the contents of the letter.

* * * *

"Give it her, or do what you think best with it," read he over again. "*I* think the best thing will be to keep it myself. There's that Prince Le Boo nigger down in Shadwell, I'll go and buy it, and re-furnish my shop, and make my fortune yet;" so saying, Bill slipped on his old bargain-making clothes, and partly by walking, and partly by bussing, arrived at the "marine store," where the object of his errand stood. Prince Le Boo was a magnificent nigger, six feet high, stout, and well formed. He had a splendid diadem, full of party-coloured feathers, and wore the dress of a savage chief. He had been the property of some East-end Bowker, who, in classical language, had "gone to the wall;" and Bill, in his nautical perambulations, had often admired the stately ease with which the Prince

faced the street, offering the contents of his snuff-box to the world. When the owner failed, Bill traced the Prince to his purchaser, and often, on a Saturday afternoon, he would stroll down to see if he was safe, and envy the possession of him. The reader may judge with what joy Bowker placed his prize in a cab, and drove up to Eagle Street, as proud as though he were riding alongside the Prince of Wales. The new purchase threw the blue-jacketed, red-stripe-trousered predecessor into the back-ground, and Bill spent 10*l.* in advertising his establishment as Bowker's "Splendid Prince Le Boo Snuff and Tobacco Warehouse, and Cigar Divan, &c. The Trade supplied."

A sparkling paste necklace propitiated Mrs. Bowker for the apparent extravagance, and Bill replaced Stubbs' wheat earrings, and added a coral necklace and a false-diamond bandeau as an equivalent for Susan's share in the venture and prize-money.

The same day that brought Bowker this letter saw the following arrive at Barlow Biggen for Charles:—

"Mrs. Jorrocks' Comp^{ts} Mr. Stubbs, and, sir, I am shocked and surprised beyond all mensuration at his unprincipled conduct to my niece, which must be extremely painful both to Mrs. Jorrocks'

pride and delicacy; and Mrs. Jorrocks begs to say most implicitly, that upon no consideration can she admit Mr. Stubbs at my house in Great Coram Street again any more.

"Mrs. Jorrocks considers it an interposition of Providence that has disclosed Mr. Stubbs' wickedness, and saved Mrs. Jorrocks' niece from Mr. Stubbs' rascality.

"P.S.—The hat and trousers you left with her are left at Mr. Bowker's; and the books and things Mr. Stubbs gave Belinda, Belinda will prefer keeping if you have no objection."

Belinda also wrote:—

"Dear Charles,—Words cannot express the anguish that distracts the heart of her who now addresses you for the last time. With my dearest uncle's sanction I am not ashamed to write that I was proud to receive your attentions. That admission will prepare you for the expression of indignation, with which I learn of your duplicity, to myself and another. But, Charles, I will not upbraid you. What is passed cannot be recalled. Womanly pride requires a communication from my hands, and manly honour, I feel assured, will induce you to allow this to close a communication, the recollection of which can-

not be otherwise than productive of the bitterest misery to

"Yours, &c.

"Belinda Jorrocks,

"*Great Coram Street, London.*

"To C. Stubbs, Esq.

"Barlow Biggen, near Boroughbridge."

This letter, so unexpected, so determined, and apparently so deserved, completely stunned poor Charles. He could not reason on the subject. He read it, and put it into his pocket, and took it out of his pocket, and read it again. He thought the woman must have gone to Belinda. Then he recollected his letter to Bowker, and the 50*l.*, and wondered whether he had said any thing that might seem to commit himself. The more he thought, the more confused was his recollection. Bowker could never be such a rogue as peach. The woman never would have the impudence to go to Belinda;—and yet she seemed to be bringing an action. He had given her the earrings long since, when Belinda was at school. As to marrying the woman, he had just as much thought of marrying the dairy-maid. The more he thought, the farther he was from arriving at a conclusion.

CHAPTER XII.

"Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon; and, after it is digested, it comes too late. There is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at."—T. SHANDY.

"THUS conscience does make cowards of us all," muttered Mr. Bowker;

"And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action,"

continued he, pacing home from old Snarle's to Eagle Street.

The shades of night were drawing on. The gas men hurried from pillar to post; early shops were shutting up; and it was time to illumine the cigar-divan for the genteel young people they were letting loose.

Mr. Bowker was unhappy — Prince Le Boo had not brought him the comfort he expected. The snuff-merchant was conscience-stricken—he

had had no peace since he sold himself to Mrs. Jorrocks. Still he couldn't help himself, nor could he help repeating the lines already quoted. Belinda, as he had often seen her at Mrs. Jorrocks', appeared before him—so young, so graceful, and so agreeable,—

> "Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn ;
> Dear as the raptured thrill of joy."

Then he thought of Stubbs—recalled his first coming to chambers—his open, hearty manner—and, above all, how differently Charles treated him to the generality of old Snarle's pupils. What might he be doing then ? Perhaps brooding over his misfortunes—racking his brain, to remember any thing that had passed that could be construed into a promise of marriage.

"Why have I done all this?" asked Bill. "Oh, curse the day that saw me in the clutches of that old hag!" continued he, as his interview in Great Coram Street came to his recollection. "'Who would fardels bear to groan and sweat beneath a weary life, but that—' B— boy's shoved the corner of the shutter right into the pit of my stomach!" exclaimed Bill, breaking off, and doubling himself up ; "Cursed little scamp!" added he, straightening himself, and seizing the boy by the cuff of the neck, and bastinadoing him with his cane. "What do you mean by flourish-

ing your shutter about in that way?" whereupon Bill gave the boy two or three more hearty whacks, and then kicked him into the hosier's shop.

"Little unmitigated scamp!" continued Bill, hurrying on, muttering as he went, "By G—d! it would have been just the same thing if I'd been the lord-mayor."

Fearing he might be followed, Bill cut on as quick as he could. He kept close to the wall, and rounded the corner into Red Lion Street at something between a walk and a run. Unfortunately, a gentleman had just stepped aside to tie his shoe-string, and Bill went a somerset over him, with his face and hands in the kennel.

* * * *

Great was the hubbub! Women screamed—dogs barked—men stood and laughed—and boys jumped about, cheered, and clapped their hands.

Bill was sadly damaged; both hands and one cheek were covered with mud, and his drab tights were split across the knees.

* * * *

"G—d d—n you, sir!" roared Bill, gathering himself up, and addressing the gentleman; "what the d— did you do that for?"

"I was only tying my shoe-string!" replied a timid-looking little powdered man in black, eyeing Bill with unfeigned fear.

"TYING YOUR SHOE-STRING!" roared Bill; "d—n you, sir, you're *always* tying your shoe-string. I've a devilish good mind to commit you for an assault!—*Con*founded good mind to commit you for an assault! By G—d, I *will* commit you for an assault! D—d if I *won't* commit you for an assault! *What's your name?* I'll *send* you to Newgate!"

* * * *

Mr. Bowker's temper was sadly ruffled. His neighbour Bullpit's apprentice shouted and roared, and Mrs. Bowker even was graceless enough to laugh at him, as he entered his shop fresh from his fall; added to which, she had done no business during the day, and Mrs. Jorrocks had sent to say she wanted to see him again.

* * * *

As he was purging himself from his contempt, as he called it, and beginning to regain his usual equanimity, a cab rolled rapidly up the street, and, passing his door, pulled up short before his window.

"*That's here!*" exclaimed Bill, from the back shop, where he was washing; "why don't you light up, woman, and let our clients see where we live?" inquired he of his wife, hurrying on his night-coat, and bustling behind the counter.

A man in a weather-beaten, white macintosh,

jumped out of the cab, and entered the shop. The collar was up, but Bowker immediately recognised the hat and eyes.

"Did you get a letter from me?" inquired Charles, hastily, undoing the collar of his macintosh as he spoke.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bowker, confusedly, "all right."

"*All right!*—but it's not all right," repeated Charles,—"I think it's all wrong. Who told Mrs. Jorrocks?"

"Mrs. Jorrocks!" repeated Mr. Bowker; "Mrs. Jorrocks—Mrs. Jorrocks—the old girl in Great Coram Street! 'Faith, I don't know.

"Real Havannahs, those, sir," turning to a customer who had just entered the shop. "The ship only arrived the day before yesterday, and I took the whole cargo—two hundred ton in my warehouse. Thank ye, sir—want a case to put them in—great variety in the window—all prices. New one there!—Prince Albert in kilts, Shooting in Scotland—most popular pattern—sold three dozen to-day—*only* five shillings. Thank you, sir. You don't snuff, I suppose?—got some of the purest Lundyfoot I ever received—forty barrels—four hundred pounds worth, in fact!"

The customer did not, and therefore took his departure.

"Now, Bowker, tell me candidly," said Charles, as soon as he was gone, "what all this means — tell me the worst at once."

"'Faith, I have no *worst* in the matter," replied Bill; "you seem to know just as much about it as I do."

"Nay, don't say that — don't deceive me — you've seen old mother Jorrocks — you've some idea what she's driving at."

Bill was silent.

"Isn't the story about Susan all made up?"

"Not a bit," replied Mr. Bowker —"Here's the bill of Sadler's Wells Theatre," taking the play-bill out of the window, "and you can see if Susan's name's among the performers."

"Oh that has nothing to do with it — that's easily managed."

"You don't mean to insinuate that I would lend myself to any thing of the sort, I hope, sir?" observed Bill, indignantly.

"Not in the least," replied Charles; "I make no doubt you believe Susan's story, and think me in the wrong; but there's a way of arranging these matters, and as a mutual friend I think I may claim your services. You know I can't marry both her and Miss Jorrocks."

"Why, really," replied Bill, looking very solemn, "I should be very happy to befriend you in any way in my power, but there's an old

saying, Blood's stronger than water; and I must consider my wife's sister first. It's painful to my feelings as a gentleman, but I could not recommend her taking less than the sum laid in the declaration — a thousand, I think."

"Oh! that's all nonsense," interrupted Charles; "she might as well claim a million."

"I fear the law must take its course then," replied Bill: "it is a matter, you know, out of my branch of the profession — lies between the attorney and the pleader — but I know that they think they have a strong case; indeed, I believe there is a consultation to-night about moving to increase the damages to twelve hundred."

"They won't be a bit nearer getting it by laying them at twelve thousand," replied Charles, "because I'm *perfectly certain* that she has no grounds; at the same time you know the charge is capable of injuring me most materially; and if I am to be racked with suspense until cleared by the Court, there is no saying ——"

"Come, old Bill," exclaimed a well-musked youth in a blue Spanish cloak, with a profusion of ringlets and rings, "sarve me out a couple of your d—d dried cabbage-leaves, you brandy-faced, big-bellied blackguard."

"Certainly, sir," replied Bill, strewing a handful along the counter —"there's no standing your insinuating manner! Your politeness

exceeds your beauty. Those cigars, sir,—though I say it,—are not to be equalled."

The youth lit one of them, and sticking his back against the counter, proceeded to draw long respirations, puffing out volleys of smoke at intervals. His great unmeaning eyes rested first on Prince Le Boo, then on the other nigger, next on Charles, then back on the Prince, then again on the nigger.

Mr. Bowker lighted the revolving fan-light in the window, which, with the gas on the counter, made a goodly illumination. He leaned with folded arms against the well-canistered shelves, and Charles seated himself on the make-believe snuff-barrel in which Mrs. Bowker kept her muff.

Bowker eyed Charles intently. Anguish had bleached his cheek, and there was a subdued melancholy in his dark eye that told of intense suffering.

"B— it, Bill!" exclaimed the smoker, taking the cigar from his mouth, "what's that d——d old nigger got his fisherman's boots on for?"

"They're not boots, they're his black legs," replied Mr. Bowker, snappishly. "Don't you know that a nigger has black legs?" inquired he, in a tone of contempt.

"They look uncommon like boots by this

light," replied the smoker, "I wonder you don't gild his toes to let people see what they are."

"He's not a candle-light beauty," replied Mr. Bowker, carelessly.

The smoker threw open his cloak, and, jumping up, seated himself on the counter.

"You're *flat* old chap!" observed he to Bill, after a long puff — "no *jump* in you to-night — what's the matter?"

"Bad tooth-ach," replied Mr. Bowker, putting his hand to his cheek.

"Poor beggar!" replied the customer, "why don't you smoke one of your own cigars? It'll either cure you or make you sick — come, accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and let's off for the night — Coal Hole, Cider Cellar, Offley's, or somewhere."

"I think not, shall return myself for *Bed*fordshire before long," replied Mr. Bowker, yawning and stretching his arms — most heartily wishing his customer gone.

In vain Mr. Bowker tried to get rid of him; the smoker was evidently one of those who consider tobacconists public property — bound to find conversation and house-room.

* * * *

At length he went.

"Mr. Stubbs," said Bowker hurriedly, as he

passed round the counter where Charles sat, and laid his hand upon his arm. "Lend me your ear — I mean, let me have a word with you. You'll think me a scoundrel, I dare say," said he, his utterance almost choked, "but if you knew my necessities you'd pity me: I can't bear to see the misery I'm creating. *The story about Susan's all my eye.*"

Bill burst into tears.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Charles, brightening up; "what's the meaning of it, then?"

Bowker, more composed, proceeded to tell him. When he came to the end, the recollection of the way in which he had spent Charles's money so enraged him, that seizing a heavy ruler on the counter, he aimed such a blow at Prince Le Boo's head, as sent it flying through the milkman's window on the opposite side of the street.

* * * *

Day-dawn saw Mr. Bowker and Charles driving to Hoxton. The lunacy verdict had been canvassed by the papers, and those in the country had found much fault with the finding of the cockneys. An application to the Chancellor was recommended.

After much parleying and bullying from Mr. Bowker, they at length got admission, and found our old friend much as a pent-up fox-hunter

might be expected to be. He had been digging in the garden, and as they had deprived him of his wig, he had supplied its place with a red pocket-handkerchief.

"Now this is werry kind o' you!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, running to receive them; "werry kind, indeed," continued he, jumping about on one leg, exhibiting a pair of clogs in which he had been digging; "these are most comfortless quarters. I've had nobody to talk to," continued he, "since I came here, except yon poor booby among the cabbages, and a most uneasy companion he is. Thinks he's made o' glass, and that the bouys are shyin' stones at him. I tells him, he'd better be mad upon 'unting than mad upon such nonsense as that—*haw! haw! haw!* But come, sit down—make yourselves at 'ome, in fact, and tell me the news o' the willage.—Trade brisk or only middlin'?"

Thus Mr. Jorrocks rattled on in his usual strain, first on one subject, then on another, and not always waiting for an answer to his questions.

Of course Dr. —— maintained he was mad. He had lucid intervals certainly, but as soon as ever the subject of hunting was mentioned, off he went at a tangent. Charles said he had seen many men that way, and the doctor's eyes

glistened, for he thought he'd like to fill his house with them: call it the "United Fox-hunter's Asylum," or some such name.

Mr. Bowker rather disconcerted him, when he hinted that he would like the Chancellor to see Mr. Jorrocks; and when he proclaimed himself to be a gentleman of the law, and talked about a "*habeas corpus*," the doctor's countenance fell amazingly.

After much shuffling backwards and forwards work, many protestations from the mad doctor, that the indiscretion of his friends would very materially retard, if not altogether prevent, Mr. Jorrocks's recovery, the solicitors at length agreed upon requesting a private examination by the Chancellor, which was kindly vouchsafed, his lordship having been struck by the perusal of the proceedings as published in the newspapers, and having, moreover, some little curiosity to see the distinguished subject of the inquiry.

Accordingly it was arranged that Mr. Jorrocks should wait in his lordship's private room for the rising of his court. Thither our friend went, accompanied only by his partner, Mr. Simpkins, and Charles Stubbs. Mr. Bowker presented them to the usher, and returned to old Snarle. The court sat late. His lordship's train-bearer lent them a newspaper, and, stirring the fire,

advised them to sit round, and make themselves comfortable.

Accordingly they did.

Several people looked in upon them;—a footman, an usher, a laundress, but nobody seemed inclined to stay.

Towards dusk a tall elderly gentleman made his appearance, who seemed more at home in the apartment than his predecessors had been. He was a fine handsome man, with a mild expression of countenance, that set every one at ease that looked at him.

"Is Mr. Jorrocks here?" inquired he, after surveying the party by the fire.

"Mr. Jorrocks *is* here!" replied our hero, getting up.

"Don't let me disturb you, pray," rejoined the gentleman, bowing, and motioning Mr. Jorrocks to be seated. Our friend, however, being up, took a coat-lap over each arm, and turned his back to the fire, and his front to the enterer.

"Coolish evening, this, Mr. Jorrocks," observed the gentleman, rubbing his hands as he approached the fire; "I hope your accommodation is comfortable at Hoxton?"

"Any thing *but* comfortable," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "at least I shall be werry glad to let you have it if you like."

The gentleman smiled. "Rather be in the

City, perhaps, among your bills and books;—do you know how the funds are?"

"Indeed I don't," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "consols were at eighty-nine and a quarter when they shopped me; don't know what they may be now."

"You understand money matters, I suppose," observed the gentleman. "Can you tell me the difference between discount and interest?"

"I should think so," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "Catch a merchant not understandin' that. Discount's a premium paid in hand for the loan of money for a time yet to come, and the chap wot gets the discount can lend the discount out again, while the chap wot gets the interest has to wait his time afore he has it to lend."

"They feed you pretty well where you are, I suppose?"

Mr. Jorrocks.—"Tol-lol—*mutton! mutton!*—*toujours* mutton, as we say in France."

"What! mutton every day? Can you tell me how many legs a sheep has?"

"Dead or alive?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

"They say you are mad about hunting, I understand," observed the gentleman after a laugh at Mr. Jorrocks' acuteness.

"Ah—'unting's the thing!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks—"the sport of kings—but, however, never mind, we won't talk about that," added he,

checking himself, and saying, "I wish the old gentleman would come."

"I suppose hunting's a fine amusement," observed the gentleman, after a pause. "Did you ever hunt with the stag-hounds?"

"*Once*," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "*Once*, I should think, would be enough for any body."

"How so? I thought they were popular."

"They may, but I thinks nothin' of them. The *fox* is the thing! Confound it? *There goes*," observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself.—"Well, never mind, I'll tell you something," continued he, after a pause—"'Unting exemplifies wot the grammarians call the three degrees of comparison: —stag-'unting is positively bad, 'are-'unting is comparatively good, and fox-'unting superlatively so. There's a wrinkle for ye!"

"Your lordship's carriage is at the door," announced a footman in undress livery.

"My vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, starting; "have I been talking all this nonsense to the Chancellor? Oh, dear! oh, dear!" continued he, wringing his hands and stamping, "wot a confounded old jackass I am! Dash my vig! I don't think I shall ever grow wiser."

"Don't alarm yourself, my good friend," observed the Chancellor, mildly; "I am glad to have seen you in this way, for it has given me an opportunity of judging how you are. You

may be an enthusiast; but I think, sir," turning to the doctor, "Mr. Jorrocks seems perfectly able to do without your assistance, and I should recommend your letting him go home quietly from here," so saying, his lordship bowed and retired.

* * * *

"Dash my vig! but that's somethin' like a Chancellor!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as his lordship got out of hearing, and seizing the mad doctor with one hand, and desiring Charles to take him by the other, they danced three reels till the mad doctor could dance no longer, when Mr. Jorrocks having kicked out the mad doctor's hat-crown, politely placed the remains on his head and shoved him out of the door. Joining arms with Bowker, who had now returned, and Stubbs, he then strutted away most consequentially for Great Coram Street—just as they did on the first night of Charles's introduction.

* * * *

"Now," said he, when he got to the Hunter Street turn, producing his sneck-key as he spoke, "we'll give 'em an agreeable surprise."

Having arrived at the Great Coram Street door, he gently opened the latch, and motioning them to enter on tiptoe, as quietly closed the door after him.

There was a solitary candle in the passage, and a strong smell of dinner below. Knives and forks were going in the parlour.

He quietly opened the door. There sat Mrs. Jorrocks, in a fine red and gold turban, at the top of the table, Belinda with her back to the door, and Captain Doleful in the host's chair, in the act of diving a fork into the breast of a boiled turkey.—"*Holloa! old bald-faced baboon!*" roared Mr. Jorrocks, an exclamation that caused Captain Doleful to drop his fork, his whiskers to fall from his face, and Mrs. Jorrocks to swoon on the floor.

* * * * *

Six weeks after James Pigg was seen reeling down Great Coram Street with a large tobacco-stained favour under his chin, holloaing out "*Keep the Tamboreen a rowlin'!*" and proclaiming "that he had been the death of a guinea," and meant to be the death of another when young Stubbs was christened; but as Mr. Colburn has sent a most polite note, intimating that the printers have copy enough, the author waits the pleasure of the public to know whether they would like to hear any thing more about "Jorrocks and Co." or not.

THE END.

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